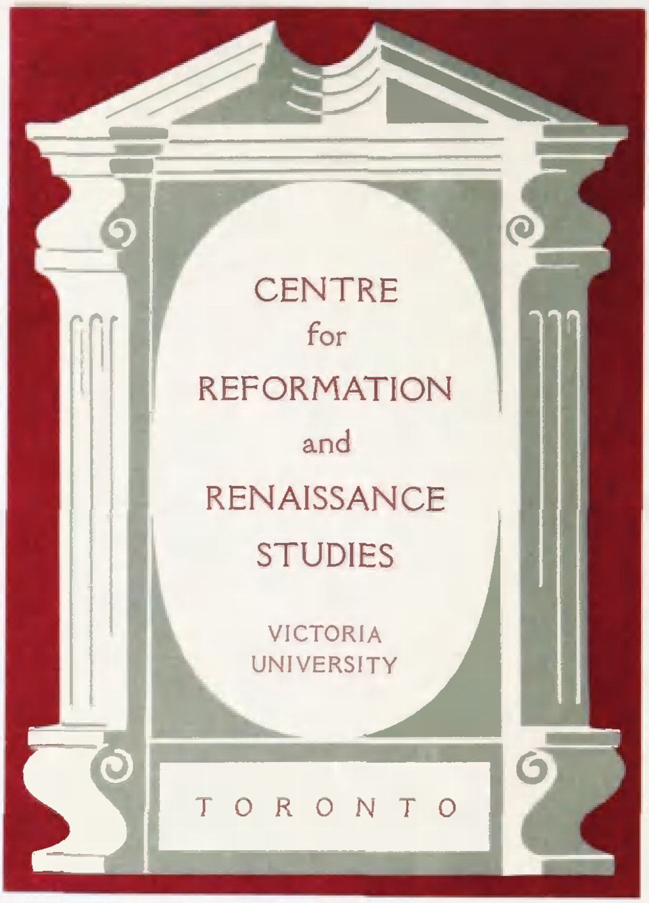


CENTRE
for
REFORMATION
and
RENAISSANCE
STUDIES

VICTORIA
UNIVERSITY

TORONTO

Merlin.

v. 1,

PART III.

PR
1119
A2
no.
36
cop. 2

REF. & REN.

Vol. 1
part III of Merlin.

7921

36

HERTFORD:
Printed by Stephen Austin.

ADVERTISEMENT.

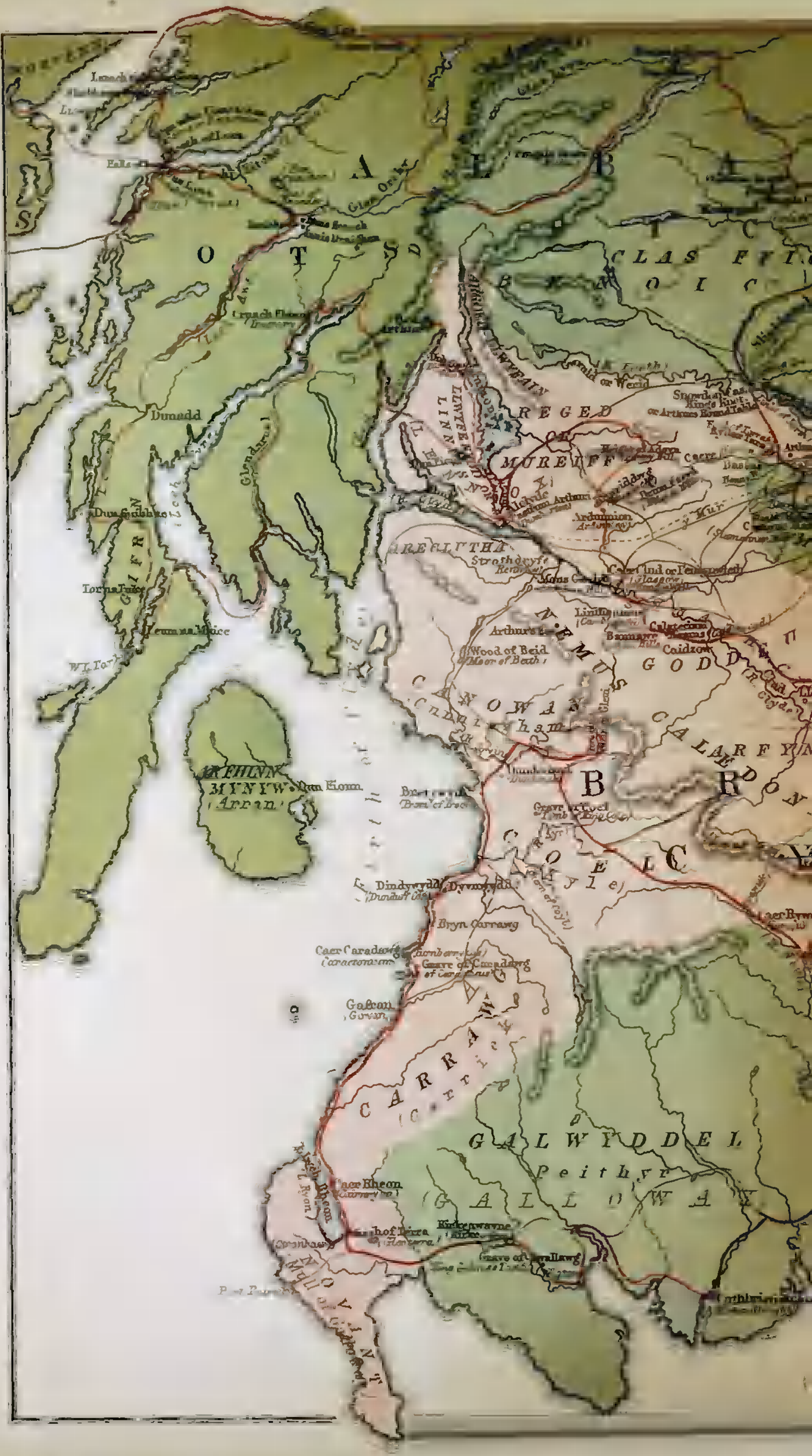
With the present Part this Romance is finished, and the Adventures of Merlin brought to a Conclusion. The unique Manuscript from which it is printed is imperfect at the end, but it has been completed by a translation from the original French MS. in the library of the British Museum (Add. MS., No. 10292), for which I am indebted to Mr. Furnivall.

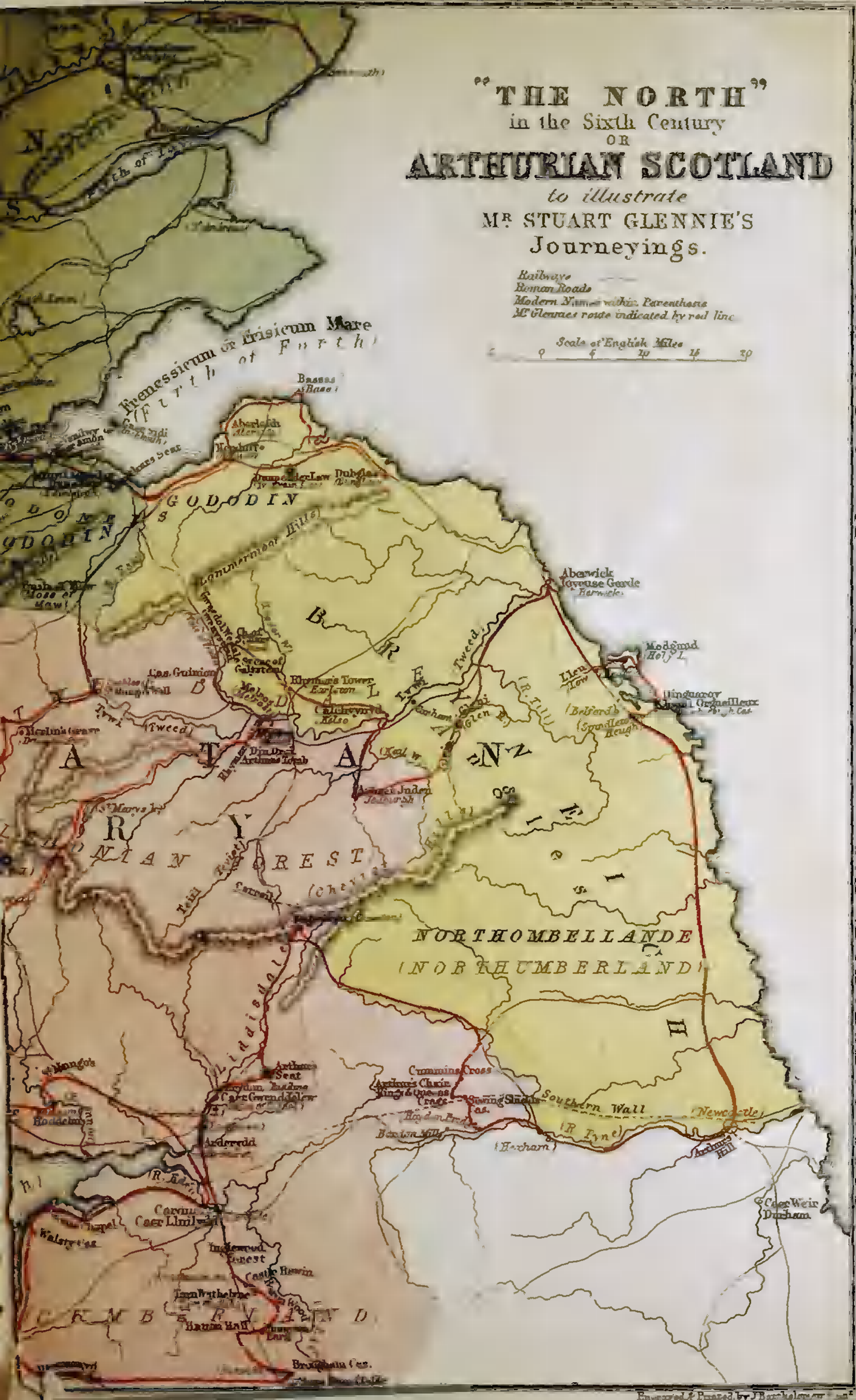
The Titles, Preface, Glossary, and Index will form a Fourth Part, and will appear in the course of the present year.

H. B. W.

January, 1869.

7921


ALBAN
SCOTS
Glen Orchy
Crunach Bhenn
Arthur
Dunadd
Glendaruel
Dun Sgoibhne
Torna Dubh
WL Tarbert
ARRHINN MYNYW (Arran)
Dun Eiom
CLAS FFICHTIC
BRITONS
LLWYFENYDD
REGED
MUREIFF
Arderydd
Ardunnion
Snowdon or Kings Knot or Arthurs Round Table
Caer Clud or Pen Bryn Gwion (Glasgow)
Mons Gaddu
Strothdryfe
ARECLUTHA
Limlinoc
Arthur's Seat
Wood of Beid (Moor of Beath)
NEMUS
Caidzow
GODDEU
CALEDONIA
CANOWAN (Cunningham)
Irvine
Dundonald
Grave of Coel (Tomb of King Coel)
Brest ne (Brow of Brest)
COEL (Kyle)
Dindywydd (Dundurf Cas.)
Dyvnwydd
Bryn Carrawg
Caer Caradawg (Caractonium)
Grave of Caradawg (of Caractacus)
Gafran (Govan)
CARRAWG (Carrick)
Caer Rhean (Cairnryan)
Loch Rheon (L. Ryan)
Kirkcowan
GALWYDDEL
Peithyr
(GALLOWAY)
NOVANT
Grave of Gwallawg
(R. Clyde)



"THE NORTH" in the Sixth Century OR ARTHURIAN SCOTLAND

to illustrate
M^R STUART GLENNIE'S
Journeyings.

Railways
Roman Roads
Modern Names within Parenthesis
M^r Glennies route indicated by red line
Scale of English Miles
5 0 5 10 15 20
Firth of Tay
Fremessicum or Frisicum Mare
(Firth of Forth)
Bassas
(Bass)
Aberlessic
(Aberlady)
Dunpendir Law
Dubglas
GODODIN
GODODIN
Lammermoor Hills
Abarwick
Joyeuse Garde
(Berwick)
Medgued
Holy I.
Lleu
(Low)
Dinguaroy
(Belford)
B
R
E
N
N
E
I
C
H
Tweed
(R. Till)
Glen R.
Ercildoune
(Earlston)
Rhymer's Tower
Calchvynyd
(Kelso)
Mailros
(Melrose)
Cas. Guinion
Tywi
(Tweed)
Merlin's Grave
A
T
A
R
Y
Arthur's Tomb
Aneram Judeu
(Jedburgh)
(Kail W.)
NIAN
FOREST
(Cheviot)
Catrail
Teviot
Liddisdale
NORTHOMBELLANDE
(NORTHUMBERLAND)
Cummins Cross
Arthur's Chair
King & Queens Crags
Sewing Shields
Southern Wall
(Newcastle)
(R. Tyne)
(Hexham)
Arthur's Hill
Caer Weir
Durham
Mungo's
Arthur's Seat
Caer Gwenddolew
Arderydd
(R. Eden)
Carduel
Caer Lluelyd
Walsty'es
Inglewood Forest
Castle Hewin
Tarn Wathelyne
CUMBERLAND
Baron Hall
Brougham Cas.

Engraved & Printed by J. Bartholomew

ARTHURIAN LOCALITIES;

THEIR HISTORICAL ORIGIN, CHIEF COUNTRY, AND FINGALIAN RELATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—THE OLD ARTHUR-LAND.

One of the many indications of that synthetic, and reconstructive, rather than analytic, and destructive, tendency which marks this second half of the nineteenth century is the fact that historical scholars are beginning to look on popular legends and romances, not certainly with the uncritical credulity of the days before Niebuhr, but with the belief of finding in them such records of historical events as will well repay the trouble of investigating them.[1] It seems desirable, therefore, in this introductory chapter, in order at once to indicate the point of view of this Essay, to set-forth, in the first place, the general relation which it seeks to establish between Mediæval Romance and Pre-mediæval History. I shall, then, in the second section, bring before the reader the chief traditional Arthurian Localities of Southern Scotland, Western England, and

---

[1] See, for instance, Dyer, *History of the City of Rome. Introduction.*

North-Western France. After such a survey of the Old Arthurland, I shall, in the third section, state the question which I propose in this Essay more particularly to consider, point-out its interest, and explain the method by which I hope to attain a definitive answer. And, in conclusion, I shall state the general subjects of the succeeding chapters.

SECTION (I).

The Relation of Mediæval Romance to Pre-mediæval History.

The age of the Arthurian, and other great Cycles of Romance, is that which, in the opinion of both the great thinkers who have chiefly influenced the intellectual development of Modern Europe,—in the opinion both of Hegel and of Comte,[2]—began in the eleventh, and culminated in the thirteenth century. For, about that century, it is,—as has been conclusively shown by the researches of later scholars verifying and confirming philosophical speculation,[3]—that the distinctively Christian, or Catholico-Feudal organization of society attains its highest perfection; that the Crusades afford their brightest examples of heroism, and chivalric magnanimity; that Art achieves its most original, most variedly beautiful, and majestic triumphs; and that Literature presents, in the Romances, at once the highest, and most popular Ideals of the Age. And thus culminating in the thirteenth century, the Mediæval Age may, as a great historic period, be defined as the five centuries from the eleventh to the fifteenth, inclusive. With the sixteenth century begins our

[2] "J'aime surtout qu'il (Hegel) ait vu que le monde n'a été vraiment chrétien qu'au onzième siècle." *Lettre d'A. Comte à M. d'Eichthal* in LITTRÉ, *Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive,* p. 157.

[3] See, for instance, LE CLERC et RENAN, *Histoire Littéraire de la France,* t. XXIV. *Quatorzième Siècle* (1862)—"Le XIe siècle avait été témoin, en philosophie, en poésie, en architecture, d'une renaissance comme l'humanité en compte peu dans ses longs souvenirs. Le XIIe et le XIIIe siècle avaient développé ce germe fécond, le XIVe et le XVe siècle en avaient vu la décadence." RENAN, *L'Art du Moyen Age et les Causes de sa Decadence,* in *Revue des Deux Mondes,* t. XL. p. 203 (1862).

present Modern or Transition Age; a period marked, not as was the Mediæval Age, by the general acceptance of an established system of thought, and of government; but a period distinguished by the manifestly progressing destruction of all the political forms, and intellectual foundations of the social system of the Age preceding it, and a no less certain, though perhaps less manifest preparation of a new and higher system of social organization.

But for a thousand years before the opening of the Mediæval Age, Christianity had been working in the European world, completing the destruction of the antique system of thought and of society, and laying the foundations of a new world-system. The first half of this millenium I would distinguish as the Imperial Age. For it is the age of the Roman Empire of the East and West. It is the age also of the Apostles, the Fathers, and the Martyrs of Christianity. And the latter five hundred years of this first millenium of the Christian era I would distinguish as the Barbarian, or Pre-mediæval Age. The Roman Empire no longer extends its sway over Northern and Western Europe; and the various tribes of barbarians,—Celtic and Teutonic,—are engaged in perpetual conflicts,—miserable and disheartening when looked at in their details, but, regarded as a whole, found to be in their great issues conflicts that laid the foundations of the nationalities of a New Europe.[4] For, by the end of this age, there has been constituted in France the first of the Romanic or Neo-Latin nationalities; in England, a preponderatingly Teutonic; and, in Scotland, a predominantly Celtic nationality.[5] And as this Pre-mediæval Age was occupied by the elemental wars of the tribes ultimately consolidated in these three national unities; so, the Mediæval Age was filled with the contests of these nations with each other, and with the rising nationalities around them. But, on taking a wide view of European history, we shall see these Mediæval wars preparing, as all conflict does, in fact, prepare, a higher unity. And, as the name of Scotland is first heard towards the close of the Pre-mediæval wars of the tribes of North Britain; so, the idea of Europe emerges from the Mediæval conflict of the races of this Asiatic promontory.

---

[4] Compare OZANAM, *Civilization au Cinquième Siècle* t. II. p. 315 et seq.

[5] As a writer of such authority as Mommsen has said "Solche Eigenschaften guter Soldaten und schlechter Bürger erklären die geschichtliche Thatsache, dass *die Kelten alle Staaten erschüttert und keinen gegründet haben,*" (*Römische Geschichte* B. II., K. IV., b. I., s. 329, *English Translation*, v. I., p. 359), one would not be justified in thus speaking of the consolidation of the tribes of North Britain into a predominantly Celtic nationality without, at least, briefly referring to one's proofs. These are to be found in the unquestionable facts, firstly, that, both in number, and in extent of territory occupied, Celts,—Cymry, Picts and Scots, or Gael,—were the chief basis of the Scotish nationality; secondly, that it was by one of the

Now that which, I trust, will be found the most clearly established, as it is the most general view in this Essay maintained, is

---

Celtic tribes, the Scots, namely, or Gael, that, not only all the other Celtic elements of the population, but the Saxon element also, was, towards the end of the Pre-mediæval age, united under one monarch, whose dynasty, or the heirs of whose dynasty, lost their sovereignty only with the fall of the Stuarts, and the substitution of the present German Family; and, thirdly, that, in the opinion of the most competent authorities, not only were the tribes of North Britain thus united into the Scotish nationality by a Celtic race; not only, that is, have we here, *at least, an exception to what Mommsen declares thus absolutely to be an historical* fact, "that the Celts have shaken all states and have founded none," but the language of Scotland, both in the Highlands and Lowlands, except a narrow strip of sea-coast, was, at least till the reign of Malcolm Caenmore (1058-1093), and the opening of the Mediæval Age, Gaelic. See INNES, *Sketches of Early Scotish History*, pp. 85-6; compare also ROBERTSON, *Scotland under Her Early Kings*, vol. I., pp. 125, et seq. and v. II., pp. 142-3, and p. 374; and TYTLER, *History of Scotland*, v. II., p. 188, et seq. That, during the Mediæval Age, a Teutonic dialect, allied to the English, took the place of Norman-French, and of Gaelic, at the Court, and further extended itself in the Lowlands, was due to many causes. Among these, may, for instance, be named, the marriage of Malcolm Caenmore with the sister of Edgar Atheling, and the encouragement thence given to the settlement in Scotland of Saxon refugees from the Norman conquest; the policy of the Scotish monarchs generally in encouraging the settlement both of Saxons and Normans, as allies against their own turbulent subjects; and the naturally preponderating influence of the inhabitants of sea-coasts. See note 16 *infrà* p. xliii*. And yet to this hour one may, in a day's journey from such a vast centre of an English-speaking population as Glasgow, find the simplest English question answered with "No English!" Celts *have*, therefore, once, at least, succeeded in *founding*, though not in long maintaining, a state with a purely Celtic organization and language. But have Saxons founded or long maintained a State with a purely Teutonic organization? These current generalizations about the Celts will seldom bear being strictly examined. See ROBERTSON, as above, *Appendix B. The Celt and the Teuton*, v. II. p. 197 et seq.

that in the Romances of the Mediæval Age, and more particularly in those of the Arthurian Cycle, there is not only a mythological element, as I hope in another Essay fully to show; but that there is a very important historical element; a record, legendary indeed, and hardly to be deciphered for its extraordinary flourishes, but still a record of certain real, and not purely fictitious characters, incidents, and conflicts of the Premediæval Age. And if this should be established, we shall certainly have a result which will reward the labour of this investigation of Arthurian localities; a result not only for the general Mediæval history of European literature; but for the Pre-mediæval history of that particular region in which our researches may localize the events from which the historic element of the Arthurian Romances is derived. Of no slight historic interest can it be to show that Arthur and Merlin are neither purely mythic personages, nor mere poetic creations; but that the legends and traditions that the Mediæval trouveres and troubadours wrought-out into their magnificent romances, were records of actual Pre-mediæval personages, whose characters and histories had forcibly impressed the popular imagination; and that the country where the heroic Arthur fought, and the forests where the wild Merlin wandered, can be now, on no doubtful evidence, pointed-out. The one, no doubt, was but a leader of barbarians, and the other but a barbarian compound of madman and poet, of prophet and bard. But it is these very circumstances that give their characters an historic interest in relation to their Mediæval idealisation.

And not only shall we thus see the Mediæval connected with the Pre-mediæval Age in the relation between the Romantic Ideals of the one, and the Traditional Heroes of the other; but, in showing that the Mediæval Romances had an historic element, and that the age and country of those characters who lived-again in the Romantic Ideals, can be now assigned; we shall connect also with that Pre-mediæval, our present Modern Age. For there are many indications, not only in the needs of the time, and in the characteristic advantages of the Arthurian Mythology; but in the actual fact of the use already made of it by so many modern poets;[6] that the Mediæval Romances of King Arthur will be the chief formal material of the New Poesy. To show, therefore, that these Mediæval Romances had in them a definite historical element, is to give that New Poesy also an historic basis; to discover for its characters and incidents "a local habitation;" and to connect by a new bond the Present, not only with the Mediæval, but with the Pre-mediæval Age.

Another, a still higher, a moral interest this investigation seems also to me to have; and I trust that, before entering upon it, I may be pardoned for alluding for a moment to these higher, these moral aspects of our subject. Let me but desire my readers to reflect how the establishment of such a relation, as will here occupy us, between Mediæval Romance and Pre-mediæval history, brings home the great idea of the continuity of human development; how it shows the traditions of the barbarian conflicts of one age taken up by the next, and used as the formal material of the creations of a magnificent poesy; how it shows the rude lives of an earlier period living again in the ideal heroes of succeeding ages; how it shows that, though the tribes of whom these traditions are the historic memorials, were conquered, absorbed and extinguished as separate political organizations, yet they died not; how it shows that, in the succession of Humanital, as in the sequence of Natural phenomena, there is, in fact, no such thing as Death; that there is but Decease only, and Transformation. And thus it is but a great historic truth mythically expressed, that legend of Merlin's prophecies from his Tomb. "Lady," replied Merlin, "the flesh upon me will be rotten before a month shall have past; but my spirit will not be wanting to all those who shall come here."[7]

---

[6] I need here only recall Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Mr. Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*, Mr. Morris's *Defence of Guenivere*, Edgar Quinet's epic *Merlin*, and Richard Wagner's "Poèmes d'Opera," *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan et Iseult*.

> "Vive la voce; e come chiara emerga,
> Udir potrai da la marmorea tomba;
> Che le passate e le future cose,
> A chi gli domandò sempre rispose."[8]

SECTION (II).

The Arthurian Localities of Southern Scotland, Western England, and North-Western France.

Let us now proceed to our preliminary survey of the traditional Arthur-land. Localities with Arthurian names, or Arthurian traditions attached to them, are to be found, in greater or less abundance, in Scotland, in Wales, Somersetshire, and Cornwall, and in Brittany. In Scotland, there is still pointed out in the churchyard of Meigle, on the borders of Perthshire and Forfarshire, an ancient sculptured stone said to mark "Ganore's Grave," or the tomb of Guenivere. Arthur's Seat still connects Edinburgh with the mythic hero's fame. And at Drummelziar on the Tweed is still to be seen the perennial thorn that has not yet ceased, in an offshoot at least, to bloom over the grave of Merlin. How many more Arthurian localities are to be found in Scotland will, in the third chapter of this essay, be shown in detail. Postponing, then, any further notice of the Arthurian localities of Southern Scotland, I shall at once proceed to those of Western England.

In North Wales, between Mold and Ruthin, near Colomendy Lodge, in Flintshire, is Maen Arthur, a stone which, in popular fancy, bears an impression of the hoof of the hero's steed. Between Mold and Denbigh is Moel Arthur, an ancient British fort, defended by two ditches of great depth. Near Denbigh, "there is, in the Paroch of *Llansannan* in the Side of a Stony Hille, a Place wher there be 24 Holes or Places in a Roundel for Men to sitte in, but sum lesse, and some bigger, cutte oute of the mayne Rok by Mannes Hand; and there Children and Young Men cumming to seke their Catelle use to sitte & play. Sum caulle it *the Rounde Table.* Kiddes use ther communely to play & skip from Sete to Sete."[9] The remains of what would appear to have been a Roman Camp overlooking Redwharf Bay, or Traeth Coch, in Anglesea, is locally called Burdd Arthur, or Arthur's Round Table. Also in Anglesey, in the grounds of Llwydiarth, a seat of the Lloyd family, is a famous Maen Chwf, or rocking stone, called Arthur's Quoit. In Caernarvonshire, to the south of Snowdon, "overlooking the lower end of Llyn y Ddinas, is Dinas Emrys, a singular isolated rock, clothed on all sides with wood, containing on the summit some faint remains of a building defended by ramparts," with which a legend of Merlin and Vortigern is connected:—

---

[7] *Prophecies de Merlin*, F. 76.

[8] ARIOSTO, *Orlando Furioso*, c. III. s. 11.

> "And from the top of Brith, so high and wondrous steep,
> Where Dinas Emris stood, shewed where the serpents fought,
> The White that tore the Red; from whence the prophet wrought
> The Briton's sad decay then shortly to ensue."[10]

In this same county, at Llyn Geirionydd, as also at Aberystwith, and other localities on the Cardiganshire coast, Taliessin, another of the four great bards of the sixth century, is said to have been found on the shore, like Moses in the bulrushes, by Gwyddno Garanhir.[11] And, on the south of Caernarvon Bay, is Nant Gwrtheryn, the Hollow of Vortigern, a precipitous ravine by the sea, said to have been the last resting place of the usurper,—so, at least, he is represented in the *Romance of Merlin*,[12]—when he fled to escape the rage of his subjects on finding themselves betrayed to the Saxons. In Merionethshire, there is a river with the Arthurian name of Camlan flowing into the Eden. And the Church of Llanover, near the Bala Lake in this county, is said to have been the burial place of one of the four most famous bards of the Arthurian Age, Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch, the Aged. To the address of this bard to his Crutch Mr. Arnold refers in illustration of "the Titanism of the Celt, his passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact."[13]

---

[9] LELAND, *Itinerary*, v. V. pp. 62, 63.

[10] DRAYTON, *Poly-Olbion, Song the Tenth. Works*, v. III. p. 843.

[11] GUEST (Lady Charlotte), *The Mabinogion*, v. III. p. 360.

[12] Chapters II. and III. (Early English Text Society).

"O my Crutch! is it not the first day of May? The furrows, are they not shining? The young corn, is it not springing? Ah! the sight of thy handle makes me wroth."

In South Wales, near the turnpike road from Reynoldstone to Swansea, on the north slope of Cefn Bryn, there is the famous cromlech called Arthur's Stone. About five miles to the south of Brecon on the Usk, rise the twin peaks of the Beacons called Arthur's Chair. On an eminence adjoining the park of Mocras Court, in Brecknockshire, is a large and peculiar kind of British cromlech, called Arthur's Table. And at the once famous city, now the decayed village, of Caerleon upon Usk,—the *Isca Silurum* of Antoninus, where the second Augustan Legion was, during a long period, in garrison,—are the remains of a Roman Amphitheatre, in a bank of earth heaped up in an oval form sixteen feet high, and now also called Arthur's Round Table. Some four miles from Caermarthen, itself said to be derived, but quite erroneously,[14] from Caer Merddin, the city of Merlin, is Merlin's Grove, and Hill. And on the bank of the Towy, within the domain of Dynevor Park, Spenser has placed the cave of Merlin:—

"There the wise Merlin, whilom wont, they say,
  To make his wonne low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve far from the view of day,
  That of no living wight he might be found,
  When so he counselled with his sprights around.

* * * * * * * * *

---

[13] *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, p 155. See also *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 326.

[14] NASH, *Merlin the Enchanter and Merlin the Bard*, p. x. Caer Myrdin, or Merddin is a Welsh corruption of the Roman *Mari-dunum*, "Sea-town." Compare SELDEN'S Note on the Fourth Song of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, Works, v. II. p. 746, and v. III. p. 852.

It is a hideous, hollow, cave-like bay,
Under a rock that has a little space
From the swift Tyvi, tumbling down apace
Amongst the woody hills of Dynevowr." [15]

In Somersetshire, may first be mentioned Bath, the *Aquæ Solis* or *Sulis* of the Romans. But the reasons against here localizing the Arthurian Battle of Badon Hill mentioned by Nennius are well stated by Mr. Guest,[16] though, as will be seen hereafter, I cannot agree with his suggestion, "Why may not the Mons Badonicus be the Badbury of Dorsetshire?"[17] Between Castle Cary and Yeovil, on the escarpment of the oolite, abutting on the plain which extends to Ilchester, is Cadbury, "a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches encircling it, and twixt every of them an earthen wall; the content of it, within about twenty acres full of ruins and reliques of old buildings. . . . . 'Dii boni (saith Leland) quot hîc profundissimarum fossarum? quot hîc egestæ terræ valla? quæ demum præcipitia? atque ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem esse et Artis et Naturæ miraculum.' Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table."[18] Cadbury is mentioned in old records under the name of Camelot, a name still perpetuated in the adjoining villages of Queen's Camel and West Camel. In the fourth ditch is a spring called King Arthur's Well. And the relics found in the fortress prove it to have been occupied by the Romans, though, as we have seen, tradition assigns its origin to King Arthur, who, in the opinion of Camden, probably fought a battle with the Saxons in this neighbourhood. The other famous Arthurian locality of Somersetshire is Glastonbury, which, once encircled by the arms of the Brue, or Brent, formed the Roman Insula Avalonia, or Isle of Avalon.

---

[15] "*Faerie Queene*," iii. 3. Compare also DRAYTON, *Poly-Olbion, Song the Fifth* Works, v. II. pp. 756-7.

[16] *Early English Settlements in South Britain*, p. 35.

[17] Ibid. p. 36.

[18] SELDEN, Note on Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, *Works*, v. II. p. 724.

"O three times famous Isle, where is that place that might
Be with thyself compared for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastenbury stood? exalted to that pride,
Whose monastery seemed all other to deride.

* * * * * * * * *

To whom didst thou commit that monument to keep
When not Great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave,
From sacrilege had power their holy bones to save?"[19]

Selden's annotation on this passage seems worth giving, at least in part. "Henry the Second in his expedition towards Ireland entertained by the way in Wales with bardish songs, wherein he heard it affirmed that in Glastenbury (made almost an isle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars, gave commandment to Henry of Blois, then abbot, to make search for the corps, which was found in a wooden coffin (Girald saith oaken, Leland thinks alder), some sixteen foot deep; but after they had digged nine foot, they found a stone on whose lower side was fixt a leaden cross (crosses fixt upon the tombs of old Christians were in all places ordinary) with his name inscribed, and the letter side of it turned to the stone. He was then honoured with a sumptuous monument, and afterwards the sculls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as separate relics and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor . . . . Worthily famous was the Abbey also from Joseph of Arimathea (that *Ευσχήμων βουλητὴς*, as S. Mark calls him) here buried, etc."[20] But, notwithstanding the inscription on the leaden cross, "Hic jacet sepultus inclytus rex Arthurus in insula Avalonia;" or as it is otherwise more epigrammatically given, "Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus;"—

"His Epitaph recordeth so certaine
Here lieth K. Arthur that shall raigne againe;—"[21]

it is hardly necessary to add that there is almost every reason to believe that this extraordinary "find" could have been nothing but a pious fraud, *in majorem monasterii gloriam.*[22]

---

[19] DRAYTON, *Poly-Olbion, Song the Third, Works*, v. II. p. 712.
[20] Ibid. v. II. p. 722.
[21] LIDGATE, *Boccace Lib.* VIII. *Cap.* 24.

In Cornwall (*Cornu Galliæ*), Camelford and Tintagel have a pre-eminence in Arthurian tradition similar to that maintained by Cadbury and Glastonbury in Somersetshire. Not far from Camelford is a little entrenchment, known as Arthur's Hall. On the Camel or Alan (*Crum hayle*, crooked river) the final battle is said to have been fought between Arthur and his rebellious nephew, or rather, bastard son, Mordred.

"Let Camel of her course & curious windings boast,
. . . .
. . . . her proper course that loosly doth neglect,
As frantic, ever since her British Arthur's blood,
By Mordred's murtherous hand was mingled with her flood."[23]

Between Camelford and Launceston, on Wilsey Downs, is Warbelow Barrow, an ancient fortification of considerable size, in the centre of which is a large mound, popularly called King Arthur's Grave. At Slaughter Bridge, between Camelford and Tintagel, on the Bristol Channel, a stone, with the hero's name on it, is pointed out. Tintagel, though in the romances of Sir Tristrem it is made the Castle of King Mark, is the reputed birthplace and residence of Arthur.[24] Some of the rock basins in the slate of the promontory are fantastically called King Arthur's Cups and Saucers; and south of Tintagel, near St. Colomb, is the eminence of Castle an Dinas, or the earth-fort, crowned with an elliptical doubly entrenched camp of six acres, which tradition affirms to have been the hunting-seat of King Arthur, who, according to the legends, chased the wild deer on the Tregon Moors. Some miles north of Liskeard are several rocky tors, one group of which is called King Arthur's Bed (*Beth*, *i.e.*, Grave ?). Lyonnesse, the possession of Sir Tristrem, is said to have been that submerged tract of slate by which the Scilly Isles, the outlying members of that series of granitic highlands which extends through Cornwall to Dartmoor, were traditionally united to the mainland; and two of the most eastern isles of this little archipelago are distinguished by the names of Great, and Little Arthur.

---

[22] See, however, Mr. Pearson's note, *infrà*, p. clii*.

[23] Drayton, *Poly-Olbion, Song the First, Works*, v. II. p. 660.

[24] An account of a recent visit to it is given by the author of *John Halifax* in *Good Words* for January, 1867; *In King Arthur's Land; a Week's Study of Cornish Life.* Jennifer (Guenivere ?) is mentioned as a common name.

Crossing the Channel, we find in Little Britain, or Brittany, another district boasting itself to be the cradle of romance. In the Cornuailles and Leonais, two of its ancient divisions, we have another Cornwall and Lyonnesse. In the latter, is situated Kerduel, where Arthur is said to have held his Court. A short distance off the coast is the island of Aiguilon or Avalon, where, as in the Insula Avalonia of Glastonbury, he is said to have been buried. And near this also is Mount St. Michael, with its legend of the hero's rescue of the fair Helena, the niece of Hoel, from the hateful embraces of the giant.

> " . . . . great Rython's self he slew in his repair
> Who ravish'd Howell's niece, young Hellena the fair;
> And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
> Made of the beards of kings."[25]

"On the banks of the Elorn are still pointed out the sites of the castles and forts of Launcelot du Lac, and of La Blonde Yseult. In the Morbihan, the next Celtic division to that of Cornuailles, is shown the Forest of Broceliande, where Merlin 'drees his weird;' and there also is the consecrated fountain of Balanton, which is still believed to possess miraculous properties. There also may be found Caradoc and Madoc, and other names peculiar to the ancient legends of British History."[26]

SECTION (III).

The Question proposed, its Interest, and the Method of its Solution.

Thus we find Arthurian localities in all the five districts, in modern times known as Southern Scotland, Wales, Somersetshire,

---

[25] DRAYTON, *Poly-Olbion, Song the Fourth, Works*, v. II. p. 735.

[26] FORBES-LESLIE, *The Early Races of Scotland and their Monuments*, v. I. p. 12.

Cornwall, and Brittany. And hence the first result of a general inquiry into Arthurian topography is the outlining of a continuous region from the Grampians, in Scotland, to the Loire, in France, distinguished by localities with Arthurian names, or Arthurian traditions attached to them. This region may be briefly described as including what is now the south of Scotland, the west of England, and the northwest of France.[27] And the question which I propose in this Essay mainly to consider, and, if possible, definitively to answer, is :—Which of these three divisions of the old Arthur-land, that of Scotland, of England, or of France, was the original birth-land of Arthurian tradition?

To show the importance of this question, and to excite an interest in its solution, I trust that the following brief remarks will be sufficient. In the first place, then, it opens up to the philosophic historian the general question of the origin of traditional topographies; a question which has not only not been, as yet, so far as I am aware, treated scientifically, except with respect to some of the Syrian localities of Christian tradition; but which is connected in its general bearings with all those other questions of origin which so directly affect the validity of popular religious beliefs. But, farther, it is an inquiry, the result of which will be to draw back the veil from ancient centuries of the history of mankind, and to connect, with still existing monuments, long past events of that struggle for existence, which, of all others, must chiefly interest us of the human race.

But, besides these general results, the inquiry on which we would now enter, ought, at length, to present us with the local historical basis of that vast cycle of Romance the large place of which in the history of European literature, and the great influence of which on the development of modern civilization, is now more or less fully acknowledged. Yet, further, if I am right in the conclusion that the two chief elements determining the form of the Mediæval Arthurian Romances are to be found in historical events of the Premediæval Age, and in Celtic myths, which may be traced back to the earliest forms of speech distinctive of the Indo-European Races,[28] this inquiry will appear as the necessary preliminary to the investigation of the Arthurian branch of a mythology which is second in interest only to that which has gathered round the historical facts of Christian tradition. And yet, further, if, as seems probable, not only from their special characteristics, but from the use increasingly made of them, the Arthurian Romances are destined to become the chief formal material of European poesy; such an inquiry as the following should, in determining the original locality of Arthurian tradition, fix also the site of a new classic land, in which, as of old, in Greece, the creations of poesy in all its different forms, may have a common "local habitation," and gain all the advantages, thus only given, of vivid realization in the popular fancy.

---

[27] Arthurian traditions, it must, however, be noted, attach also to some places beyond the limits of the region thus described, and rather in the south, than the west of England. For instance,

> "And for great Arthur's seat, her Winchester prefers,
> Whose old Round Table yet she vaunteth to be hers;"

sings Drayton in the Second Song of the *Poly-Olbion*, so often above quoted (*Works*, v. II. p. 691).

For those to whom the force of these considerations in illustration of the importance of the question above proposed, and the interest of its solution, may not be at once apparent, let me add, what may to some antiquarians be the most stimulating circumstances of all, the facts, simply, that this question has been eagerly discussed; that the answer here given, though it has been suggested, cannot be held to have been hitherto proved;[29] and that the method of proof which has been followed is new, inasmuch

---

[28] In the same way as the linguistic origin of the Classic myths has been explained by modern philology. See MAX MÜLLER, *Lectures on the Science of Language*, and *Chips from a German Workshop*.

[29] Chalmers remarks that "the valourous Arthur of History and the redoubtable Arthur of Romance has supplied the topography of North Britain with such signi-

ficant names, as seem to imply, either that the influence of the real Arthur was felt, or the remembrance of the fictitious Arthur was preserved, for many ages after the Pendragon had fallen by the insidious stroke of treachery from the kindred hand of Mordred." *Caledonia*, v. I. p. 244. Sir Walter Scott, in a note on his *Vision of Don Roderick*, *Introduction*, s. iv., observes that "much of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales refers less to the history of the Principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the north-west of England, and south-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons." And he further refers to the connection of Aneurin, Llywarch Hen, and Merlin with Scotland rather than with Wales. Compare also his introduction to *Sir Tristrem*, pp. xxxiv–viii.; and to *Thomas the Rhymer*, Part II. in *Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border*. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1842 was, however, the first, I believe, distinctly to maintain that "the seat of Arthur's power was . . . . . adjacent to the Saxon settlement of Lothian;" and that "in connection with that settlement his victories are recorded by Nennius." And he adds that the mistake of assigning to Arthur a kingdom in the south-western extremity of the island "was possibly confirmed by the casual similarity of name between Arthur's real subjects in the north, and those assumed for him in the Cornish promontory, the former bearing the designation of Damnii, the latter of Dumnonii" v. XVII. p. 486. But the incompleteness of the evidence advanced in support of this conclusion was probably the reason of its attracting but little attention. Mr. Nash also asserts, but does not even attempt to prove a theory similar to that in this essay maintained. "The original locality," he says, "of the traditions which have furnished the groundwork of these world-renowned romances (of King Arthur) is probably the Cumbrian region taken in its widest extent from the Firths of Forth and Clyde southward and westward along the borders of the Northumbrian kingdom, in which the famous exploits of the British Cymric struggle with the Northumbrian Angles became the theme of a native minstrelsy, transplanted into Brittany by the refugees from the Saxon conquest, and moulded into the romances with which we have been made acquainted by the Norman trouveres." *Merlin the Enchanter and Merlin the Bard*, p. iv. And Mr. Burton at least admits that, "if any reality could be extracted from the Arthurian histories, Scotland would have its full share, since much of the narrative comes northward of the present border." *History of Scotland*, v. I. pp. 174-7. On the other hand, however, Dr. Guest identifies Arthur with Owen Finddu, the son of Aurelius Ambrosius, and places him in the south-west of England; remarking that his being called the son of Uter arose from Geoffrey of Monmouth's having mistaken the meaning of the term applied to him by Nennius, *map uter*, "the terrible boy, because he was cruel from his childhood." *Welsh and English Rule in Somersetshire after the Capture of Bath*, A.D. 577. *Archæological Journal*, 1859, p. 123 et seq. And Mr. Pearson also makes Arthur sovereign of a territory in the south-west of England of which Camelot, or Cadbury, in Somersetshire, was the capital. *Early and Middle Ages of England*, v. I. p. 56-8. See also *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, v. I. pp. 401-4; and *infrà* p. . And Col. Forbes-Leslie, without appearing to have a suspicion that Scotland may be the true birthland of Arthurian tradition, says: "I do not presume to give an opinion on the rival claims of Wales, Cornwall, and Armorica, to the domicile of King Arthur and his Paladins, and Merlin with his magical powers.' *Early Races of Scotland and their Monuments*, v. I. p. 167 (1866).

as it is an adaptation of physical methods to antiquarian researches.

That method has consisted, first, in examining the results of the modern scientific criticism of Celtic history, political, and literary, in as far as these results more particularly bear on the definite localization of events which may have been the origin of those traditions which, in our investigation of Arthurian topography, we have found to be so widely diffused. Our deduction from these critical results has been that it was in Southern Scotland, and neither in Western England, nor in North-western France that the Arthurian traditions, still attached to so much of the topography of all these districts, originated. This deduction, however, standing alone, could hardly in any case, and especially considering the scantiness of the materials on which it is founded, be received as satisfactory scientific proof of the historical origin of Arthurian localities. And hence the necessity of an inductive verification of our deductive theory. How was such a verification to be gained?

By the second step of the method which has guided these researches. This was founded on the postulate, or assumption, that, except special reasons could be shown to the contrary, that district in which the Arthurian traditions had their local historical origin would be found to be the chief country of Arthurian localities. I therefore noted, in the course of a great many perambulations of the region thus critically indicated, all the localities there to be found with Arthurian names, or Arthurian traditions attached to them. The general result of these journeys was a determination of that district of Southern Scotland and the English Border, in which the Arthurian traditions had, according to our critical theory, had their local origin, as, to this day, the chief country of Arthurian localities. This, on the principle above stated, I seemed justified in regarding as the required inductive verification. And thus it is in the fact of the accordance of the deduction from the results of literary and historical criticism, with the induction from the results of topographical investigation, that the main proof of the thesis in this essay maintained, namely, that Scotland is the original seat of Arthurian tradition, consists.

But our conclusions both as to the historical origin and the chief country of the Arthurian localities, having been found to be thus accordant and mutually confirmatory in their indication of Southern Scotland, it did not appear that our investigation would be scientifically complete without an examination of the relations of the Scotish Arthurian topography to that Fingalian topography which has been long known to be possessed by Scotland, as well as Ireland. Nor will, I trust, this third step in our investigation of Arthurian localities be thought other than a necessary part of our discussion of Arthurian localities, if, instructed by the results of that most powerful of modern scientific instruments, the Comparative Method, one has been led to see how necessary is the study of the Fingalian Myths in the scientific investigation of the Arthurian Romances; if one considers the importance of the fact that the local relations, discovered in Scotland, of Arthurian to Fingalian tradition, are nowhere else to be found; and if, especially, I am successful in showing in these unique relations a confirmation of the theory here maintained as to the original birthland of the traditions of King Arthur.

Having thus, in this first, or introductory chapter, set-forth the general relation which I seek to establish between Mediæval Romance and Pre-mediæval History; having briefly noted the chief traditional localities of the Old Arthur-land, considered as a continuous European region; and having stated the method by which I propose to determine the special district in which Arthurian traditions originated, the subjects of the succeeding chapters will be as follows. In the next, or second chapter, those results of the criticism of Cymric history will be detailed, from which the deduction, as to the origin of Arthurian localities, is drawn. In the third chapter, a summary account will be given of the very numerous perambulations of the Arthurian district of Scotland, from the result of which arises the verificative induction as to the chief country of Arthurian localities. In the fourth chapter it will be shown how variously suggestive, and confirmatory of the conclusions of the foregoing chapters, are those Fingalian relations of the Arthurian topography of Scotland, presented by the examination of Pictish memorials. And, fifthly, I shall, in conclusion, briefly advert to considerations that should seem to give more than merely antiquarian interest to this discovery of the true, or original country of Arthurian tradition.

Let me now, then, endeavour to show that that part of those far Islands of the West where terminated, until their new exodus in the present age,[30] and where were reunited, at length, the two great northern and southern streams of Celtic migration from the Asian birthland of the Aryan tribes;—that part of the Old Arthur-land in which the Pre-mediæval events which are the chief historical bases of the Arthurian Romances of the Mediæval trouveres and troubadours actually occurred, and where the tradition of these events has to this day the most numerous topographical monuments;—is that district of the largest of the British Isles which, bounded on the north by the chain of the Grampians, and on the south by the Tyne and the Derwent, was formerly known as *Y Gogledd*, or "the North," and which I would distinguish as Arthurian Scotland.[31]

---

[30] See BURY (Lord), *Exodus of the Western Nations*.

[31] This term is thus used to include part of what is now England. But, I think, justifiably: not only because it is a more convenient, though, perhaps, less exact term than "Southern Scotland and the English Border;" but because the dominion of the early Scotish kings extended, though precariously, beyond the present border; and because Cumberland and Northumberland were not finally annexed to the Crown of England till the third of Henry II. See HINDE, *On the Early History of Cumberland*, in *The Archæological Journal*, 1859, p. 217 et seq.

Let me, now,—but without any assumption, in so obscure a matter, of absolutely proving my case,—bring forward in due order those results of critical and topographical research which appear to me to support each other in the conclusion that Southern Scotland and the English Border is the true historical region of the Old Arthur-land.

CHAPTER II.

THE HISTORICAL ORIGIN OF ARTHURIAN LOCALITIES AS DEDUCED FROM THE CRITICISM OF CYMRIC HISTORY.

In attempting to answer the question before us as to the birth-land of Arthurian tradition, I shall, in this chapter, briefly state those results of a critical examination of Cymric history, political and literary, from which we seem justified in concluding—first, that the Arthur of the earliest historical sources, and of the earliest bardic poems, was a leader of the northern Cymry, and, hence, that the North was the cradle of Arthurian story; secondly, that, in the history of the northern Cymry, there were conditions inimical to the importation and preservation of Arthurian traditions, supposing they did *not* originate in the North in an historical Arthur; and thirdly, that, on the other hand, in the history of the southern Cymry, there were conditions in the highest degree favourable to the importation of Arthurian traditions, supposing they *had* in the North, their historical origin. It is but just to add that I shall found these conclusions principally on the results of the admirable Celtic researches of Mr. Skene.[1]

SECTION (I).

Direct Indications of the North as the Historical Birthland of Arthurian Tradition.

First, then, let me state those critical results which directly indicate the North as the birthland of Arthurian tradition. This I shall do in the order of the questions that logically arise in an investigation of Cymric history. The first of these is as to the number and character of the earliest authentic sources of such history? Besides the old Roman and Saxon authorities, these sources are but three in number—first, the *Historia* and *Epistola* of Gildas which, from internal evidence, appears to have been composed in the year 560; secondly, the works which go under the name of Nennius, of which the first would appear to have been written in the seventh century, soon after the *Origines* of Isidore of Seville who died in 636, and the others in the succeeding centuries, down to 1072; thirdly, the *Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales*, of which the oldest, the Laws of Howel dda, are of the tenth century.

---

[1] Chiefly as contained in his Introductions, or Prefaces, to *The Four Ancient Books of Wales*, *The Book of the Dean of Lismore*, and *The Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*.

We have next to inquire what, so far as we can gather it from these ancient historical sources, was the distribution of the Cymric population in the sixth century, the earliest of which we find native historians? And we thence discover that, instead of the Cymry being, as commonly supposed, confined to Wales and Cornwall, with the Picts and Scots occupying the country to the north of the wall between the Tyne and the Solway; the Cymry possess the whole of the country from the Dee and the Humber to the Firths of Forth and Clyde, except the east coast from the Tyne to the Esk, where the Saxons are gradually encroaching, and the district of Galloway on the north of the Solway, between the Nith and Loch Ryan, where the Picts still maintain themselves. But while we are thus shown the Cymric population extending much further north than we have hitherto generally believed, we find also that, instead of Wales being exclusively occupied by Cymry, its western seaboard is in the possession of the Gwyddyl, or Gael, (Scots from Ireland?) a line drawn from Conway, on the north, to Swansea on the south, separating the two (Celtic) races of the

Gwyddyl and the Cymry, on the west and on the east.[2] Further, as to the distribution of the Cymry in this early period, it seems here necessary only to add that the Bretons of Armorica were of this race;[3] as also should seem to have been the Belgæ of Holland, Belgium, Flanders, Picardy, and Normandy, by this time, however, for the most part absorbed by a Teutonic population.[4] Thus, as the first important result of our historical criticism, we find that the region in which, as has, in the foregoing chapter been shown, Arthurian localities are now to be found, is co-extensive with that occupied in the sixth century by the Cymric race.

On what part of this extensive territory did the events recorded by the earliest historians of the Cymry take place? The answer given by Mr. Skene, as the result of his examination of the above-mentioned sources, and particularly of the *Historia Britonum*, the earliest of the works collected under the name of Nennius, is—that these earliest recorded events occurred in the north of this Cymric territory, in those petty states or kingdoms of Strathclyde and Cumbria, which now form the south of Scotland and the English Border. And the Arthur of Nennius, the only historic Arthur, thus appears as the *dux bellorum* or *Guledig* of these northern Cymric states in a prolonged, but victorious conflict with the Saxons of the Bernician kingdom of the eastern coast, and the Picts from the other side of the Forth, in the sixth century. For the detailed proof of this very important conclusion, I shall here only refer to Mr. Skene's recent work; to those papers in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1842, above referred to (p. xvii*. n. 21), which, maintaining a similar theory, first, I believe, suggested to Mr. Skene the course of research, of which we have the ripe fruit in the *Four Ancient Books*; and to the Appendix to this Essay.

---

[2] *Four Ancient Books* v. I. p. 43. See also JONES (Archdeacon), *Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd.*

[3] SOUVESTRE, *Les Derniers Bretons*, v. I. p. 144.

[4] NICHOLS' *Pedigree of the English*, p. 40.

The early distribution of the Cymric race, and the place of the earliest events recorded by its historians, being thus determined, the way is cleared for an answer to the next question that naturally arises in pursuing this investigation, namely,—to what district, and to what age, does the most ancient Cymric literature, the body of poems attributed to Bards of the sixth century, really belong, and how does Arthur appear in them? For it is evident that, if these poems are genuine, they must reflect the history of that period; and hence, that their accordance with the ascertained distribution, and facts of the history of the Cymric race in the sixth century, must be taken as the test of the age commonly assigned to them. And "if we find that they do not re-echo to any extent the fictitious narrative of the events of the fifth and sixth centuries as represented in the Bruts, but rather the leading facts of the early history of the Cymry, as we have been able to deduce them from the older authorities, it will be a strong reason for concluding that they belong themselves to an earlier age."[5] Such are the grounds on which Mr. Skene proceeds in controverting the conclusions of that negative school of criticism represented by Mr. Stephens[6] and Mr. Nash,[7] and which was the natural reaction from the extravagances of the mythologic school of Owen Pughe, and Edward Williams, and, more particularly, of Davies,[8] and of Herbert.[9]

Mr. Skene thus states the result of his examination of these poems. First, as to the district of the ancient Cymric territory to which they belong: "Of a large proportion of the historical poems, the scenery and events lie in the north; the warriors whose deeds they celebrate were 'Gwyr y Gogledd,' or Men of the North; they are attributed to Bards (Merlin, Taliessin, Aneurin, and Llywarch Hen,) connected with the north; and are, in point of fact, the literature of the Cymric inhabitants of Cumbria before that kingdom was subjugated by the Saxon king,"[10] Edmund of Wessex, and by him ceded to the Gaelic king, Malcolm, king of Scots, in 946. Secondly, as to the true age of these poems attributed to Bards of the sixth century, Mr. Skene, while considering that the oldest of them may have their foundation in the national lays of Bards, who lived amid the conflicts of contending races in that century, does not "place these poems in their earliest consistent shape further back than the seventh century;" when "the sudden rise of the Cymric population to power under Cadwallawn, and the burst of national enthusiasm and excited hope, found vent in poetry."[11] Lastly, how do these earliest Cymric poems mention Arthur, and where do they place him? "Out of so large a body of poems, there are only five which mention him at all, and then it is the historical Arthur, the Guledig, to whom the defence of the wall was entrusted, and who fights the twelve battles in the north, and finally perishes at Camlan."[12] And Mr. Skene very justly advances this fact in confirmation of the high antiquity which, controverting the conclusions of Mr. Stephens and Mr. Nash, he assigns to these poems. "If they occupied a place, as is supposed, in Welsh literature, subsequent to the introduction of the Arthurian Romances, we should expect these poems to be saturated with king Arthur, his knights, and their adventures. But it is not so."[13] The fact is, on the contrary, as above-stated. These results, therefore, of the critical examination of Cymric history, political and literary, lead directly to the positive conclusion that the historical Arthur having been a leader of the northern Cymry, the original birthland of the Arthurian traditions was the region which now forms Southern Scotland, and the English Border.

---

[5] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 225.

[6] *Literature of the Kymry.*

[7] *Taliessin, or the Bards and Druids of Britain.*

[8] *The Mythology of the British Druids.*

[9] *Britannia after the Romans*, and *The Neo-Druidic Heresy.*

---

[10] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 242.

[11] Ibid. p. 243.

[12] Ibid. pp. 226-7.

[13] Ibid. p. 226.

SECTION (II).

Historical Conditions inimical to the Importation into the North of Arthurian Tradition.

But, for the sake of further assurance, let us suppose that the Arthurian traditions of Scotland did not originate there in an historical Arthur; and so, inquire whether the History of the Northern Cymry presents us with conditions favourable, or inimical, to the importation of such traditions, and their topographical preservation, if thus derived, and not original. What the general conditions are that favour, or oppose, the introduction of traditions and traditional topographies from countries in which they have had an actual basis in historical facts, I will not here venture to state. The defining of such conditions belongs, indeed, fundamentally, to a science not yet constituted, a Psychology, not of men considered individually, but collectively. Here it will be sufficient briefly to point-out the chief historical facts connected with the northern Cymry; and then ask, whether there are, or not, in these facts, such conditions as our present historical, and psychological knowledge would make appear inimical to the derivation from Wales, or elsewhere, of the Arthurian traditional topography of Southern Scotland.

Of these facts, the first to be noted is, that the petty Cymric kingdoms of the north were finally absorbed in the greater kingdom, not only of a kindred Celtic race, but of a race with which the Cymry had never been, except temporarily or occasionally, at war; and a race, moreover, which had, like the Cymry themselves, been the champions of Christianity against Paganism during the whole of these now dim, but once passion-lit Pre-mediæval Centuries. The region which, in the tenth century, began to be known as Scotland[14] was, in the sixth century, after the withdrawal of the

---

[14] First so called in that part of the *Saxon Chronicle* composed about 975. *Scotia* is used first with its modern meaning by Marianus Scotus in the eleventh century.

Still other facts there are, however, which seem to make incredible any other derivation of Scotish Arthurian topography than from an historical leader of the northern Cymry. For the conquering Scots were no illiterate horde of barbarians. On the contrary, "Anglo-saxon literature had not begun to spread when that of the Scots was supreme. . . . And by the Scots writers, whether of Dalriada or Ireland, the Saxons are spoken of without any affectation as barbarians, just as they would have been spoken of by the Romans. From the other side even, in Bede's own patriotic narrative, the sense of inferiority is distinctly apparent. Indeed he traces one of the greatest contributions towards their civilization which the Saxons received, directly to Iona."[17] And, what still more directly bears on the present question, the Scots had a traditional and poetic literature of their own, which must certainly have greatly opposed the introduction, after their incorporation of the Cymry, of Cymric poetry and tradition, and must, also, have been a condition highly unfavourable to the preservation of such tradition,

---

Saxons. . . . . . But did this Teutonic speaking colony arrive at a later period after the union of the Picts and Scots under the line of Kintyre? If so, it must have been of Scandinavian origin. But history, which has preserved the remembrance of the Scandinavian settlements on the northern mainland, and throughout the western islands, is totally silent about any such colonization in the southern and eastern lowlands of ancient Alban. Where history is silent, topography sometimes reveals the secrets of the past. . . . . . But the map may be searched in vain for any such traces in the northern lowlands of a band of colonists so numerous and so important, as to retain this dialect, which they never stamped upon the face of the country, and to perpetuate it as one of the original sources of the Lowland Scotch spoken at the present day. The existence of such a population in such a quarter is as apocryphal as the mythical Scotish conquest. . . . The English wars stamped a nationality upon the descendants of the various races subject to the Rex Scotorum, and as the use of (Gaelic, and) Norman-French died away, and the 'quaint Inglis' of Southern Scotland and the civic population became the language of the king and his nobility, spreading gradually over the whole of those lowland districts which had long formed the heart of ancient *Alban*, the Gaelic tongue, rather than the Gaelic race, was at length confined to the mountains, and the names of *Scot* and *Scotland* were adopted as national and generic terms from the language which had now become the national speech. Henceforward to speak *Scotice* was to talk in the Lowland tongue."—ROBERTSON, *Scotland under Her Early Kings*, Appendix I. *Picts and Scots*, pp. 374–5 and p. 369.

[17] BURTON, *History of Scotland*, v. I. p. 332.

had it had, either before or after such incorporation, any other than a native, historical origin. But, to the third Chapter, in which I shall have to treat of the relation of the Fingalian to the Arthurian topography of Scotland, I shall defer any further notice of the Ossianic poetry of the Scots.

Suppose, then, that Y Gogledd, The North, or what we now call southern Scotland, was *not* the historical birthland of the Arthurian traditions, how came they there? Are there not, in the above stated facts, conditions in the highest degree inimical to the introduction of these traditions from without? Topographically rooted, popular traditions are phenomena that must have no slight causes. What causes do we find in the history of the North that are sufficient to explain its Arthurian topography, otherwise than as originating in the life and the wars of a native and historical Arthur? Mr. Pearson, indeed, maintains that the historical Arthur was sovereign of a territory in the southwest of England, of which Camelot or Cadbury, in Somersetshire was the capital; and, admitting how numerous are the Arthurian localities of Scotland, asks, "now assuming Arthur's history to become first extensively popular in the twelfth century, who are most likely to take it up, and identify it with localities in their own neighbourhood? The Saxons or Saxonized settlers in Devonia, or the Welsh and Picts of Galloway? Surely the latter. Which history can best be interpolated with strange facts? the history of the conquered and civilized western counties, or that of districts which long maintained their barbarous independence? Again, the latter."[18] But to this it appears sufficient to reply that the Cymry of the North were not only not in a state of "barbarous independence" in the twelfth century; but that, as above shown, they were unresistingly incorporated in the monarchy of the Scots in the tenth century; and that a Church and language opposed to their own had become supreme in Scotland in the eighth

---

[18] *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, v. I. p. 403. See also Mr. Pearson's note, *infrà*, p. cxlix*.

Still other facts there are, however, which seem to make incredible any other derivation of Scotish Arthurian topography than from an historical leader of the northern Cymry. For the conquering Scots were no illiterate horde of barbarians. On the contrary, "Anglo-saxon literature had not begun to spread when that of the Scots was supreme. . . . And by the Scots writers, whether of Dalriada or Ireland, the Saxons are spoken of without any affectation as barbarians, just as they would have been spoken of by the Romans. From the other side even, in Bede's own patriotic narrative, the sense of inferiority is distinctly apparent. Indeed he traces one of the greatest contributions towards their civilization which the Saxons received, directly to Iona."[17] And, what still more directly bears on the present question, the Scots had a traditional and poetic literature of their own, which must certainly have greatly opposed the introduction, after their incorporation of the Cymry, of Cymric poetry and tradition, and must, also, have been a condition highly unfavourable to the preservation of such tradition,

---

Saxons. . . . . . But did this Teutonic speaking colony arrive at a later period after the union of the Picts and Scots under the line of Kintyre? If so, it must have been of Scandinavian origin. But history, which has preserved the remembrance of the Scandinavian settlements on the northern mainland, and throughout the western islands, is totally silent about any such colonization in the southern and eastern lowlands of ancient Alban. Where history is silent, topography sometimes reveals the secrets of the past. . . . . . But the map may be searched in vain for any such traces in the northern lowlands of a band of colonists so numerous and so important, as to retain this dialect, which they never stamped upon the face of the country, and to perpetuate it as one of the original sources of the Lowland Scotch spoken at the present day. The existence of such a population in such a quarter is as apocryphal as the mythical Scotish conquest. . . . The English wars stamped a nationality upon the descendants of the various races subject to the Rex Scotorum, and as the use of (Gaelic, and) Norman-French died away, and the 'quaint Inglis' of Southern Scotland and the civic population became the language of the king and his nobility, spreading gradually over the whole of those lowland districts which had long formed the heart of ancient *Alban*, the Gaelic tongue, rather than the Gaelic race, was at length confined to the mountains, and the names of *Scot* and *Scotland* were adopted as national and generic terms from the language which had now become the national speech. Henceforward to speak *Scotice* was to talk in the Lowland tongue."—ROBERTSON, *Scotland under Her Early Kings*, Appendix I. *Picts and Scots*, pp. 374–5 and p. 369.

[17] BURTON, *History of Scotland*, v. I. p. 332.

had it had, either before or after such incorporation, any other than a native, historical origin. But, to the third Chapter, in which I shall have to treat of the relation of the Fingalian to the Arthurian topography of Scotland, I shall defer any further notice of the Ossianic poetry of the Scots.

Suppose, then, that Y Gogledd, The North, or what we now call southern Scotland, was *not* the historical birthland of the Arthurian traditions, how came they there? Are there not, in the above stated facts, conditions in the highest degree inimical to the introduction of these traditions from without? Topographically rooted, popular traditions are phenomena that must have no slight causes. What causes do we find in the history of the North that are sufficient to explain its Arthurian topography, otherwise than as originating in the life and the wars of a native and historical Arthur? Mr. Pearson, indeed, maintains that the historical Arthur was sovereign of a territory in the southwest of England, of which Camelot or Cadbury, in Somersetshire was the capital; and, admitting how numerous are the Arthurian localities of Scotland, asks, "now assuming Arthur's history to become first extensively popular in the twelfth century, who are most likely to take it up, and identify it with localities in their own neighbourhood? The Saxons or Saxonized settlers in Devonia, or the Welsh and Picts of Galloway? Surely the latter. Which history can best be interpolated with strange facts? the history of the conquered and civilized western counties, or that of districts which long maintained their barbarous independence? Again, the latter."[13] But to this it appears sufficient to reply that the Cymry of the North were not only not in a state of "barbarous independence" in the twelfth century; but that, as above shown, they were unresistingly incorporated in the monarchy of the Scots in the tenth century; and that a Church and language opposed to their own had become supreme in Scotland in the eighth century.[19] If, therefore, Arthurian traditions are admitted to be thus numerous in Scotland, how can we account for their origin there on any reasonable hypothesis of importation?

---

[13] *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, v. I. p. 403. See also Mr. Pearson's note, *infrà*, p. cxlix*.

In the fact, then, of the Pre-mediæval absorption of the northern Cymry by a kindred race, with whom they had never been at war; in the fact of the loss of their native language succeeding the subjection of their native church; and in the fact of the conquering Scots having a traditional and poetic literature of their own; there were conditions that seem to make it impossible to explain the existence of Arthurian localities in Scotland on any other theory than that to which we have been led by the critical examination of the earliest historical sources, and earliest bardic poems of the Cymry; namely, that these localities were, in the North, not the creations of a fond fancy acting on a transplanted tradition, but the genuine records of a native, historical hero.

SECTION (III).

Historical Conditions favourable to the Importation into the South of Arthurian Tradition.

Very different was the history of the Cymric kingdoms of what afterwards became the West of England, and the North-west of France. These, after a resistance, enduring with various fortune, for many centuries, were ultimately overpowered by a foreign, and chiefly Teutonic, race; against whom it was, and is, their pride to maintain their native language; and to preserve, or invent, glorifying traditions. Not here, as in the North, were the Cymry absorbed by a kindred race.

Further, not only were there migrations from Strathclyde and Cumbria, which would carry the Arthurian traditions, suppose them to have had their historical origin in the North, into new southern homes, but it was from the northern region of Manau, or Manann that "Cunedda went with his sons, and gave a royal house to the Throne of Wales, in the person of Maelgwn and his descendants. And when this house failed in the person of Cynan Tyndathwy, there is every reason to believe that the same region gave a second royal house to Wales, in the person of Mervyn Frych;"[20] and so, also, it should seem that one dynasty, at least, of the kings of Cornwall was descended from a northern family. And that there were large and frequent migrations from Cornwall to Brittany is well known.

---

[19] See also in answer to Mr. Pearson's objections to the theory maintained by Mr. Skene and myself, *infra*, p. cxlvii*.

And consider these critical results. "If the poems attributed to the bards of the sixth century really belong to that period,"—(we have seen that, in Mr. Skene's opinion, they cannot be carried further back in their earliest consistent shape, than the seventh century)—"there is an interval of several centuries during which such a literature either never existed, or has perished, till the twelfth century, from which period a mass of poetic literature existed in Wales, and has been preserved to us. Of the genuine character of that poetry there seems to be no doubt."[21] As to the Cymric literature of Brittany, the *Poemes des Bards Bretons au Sixième Siècle,* of M. de la Villemarqué, can only for a moment mislead by its title. It is, in fact, but a French edition of those ancient Cymric poems which, as we have seen, belong, in Mr. Skene's opinion, to the northern kingdoms of Cumbria and Strathclyde, absorbed by the Scotish nationality. And considering how much the brilliant volumes of M. de la Villemarqué have done in elucidating and popularizing the whole cycle of Arthurian romance, it is with regret that one finds grave suspicion cast on his perfect honesty as a collector of Breton ballads; and objections, hitherto, I believe, unanswered raised against the genuineness of what have been given to the world as ancient Cymric poems of Brittany. But this being so, we are left with the Four Ancient Books of *Wales,* or rather, if Mr. Skene's criticism of them is accepted, of *Arthurian Scotland,* as presenting to us the only genuine fragments of Cymric literature of the Pre-mediæval Age.

---

[20] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. pp. 93-4.

[21] Ibid. p. 19.

Remark also the fact that it was with the loss of national independence that all the genuine Cymric literature, later than these Four Books, arose. With the defeat and death of Rhys ap Tewdwr, fighting against the Normans under Robert Fitzhamon, the kingdom of South Wales came to an end in 1090. And though native princes still ruled in North Wales till 1282, the death in that year of Llywelyn was followed by the subjugation of all Wales by King Edward the First. It was cotemporaneously with these events that Welsh literature arose, and that the MSS. were written which we now possess of the ancient poems of the northern Cymry, by this time completely absorbed in the new nationality to which the conquering Celtic race of the Scots had given their name. In a literature composed under such circumstances, it is evident that the localization of Arthur in Wales[22] can be of no independent force; nor can it, indeed, be regarded as anything more than such a localizing and magnifying of northern Cymric traditions, as was calculated to soothe a conquered race in their dejection, and to flatter them with new hope.

And, finally, observe that, throughout the whole of this southern region, the ground was most eminently prepared for the reception of Arthurian traditions. For, in the first place, there must, by the eleventh or twelfth centuries, have been many traditions of conquest, as of defeat, during the half-millenium of wars with the Saxons. There may, also, during these five hundred years, very probably have been southern leaders of the same name as the great northern Guledig of the sixth century; or leaders, such as Dr. Guest's Owen Finddu (?) (above p. xxvii*. n. 21) whose story could readily get confounded with that of Arthur. And, further, though the traditions of Arthur, Guenivere, and Lancelot, of Merlin the Bard, of Perceval, Gawayne, and Mordred, would appear to have had their historical origin among the Northern Cymry of what is now Southern Scotland; yet these, though the main, are not the only traditions on which the Arthurian Romance-cycle is founded; and Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany very possibly had the way prepared for the introduction from the North of the main Arthurian tradition, by the existence in each of them already of traditions with which the northern story might be readily connected. As to what, however, really were the native Arthurian traditions of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany respectively, I will not here venture to say more than that the tradition of Mark should seem to be the special contribution of Cornwall to the cycle of Arthurian romance. How similar the story of Mark is to the *domestic* tradition of Arthur need hardly be noted; except more clearly to show how readily explicable, on the theory here maintained, is the association in Cornish localities of the traditions of Mark and of Arthur.

---

[22] Nor even, when Arthur is placed by this later literature in Wales, does this necessarily mean the present Principality; for by writers of this age—Froissart for instance—the mountains of *Cumberland* were still called *Wales*.

Considering these facts—the conquest by a foreign race, but preservation of the language, of the Cymric kingdoms of the South; the Cymric migrations from, but not to, the North, and the northern descents of some of the southern dynasties; the Mediæval, and not Pre-mediæval, age of the whole of Cymric literature, except those earlier poems in which Arthur is but some half-dozen times mentioned, and then, as it should seem, as a leader of the Northern Cymry; the upburst of this Mediæval Cymric literature cotemporaneously with the last struggles for, and final loss of, national independence; and the general preparation of the southern kingdoms for the transplanting of Arthurian localities;—can we refuse to see conditions in the highest degree favourable to the importation from the North of the Arthurian traditions of the West of England and the North-west of France?

Such, then, are the theoretical considerations, arising from the latest results of the criticism of Cymric history and literature; considerations that lead us both directly, and indirectly, to the conclusion that Southern Scotland and the English Border was the historical birthland of the main Arthurian traditions. For, not only does the direct criticism of the earliest historical records, and earliest bardic poems, lead to the conclusion that Arthur was an actual sixth-century leader of the northern Cymry; but the further investigation of Cymric history presents to us conditions highly unfavourable in the North, and highly favourable in the South, to an hypothesis of the outward derivation of the Arthurian traditions of which, both in the North and in the South, we find topographical records. But, as I have above admitted, the materials for forming an assured critical conclusion on such a question as the present are too scanty, to make our theory independent of verification from some other line of research. How is this to be attempted? By a thorough investigation of the Arthurian topography of the North. For if we should find that Arthurian localities are here more numerous than in any of the other regions of the Old Arthurland; that these localities are not spread over Scotland, but are confined to the region which in the sixth, but not after the tenth century, was mainly peopled by a Welsh-speaking race; that they are thickest just where the battles between the Cymry and their Saxon and Pictish foes must have been most frequent; that the exceptions to the rule of Arthurian localities being found only where there was anciently a Cymric population, do but make the accordance between tradition and historical fact all the more striking; and that, finally, with localities in the North, not Arthur only, but all the chief characters of Arthurian Romance, are connected; I think it will have to be conceded that we have a very complete inductive verification of our theoretical conclusions from the criticism of Cymric History.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHIEF COUNTRY OF ARTHURIAN LOCALITIES, AS GENERALIZED FROM AN EXPLORATION OF SOUTHERN SCOTLAND AND THE ENGLISH BORDER.

Let me now proceed to give the generalized result of my exploration of the existing Arthurian Topography of the region indicated by the criticism of Cymric history as the birthland of Arthurian tradition, in a narrative of a single hypothetical journey in which a very great number of actual journeys through particular districts are connected, as in the route on the accompanying map. Let us suppose ourselves, then, to start from the Braes of Mar, at the foot of Ben-Muich-Dhui,[1] the central dome of that mountain range of the Grampians, which, as we shall find in the next chapter, separates Arthurian, from Fingalian Scotland. For, journeying, and it must be on foot, up Glen Cluny, and Glen Callater;—ascending the wild, and solitary heights at the head of Loch Callater to the plateau of the Kinlochan Forest;—passing along the eastern edge of the deep glen which runs up through this plateau, with hawks and eagles over head, and great herds of red deer in the woody pastures of the glen below;—and travelling through Upper and Lower Glen Isla; we shall, in a single day's journey,—but of some thirty or forty miles,—pass through scenery which will remain in our recollection as a grand background to that of Arthurian Scotland; and, coming down on the most north-eastern group of Arthurian localities, our route will be southwards, through the eastern part of the Arthurian region, and then up again, northwards, on its western side.

We shall thus explore successively three great divisions of Arthurian localities—an Eastern, a Southern, or Border, and a Western Division; and the very numerous localities of each of these divisions we shall find to lie in three naturally distinguished districts, giving us, thus, in "the North," no less than nine distinct Districts of Arthurian Localities. And, further, we shall find these localities to be of three different classes, which may be distinguished as Traditional, Historical, and Poetical; the first, being localities which, in their names and the still living traditions attached to them, are Arthurian; the second, being identifications of places connected with the Arthurian story as it is found in the earliest historical sources; and the third, being identifications of places mentioned in those Four Ancient Books of Cymric Poetry which we have found to belong, in their subject-matter, to the Arthurian Age, meaning by that term, not merely the generation of Arthur, but the century which opens with his exploits. That, side by side with these identifications of historical and poetical sites, we should find a very great number of traditional localities, is evidently, in itself, and apart from other considerations, no slight proof of the correctness of these identifications.

---

[1] For a more detailed account of this grand central district of Scotland than is found in the ordinary Guide-Books, see Burton's *Cairngorm Mountains*, and Taylor's *Braemar Highlands;* the former, for mountain climbing; and the latter, for traditional tales.

SECTION (I).

The Eastern Division of Arthurian Scotland.

Lower Glen Isla lies between the main line of the Grampians and the lower range of hills, through the eastern end of which the road passes. Here we find ourselves with a wooded hill on the right, and, on the left, a steep, furze-covered hill, the last of the range in this direction, and with the remains of what has apparently been a formidable stronghold on its summit. It is Barry-hill (*Barra*, fortified hill), and the first Arthurian locality of what I would distinguish as *District I.—Strathmore.* I ascend its grassy sides, crossed by many a sheep-track, and am sorry its rabbit-inhabitants disturb themselves so much to get out of my way. Seated on the higher of the two lines of entrenchment, and looking down on the great valley of Strathmore, stretching across to the seaward range of the Sidlaw Hills, and with the Isla winding through it, past the "bonnie house o' Airlie," I recall its Arthurian traditions. For innumerable legends agree in representing it as the Castle to which the Pictish king Mordred, having defeated King Arthur in a great battle, carried off as a prisoner his queen Quenivere, or, as she is locally named, Ganora, Vanora, or Wander.[2] This, however, it seems, she found by no means so unpleasant as she ought to have done. For "Vanora," says tradition, "held an unlawful intercourse with Mordred; and Arthur, when he received her again," did not act with the magnanimity of Mr. Tennyson's *flos regum*, but, "enraged at her infidelity, caused her to be torn to pieces by wild horses."[3] As an old fellow, however, with whom I got into talk on the road near this, and who told me a legend I had not previously heard of the four places in this neighbourhood where the parts of Queen Vanora's dismembered body were buried, sagely remarked: "Thae auld histories are maistly lees, I'm thinkin'."

Her tomb (or principal tomb), "Ganore's Grave," lies but a few miles off. For "she was buried at Meigle, and a monument erected to perpetuate her infamy." Gray, who visited the place from Glammis Castle, notes: "Passed through Meigill, where is the tomb of Queen Wander, that was riven to death by stoned horses for nae gude that she did,—so the woman here told me, I assure you."[4] And on examining the curious sculptured stones in Meigle churchyard,[5] said to be the remains of this monument, we do actually find "two representations of wild beasts tearing a human body,—and one where the body seems tied, or close to chariot wheels,—which may relate to Vanora, or may have given rise to the tradition."[6] This is otherwise described by Archdeacon Sinclair, of Glasgow, in a MS. of the year 1560, as, "Ane goddess in ane caert and twa hors drawand her."[7] But the scene of her last resting place, when I visited it, seemed suggestive of some less rude, some nobler version of her story. It was the close of autumn. Along the broad valley of Strathmore, ending northwards in the Howe of the Mearns, and sheltered from the sea by the Sidlaw Hills, with their many legends of Duncan, Macbeth,[8] and Banquo, the farm-yards were closely stacked with the ingathered corn; the leaves, whirled by gentle breezes, were falling through the sunny air; and beneath the lofty range of the snow-capped Grampians, lay the dying year in the beauty of an ineffable repose.

---

[2] Called Wanore and Vanore in the Scotish Romance of *Lancelot of the Laik* of 1478 or 1490. See pp. 230 and 575. Edit. E.E.T. Soc.

[3] *New Statistical Account of Scotland*, v. X. 118.

[4] *Works* (1825) v. II. p. 274.

[5] See STUART'S *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*.

Mordred thus appears, in Scotish tradition, as both the political *hostis*, or foe, and the domestic *inimicus*, or unfriend, of Arthur; but in Mediæval Romance he commonly occupies the former position only, while his traditional part, as the lover of Guenivere, is taken by Lancelot. The question then arises, can Lancelot, as well as Mordred, be localized in Scotland? Now M. de la Villemarqué very ingeniously identifies Lancelot, or L'Ancelot, with the Cymric chieftain Mael: "Les plus anciens manuscrits . . . . portent souvent Ancelot . . . . *Ancel*, en langue romane, signifie *servant*, et Ancelot est son diminutif . . . . Si, par hasard, Ancelot était la traduction du nom d'un personnage gallois, dont l'histoire s'accorderait en tout point av ec le roman? Eh bien, c'est ce que je crois avoir découvert on trouve, en effet dans les traditions celtiques, un chef dont le nom

---

[6] *New Stat. Ac.* v. X. p. 234.

[7] Quoted by CHALMERS (of Auldbar) *Sculptured Stones of Angus and Mearns.*

[8] It would hardly be fair to Shakspeare's hero to omit noting that, in the general rehabilitation of traditional villains, which modern historians have done so much to accomplish, Macbeth has been found one of the greatest of Scotland's kings.—ROBERTSON, *Scotland under Her Early Kings*, v. I. p. 121-4. BURTON, *History of Scotland*, v. I. p. 370-7.

Mael (*serviteur*) répond exactement à celui *d'Ancelot*, et à qui les anciens bardes, les triades, les chroniques, les legends, et toutes les autorités armoricanies, galloises on étrangeres prêtent les mêmes traits, le même caractère, les mêmes mœurs, les mêmes aventures qu'au héros du roman français."[9] And, if we accept this identification, then Lancelot, as well as Mordred, belongs to Scotland. For "le chef Mael, selon les bardes gallois, avait dans l'Ecosse des domaines où il la mena."[10] But we may far more directly identify the country of Lancelot with a Scotish district, for he is uniformly spoken of in the Romances as the son of "le roy Ban de Benoic;" and in the Scotish *Lancelot* of 1478, this "Benoic" is at once identified for us in the lines—

> "a knycht clepit Lancelot of ye Laik,
> That sone of Bane was king of Albanak"—[11]

Albanak, or Alban, being the well-known name applied to Scotland beyond the Firths of Forth and Clyde.[12] And that it was in the eastern part of that region that the kingdom of Lancelot's father was situated, we may presume from the fact of its having been "le roy Claudas de la terre d'Escosse" (the western kingdom of the Scots of Dalriada?) who "mena guerre contre le roy Ban de Benoic et le roy Boort de Ganues (or Gannes) tant quil les desherita de leurs terres."[13] Thus, the Mael of tradition, and the Lancelot of romance, and the Mordred both of tradition and romance, are as closely connected in the scenes, as in the stories of their lives.

In very remarkable proximity to the Castle of Mordred, and the Grave of Guenivere, we find near Meigle, and in the parish of Cupar Angus, a standing stone called the Stone of Arthur; near it, again, a gentleman's seat, called Arthur's Stone; and not far from it a farm called Arthur's Fold.[14] And "a rock on the north side of the hill of Dunbarrow, in Dunnichen parish (in the adjoining county of Forfar), has long borne, in the tradition of the country, the distinguished name of Arthur's Seat."[15] This parish, it may be noted, is further remarkable as the scene of that great defeat of the Saxon Ecfrid, in 680, which permanently secured the country between the Tay and the Forth from the influences that would have made it part of England.[16]

---

[9] *Les Romans de la Table Ronde*, pp. 58–9.
[10] Ibid. p. 64, citing *The Myryrian Archæology*, v. I. p. 175.
[11] Lines 201–2, p. 7, of the Edition of the E. E. Text Soc.
[12] *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, p. lxxv.
[13] *Lancelot du Lac*, f. 1.

And the Tay,—of which the old name was Tava, from the Gaelic *Tamh*, smooth, of which *Taw* is the Cymric equivalent,—is more than once mentioned in the *Four Ancient Books*, as, for instance, in the *Black Book of Caermarthen:*

> "It is not the nearest Tawy I speak of to thee,
> But the furthest Tawy."[17]

And the Scotish Tay, and not the river of that name in South Wales, seems to be also alluded to in the Dialogue between Merlin and his sister Ganieda in the *Red Book of Hergest:*

> "Rydderch Hael, the feller of the foe,
> Dealt his stabs among them,
> On the day of bliss at the ford of Tawy."[18]

Between Perth on the Tay, and Stirling on the Forth, we find no Arthurian localities. But at the latter river, we enter on *District II.—Firth of Forth.* The banks of the Forth should seem to have been the scene of a dispute as to who should lead in crossing the river, of which a curious legend is preserved in the Venedotian code of the *Old Welsh Laws* (p. 50).[19] And on the Links of Forth, Mr. Skene would find the site of Arthur's tenth battle, "in litore fluminis quod vocatur Treuruit." "There is much variety in the readings of this name, other MSS. reading it 'Trath truiroit;' but the original Cymric form is given us in two of the poems in the *Black Book;* it is in one *Try-wruid*, and in the other *Tratheu Trywruid.* There is no known river bearing a name approaching to this. *Tratheu*, or shores, implies a sea-shore or sandy beach, and can only be applicable to a river having an estuary. An old description of Scotland, written in 1165 by one familiar with Welsh names, says that the river which divides the 'regna Anglorum et Scottorum et currit juxta oppidum de Strivelin' was 'Scottice vocata *Froch*, Britannice *Werid*.'[20] This Welsh name for the Forth at Stirling has disappeared, but it closely resembles the last part of Nennius' name, and the difference between *wruid*, the last part of Nennius' name Try-wruid, and Werid is trifling. The original form must have been Gwruid or Gwerid, the G disappearing in combination."[21] So far Mr. Skene. And it must be, at least, remarked that not only has no more probable site been found for this tenth battle, but that we have a strong confirmation of the above argument in favour of the Links of Forth, in the fact of Stirling being undoubtedly a traditional Arthurian locality.

---

[14] *New Stat. Ac.*, v. I. p. 506. Pennant, *Second Tour in Scotland*, v. II. pp. 177–8. Bellenden's Boece, fo. lxviii.

[15] *New Stat. Ac.*, v. I. p. 419.

[16] Burton, *History of Scotland*, v. I. p. 313.

[17] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 294.

[18] Ibid. p. 463.

[19] Ibid. v. I. pp. 174-5.

For William of Worcester tells us that "Rex Arturus custodiebat le round table in Castro de Styrlyng, aliter Snowden West Castell."[22] And Snowdon, which is also the official title of one of the Scotish heralds, has no connection with the Welsh mountain of when I scaled it from the river side—in acres of clover, would scarce need defence except in the rear, where it slopes gradually to the south. This natural fortress must certainly have been the scene of many a conflict between Cymry, Picts and Saxons in the Arthurian Age; and all Mr. Skene's arguments would, as it appears to me, apply with ten-fold more force to this Bass than to those he has fixed on, as the site of the sixth battle of the Arthur of Nennius. From an old man, with whom I had some talk on the Bridge of Carron, I found that, in spaets, the river not unfrequently overflowed to the very base of this hill, and that it, and the farm to which it belongs, is called Roughmute. And many a rough moot, or council, has no doubt been held there.

---

[20] *Chronicle of the Picts and Scots*, p. 136. "It may seem strange," says Mr. Skene, "that I should assert that Gwryd and Forth are the same word. But *Gwr* in Welsh is represented by *Fear* in Irish, the old form of which was *For*, and final *d* in Welsh is in Irish *ch*, in Pictish *th.* The river which falls into the Dee, near Bala, in North Wales, is called Try-weryn, a very similar combination."

[21] *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. pp. 56–7.

[22] *Itinerary*, p. 311.

After the old man left me, I suddenly remembered, as I looked over the bridge, and up the river, that the Carron was one of Ossian's favourite streams.

> "I behold not the form of my son at Carun; nor the figure of Oscar in Crona. The rustling winds have carried him far away, and the heart of his father is sad." [32]

And so, instead of proceeding on my way, I wandered up its southern banks for a mile or two, coming down to the bridge again on the other side. Moraines, or whatever else they may be geologically, there is, on this southern bank, such a number of "Basses,"—of beautiful knolls, with woody dells, and shadowy braes,—such Fairy Highlands, as I do not remember to have elsewhere seen. Well might the Doric Muse have been here inspired with these fine pastoral lines:—

> "O bonnie are the greensward howes,
> Whar through the birks the burnie rowes,
> An' the bee bums, an' the ox lowes,
> An' saft winds rustle,
> An' shepherd lads, on sunny knowes,
> Blaw the blithe whustle."

Then, on again towards the scene of the final battle between Arthur and Mordred; having some talk on the way with a bridgekeeper whom I found beguiling the time with Brougham's "Discourse on the Study of Science." "However ignorant we may be," he modestly remarked, "we may benefit a little." Now, where is the site of the "Gweith Camlan in qua Arthur et Medraut coruere," to be more probably found than at the little town of Camelon where we now are? "It is surprising," says Mr. Skene, "that historians should have endeavoured to place this battle in the south, as the same traditions, which encircle it with so many fables, indicate very clearly who his antagonists were. Medraut or Modred was the son of that Llew to whom Arthur is said to have given Lothian, and who, as Lothus, king of the Picts, is invariably connected with this part of Scotland. His forces were Saxons, Picts, and Scots, the very races Arthur is said to have conquered in his Scotish campaigns. If it is to be viewed as a real battle at all, it assumes the appearance of an insurrection of the conquered districts, under Medraut, the son of that Llew to whom one of them was given."[33] Remark, further, not only that the site bears still the very same name as the battle; but that it is, as we have already in part seen, in the centre of a group of Arthurian localities; and further that, as history has shown, it is well fitted to be a great battle-field. For, in later historical times, two great battles have been fought at, or near Camelon; that of Falkirk, but a mile distant, in 1298, between the Scots and the English; and that of Falkirk-muir, in 1746, between the Hanoverian forces, under General Hawley, and the Highlanders, commanded by Prince Charles Stuart.

---

[32] MACPHERSON, *The Poems of Ossian. The War of Caros.*

But twenty-one years before this final Arthurian battle of the year 537, namely, in 516, was fought that twelfth battle "in Monte Badonis," of Nennius, the "obsessio Montis Badonici," of Gildas, the site of which has given rise to so much discussion. "It has been supposed to have been near Bath, but the resemblance of names seems alone to have led to this tradition. Tradition equally points to the northern Saxons as the opponents, and in Ossa Cylellaur,[34] who is always named as Arthur's antagonist, there is no doubt that a leader of Octa and Ebissa's Saxons is intended; while at this date no conflict between the Britons and the West Saxons could have taken place so far west as Bath. The scene of the battle near Bath was said to be on the Avon, which Layamon[35] mentions as flowing past Badon Hill. But on the Avon, not far from Linlithgow, is a very remarkable hill, of considerable size, the top of which is strongly fortified with double ramparts, and past which the Avon flows. This hill is called Bouden Hill. Sibbald says, in his *Account of Linlithgowshire,* in 1710, 'On the Buden Hill are to be seen the vestiges of an outer and inner camp. There is a great cairn of stones upon Lochcote Hills, over against Buden, and in the adjacent ground there have been found chests of stones, with bones in them, but it is uncertain when or with whom the fight was.' As this battle was the last of twelve which seem to have formed one series of campaigns, I venture," says Mr. Skene, "to identify Bouden Hill with the Mons Badonicus."[36]

---

[33] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I., pp. 59-60.

After enjoying the beautiful view from the top, with the Little Bouden and Cockleroy Hills on my right, as I looked north over the undulating country about Linlithgow, with its ancient royal palace on the lake, across to the fine estuary of the Forth, the shores of Fife and Clackmannan, and the Ochil Hills (Sliabnochel, or Ocelli Montes); I found, in talk with an old man of upwards of fourscore ("81 on the 21st of last July"), who was breaking stones on the roadside, what appeared to me an interesting confirmation of Mr. Skene's hypothesis, in a tradition of Arthur's presence here, at least, if not also, of an Arthurian siege of Bouden Hill. After pointing out to me the "Fechtin' Fuird," about three-quarters of a mile below Bouden Hill, "from which they say that the Romans lifted their camp to gang to besiege Jerooslem;"[37] and telling me that on Cockleroy there was "a bit hollow on the tap, whaur twa or three men micht lie, ca'd the Bed o' Wallace;" I asked him how the hill got so curious a name? "Ou," said he, chuckling, and taking a pinch from his snuff-mull, "They say it was because the king was cockled (cuckolded) there." "What king?" said I, "any of the Stuarts?" "Na, I never heard it was ony o' the Stuarts at the pailace doon by; but it's mentioned in history[38] that King Arthur's wife was na' faithfu', an maybe it was her that was ouer cosh (too intimate) wi' anither man on the tap there."

---

[34] May there not be a reminiscence of this name in the Gallehault of the French, and the Galyot of the Scotish, Romance of *Lancelot?*

[35] "There sank to the bottom five and twenty hundred, so that all Avon's stream was bridged with steel."—*Brut.* Edit. Madden, v. II. p. 469.

[36] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. pp. 57–8.

Then, on to Linlithgow, which appears in Mr. Pearson's *Index*[39] as the Llechlleuteu of Aneurin, and thence down, some three miles, to the shore of the Firth and Caredin.

"Let the Caer of Eiddyn deplore
The dread and illustrious men clothed in splendid blue."[40]

For this, as it would appear, was the site of the conflict which is the subject of the first part of that great poem of the "Gododin" which

---

[37] Would it be too much to consider this legend of a camp under Bouden as a memory of the Arthurian Obsessio Montis Badonici which had got attributed to the Romans; and this particularly, as there are many legends of Arthur's having gone to Jerusalem; as there is no considerable historical improbability in his actually having done so; and as, if he made an Eastern pilgrimage, it would probably have been after this twelfth victory, which gave the kingdom peace till the fatal battle of Camlan, in which Arthur fell, twenty-one years later. Very probably, had I asked the old man whether he did not mean that it was Arthur, and not the Romans, who "lifted" the camp, he would have assented. But one cannot get truth if one does not guard against the temptation to put such leading questions in support of one's theories.

[38] I found that such phrases as "auld histories," and "mentioned in history," did not mean, with these old men, written, but traditional history.

[39] *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambria.*

[40] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. p. 413 and v. II. p. 394. See also v. I. p. 378 and v. II. p. 374.

"has attracted so much attention, from its striking character, its apparent historic value, and the general impression that, of all the poems, it has the greatest claims to be considered the genuine work of the (Arthurian) bard (Aneurin) in whose name it appears."[41] After criticising the various theories, as to the site of this conflict, which have been put forward by Mr. Williams, M. de la Villemarqué, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Nash, and Mr. Vere Irving, Mr. Skene thus proceeds :—

"It is plain from the poem that two districts, called respectively Gododin and Catraeth, met at or near a great rampart; that both were washed by the sea; and that in connection with the latter was a fort called 'Eyddin'. . . . . . . The name of Eyddin takes us at once to Lothian, where we have Dunedin or Edinburgh, and Caredin on the shore, called by Gildas 'antiquissima civitas Britonum.' That the Edin in (the former of ?) these two names is the Eyddin of the poem is clear from a poem in the *Black Book of Caermarthen*, where Edinburgh is called Mynyd Eiddin;" and in a poem in the *Book of Taliessin* there is the expresion "Rhuing Dineiddyn ac Dineiddwg," where Dineiddyn can hardly be anything but Dunedin. At Caredin the Roman wall terminated. . . . . And Caredin is not far from the river Avon, and parallel to it flows the river Carron, the two rivers enclosing a district at the west end of which is a great moor still called Slamannan; in old Gaelic "Sliabh Manand," the moor or plain of Manand. This is the "Campus Manand" of Tighernac, and the Avon and Carron are meant by the Haefe and Caere of the *Saxon Chronicle*, and the Heue and Cere of *Henry of Huntingdon*. Now Gododin contained this district. For the *Guotodin* of the "Manau Guotodin," mentioned by Nennius as "regio in sinistrali parte insulæ" (an expression equivalent in Welsh to 'y gogledd,' or the North), is plainly the same as the Gododin of Aneurin; and the Cymric *Manau* of Gododin is, in its Gaelic form, *Manand*. Gododin was, therefore, equivalent to the north part of Lothian, and was washed by the Firth of Forth.[42] So much for the identification of Eyddin and Gododin. Now as to Catraeth. "The *Irish Annals* frequently mention a district called *Calathros*; as in *Tighernac* . . . . . in 736, 'Bellum Cnuice Cairpre i Calathros uc etar linn du,' which latter place can be identified as Carriber on the Avon, near Linlithgow. Calathros, therefore, adjoined this district. Its Latin form was Calatria . . . . Now, in the address of Walter L'Espec at the battle of the Standard in 1130, as reported by Ailred . . . . Calatria is placed between Lothian and Scotland proper, north of the Firths. And Calatria is surely the Cymric Galtraeth,[43] which we know was the same place as Catraeth.[44] All the requirements of the site seem, therefore, satisfied in that part of Scotland where Lothian meets Stirlingshire, in the two districts of Gododin and Catraeth, both washed by the sea of the Firth of Forth; and where the great Roman Wall terminates at Caredin, or the fort of Eidin."[45]

---

[41] *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. p. 359.

"As to the date of the battle we are not without indications . . . . The combatants were, on the one side, the Britons and the Scots under Aidan; the enemy or 'Barbari' were the Pagan Saxons and the half-Pagan Picts of Manau Guotodin, called in the poem the 'bedin' or host of Gododin. And the identity of the battle of Catraeth with the 'bellum Miathorum' of Adomnan enables us to fix its date . . . . . . at 596. But the first part alone of the poem of the Gododin relates to this battle; the second part, or continuation, contains in it an allusion to the death of Dyfynwal Vrych, or Domnal Breck, which the bard (*not* Aneurin) saw from the heights of Adoyn. The date of this event is known to be in 542. The site is not difficult to fix. *Tighernac* calls it Strathcauin; the *Annals of Ulster*, Strathcairinn. The upper part of the vale of the Carron, through which the river, after rising in the Fintry Hills, flows, is called Strathcarron; but it also bore the name of Strathcawin. . . . . . . And in the Statistical Account of the parish of Fintry there is the following notice: 'At the foot of the rock which encircles the western brow of the Fintry Hills there is a considerable extent of table-land, and on the descent below this starts out a knoll, *commonly known by the name of the Dun or Down*, of a singular appearance. Its front is a perpendicular rock, fifty feet high. The western extremity of this rock is one solid mass.' This is surely the height of Adoyn."[46] And having here, at Caredin, viewed the site of the battle which is the subject of that first part of the Gododin, composed by Aneurin, we shall, in exploring the Lennox on our returning northern route, have an opportunity of visiting the scene of the battle celebrated by the later bard, who was the author of the second part of the poem.

---

[42] This is also the opinion of Mr. Beale Poste; but Mr. Nash and Archdeacon Jones place Manau Guotodin in the district about Jedburgh, and extend it into Northumberland.

[43] For a further account of Calatria see *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots. Introduction*, p. lxxx.

[44] Catraeth is placed by Mr. Pearson "about Galashiels, or near Kelso, and not far from the Kale." *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.* Compare also MADDEN, *Layamon's Brut*, v. III. p. 324.

[45] *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. p. 366–8.

I found that there had been recently discovered, near Caredin, a stone with an inscription in admirable preservation, of the Second Augustan Legion, on completing a certain distance of the wall under Antoninus Pius. And near this, at the eastern end of the wall, was that linguistically famous town "qui sermone Pictorum Peanfahel, lingua autem Anglorum Peneltun appellatur," as Bede[47] writes; and as Nennius[48] names it, "Penguaul, quæ villa Scottice Cenail . . . . dicitur." Passing through the dismally dirty town of Burrowstowness, I turned up towards Linlithgow again. While enjoying, towards the top of the steep ascent, the splendour of the sunset over the river, and estuary of the Forth, the Frenessicum, or Frisicum Mare, (Frisian Sea) of Nennius;[49] the Frisian shore, where stood in the Arthurian Age that monastery of Culross in which the young Kentigern was placed under the discipline of St. Servanus;[50] the sands on which, in a later age, Sir Patrick Spens was walking when he received the king's (Alexander III.) "braid letter,"—

---

[46] *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. pp. 369–70. Compare also v. I. pp. 177–8.

[47] *Historia Ecclesiæ*, l. c.

[48] *Historia Britonum*, § 23.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem,
The king's daughter to Noroway,
It's thou maun tak her hame;"—

the royal Dunfermline in the Abbey of which, the chief Burial-place of the kings of Scotland, is the tomb of Robert the Bruce; and Loch Leven, with its romantic memories of Mary Queen of Scots, a fine-looking fellow, but of unmistakeably English aspect, came-up, with whom our common admiration of the glorious scene drew me into conversation. Walking on with him, he invited me into his house to have a cup of tea; and I found that he and his wife, a fair and hearty girl with a charming Northumbrian *burr*, one 'darrlin' in her arms, and another at her feet, as she bustled about, were one of many English families of the artisan class, now invited into, and peacefully settled in this district, where their ancestors had had to maintain themselves by such hard fighting. Their happy looking home, kindness, and hospitality, could not but bring into vivid contrast in my mind the present times, and those we may hope they are preparing, with those of that Pre-mediæval Arthurian age of which I had been thinking, and which had been so truly described by my last road-side acquaintance, the old stone-breaker of Bouden Hill, when he said, "I'm thinkin' that in thae days,—aye, it'll be mair nor a thoosan years ago,—there were hereawa jist vawrious wild tribes a' fechtin thro' ither."

---

[49] For the Durham MS. adds "quod inter nos Scotosque est;" and Jocelyn (*Vita Kentigerni*) terms the shore of Culross "Frisicum litus."

[50] As Kentigern's Life by Jocelyn in PINKERTON's *Vitæ Antiquissimorum Sanctorum* is very rare, I may refer to the compilation in BUTLER, *Lives of the Saints*, v. I. p. 139.

Irongath Hill on the east side of the river Avon near Linlithgow appears to be the Agathes of the *Book of Taliessin.*[51] For the Avon is, in the *Gododin,* called the Aeron, and probably appears in the first part of the name "Iron." Sir R. Sibbald in his *History of Linlithgowshire* says "The tradition is current that there was a fight between the Romans and the natives under Argadus in this hill, and that it had its name from Argad;" which was the name of a son of Llywarch Hen.[52] Journeying to Edinburgh, we pass Dalmeny, which appears to be identifiable with the Caer Govannon of the Red Book of Hergest.[53] For in an old list of the churches of Linlithgow, printed by Reiner, appears "Vicaria de Qumanyn;" and Dalmeny was formerly called Dumanyn.[54] Abercorn on the Firth, where was anciently a famous monastery, is the Abercurnig of Gildas. Cramond or Caer Amond, which may be identified with Caer Vaudwy.[55]

> "Before Caer Vaudwy a host I saw
> Shields were shattered and ribs broken.[56]
>
> . . . .
>
> And when we went with Arthur of anxious memory
> Except seven, none returned from Caer Vaudwy."[57]

Caer Sidi of the *Book of Taliessin*[58] would appear to have been upon an island, and is, according to Mr. Skene, probably the Urbs Judeu of Nennius,[59] and Bede's island city of Giudi, which we may with great probability place on Inchkeith, in the Firth of Forth.[60] And between six or seven miles from Edinburgh we find the famous Catstane, the inscription on which Sir James Simpson reads as recording the grave of Vecta, the grandfather of Hengist and Horsa.[61]

At Edinburgh we find the site of Arthur's eleventh battle, which was fought "in monte qui dicitur Agned,"—that is, Mynyd Agned, the Painted Mount, which seems to be clearly identified with Edinburgh, the southern stronghold of the Picts;[62] against whom, under the name of *Cathbregion*, "contra illos que nos Cathbregyon appellamus," and not against the Saxons, this eleventh battle would appear to have been fought. And it may be noted that the words which form the root of the epithets Cath Bregion and Brithwryr, are, "*Brith*, forming in the feminine *Braith*, Diversicolor, Maculosus, and *Brych*—the equivalent in Cymric of the Gaelic *Breac*—Macula. Both refer to the name Picti, or painted: and Agned probably comes from an obsolete word, *agneaw*, to paint, *agneaid*, painted."[63] In a poem referring to Arthur the Guledig, in the *Black Book of Caermarthen*, we read—

---

[51] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. p. 337.

[52] Ibid. v. II. p. 401.

[53] Ibid. v. I. p. 287.

[54] Ibid. v. II. p. 452.

[55] Ibid. v. II. p. 411 and 352.

[56] Ibid. v. I. p. 294.

[57] Ibid. v. I. p. 265.

[58] Ibid. v. I. p. 276.

[59] The Judeu, however, of Nennius, Mr. Pearson places in the Jedburgh district.

[60] *Four Ancient Books,* v. II. p. 408.

[61] *On the Catstane, Kirkliston, etc.,* in *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,* v. IV. p. 119 *et seq.*

"In Mynyd Eiddin
He contended with Cynvyn
By the hundred there they fell,
There they fell by the hundred,
Before the accomplished Bedwyr.
On the strands of Trywruid,"[64] etc.

Edinburgh, or rather its Castle, appears also under the name of Castrum Puellarum, in the Charters, and of the Castle of Maidens, and Dolorous Valley in the Romances. "Arthur's Seat," says Chalmers, in a note to which he had been incited by the remark of "a late inquirer," who had said that it was "a name of yesterday," "had that distinguished name before the publication of Camden's *Britannia* in 1585, as we may see in p. 478; and before the publication of Major in 1521, as appears in fol. 28; and even before the end of the 15th century, as Kennedy, in his flyting with Dunbar, mentions *Arthur Sate* or ony Hicher Hill."[65]

Proceeding from Edinburgh towards Haddington, we may make an excursion to Trapender, formerly Dunpender, and more anciently Dunpeledur Law. Here is said to have been buried that Llew, or Lothus, in whose establishment by Arthur, as a (tributary?) king of

---

[62] MADDEN, *Layamon's Brut.* v. III. pp. 315-6.

[63] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I., p. 84.

[64] Ibid. v. I. p. 263; cf. also p. 276.

[65] *Caledonia*, v. I., p. 245; and RAMSAY'S *Evergreen*, v. II., p. 65.

Lothian, the battle of Mynyd Agned seems to have resulted. On Dunpeledur also, as likewise on the three fortified rocks of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton, at Dundonald, in Ayrshire, and Chilnacase, in Galloway, S. Monenna or Darerca of Kilslleibeculean, in Ulster, founded a church, and nunnery.[66] These foundations appear to synchronise with the re-establishment of the Christian Church in these districts by Arthur, who was pre-eminently a Christian hero fighting against pagan Saxons and apostate Picts. And it seems not improbable that Thenew, the daughter of King Lothus, was one of the virgins in the church in Dunpeledur. About the time of S. Monenna's death, however, in the year 518, this royal virgin had the misfortune to give birth to a fine boy, who afterwards became the apostolic missionary Kentigern, now more commonly remembered as S. Mungo.[67] And as her story of an immaculate conception did not meet with due credence among the barbarians; after an attempt to put her to death, in one legend on Dunpeledur (or Dunpender), in another on Kepduff, now Kilduff, she was cast adrift in a boat from Aberlady Bay.[68] And this romantic incident, putting us in mind of the similar story of Custaunce being sent adrift by the constable of Alla, King of Northumberland—

> "But in the same schip as he hire found,
> Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere,
> He shulde put, and croude here fro the londe,
> And charge hire, that sche never eft come there.
> Hir litel child lay wepyng in hire arm,
> And in hire arme sche lulleth it ful faste,
> And unto heven hire eyghen up sche caste"—[69]

may be an inducement to visit the scene of it.

---

[66] Hence, perhaps, the name of *Castle of Maidens* applied to Edinburgh?

[67] Mungu is translated by Jocelyn "Carus amicus." It is Welsh, and found thus: Mwyn, *clemens*, *urbanus*, *lenis*. Cu, in combination Gu, *Carus*. DAVIES, *Welsh Dictionary*.

[68] Compare *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. pp. 85–6, and the *Vita S. Kentigerni*, by JOCELYN in PINKERTON'S *Vitæ Antiquissimorum Sanctorum*.

[69] CHAUCER, *The Man of Lawe's Tale*.

In this district also, we must at least notice, if we do not think it worth while to visit, the sites which that writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1842, before mentioned,[70] fixed on as the probable scenes of Arthur's four battles on the Dubglas, or Duglas, and his sixth battle on the Bassas. The former battle he places on "the little river Dunglas, which has formed through successive ages the southern boundary of Lothian;" and, he continues, "When the Saxons were driven from their entrenchments on the Dunglas, their flight was directed" northwards; and, "forced again to face their foes beside the channel which separates the mainland from the remarkable isolated rock in the Frith of Forth, near the town of North Berwick, called the Bass, and which, by a trivial error, the historian designates 'the river Bassas,' the Saxons sustained a sixth defeat."[71] The battles on the Du(b)glas "in regione *Linnuis*" we shall, however, before the end of our journey, find, I think, to have been more probably situated on the Douglas in the *Lennox*, than here on the Dunglas in *Lothian*. And a more probable site of the battle on the Bassas we have, I venture to think, already found on the Bonny, at Dunipais (or Dunipaice). Finally, on our way into the next Arthurian district we shall pass on the borders of the counties of Edinburgh and Peebles, the Moss of Maw mentioned in the *Book of Taliessin* as the Bush of Maw.[72]

We enter now on the exploration of *District III.—Tweeddale.* —At Peebles on the Tweed, or Tywi of the *Four Ancient Books*,[73] we find one of the many wells, or fountains, dedicated to S. Mungo, the legend of whose birth we have just noticed. And we are here in the heart of the Nemus Caledonis whither Merlin is said, in the Latin *Vita Merlini*, to have fled after the battle of Arderyth, and where, according to the tradition reported by Fordun,[74] he met Kentigern, and afterwards was slain by the shepherds of Meldredus, a regulus of the country on the banks of the Tweed, "prope oppidum Dunmeller." So, from the Broughton station I set out on foot for Merlin's Grave at Drummelzier, in which the name of Meldredus is preserved, according to Mr. Skene,[75] and that of Merlin according to M. de la Villemarqué.[76]

---

[70] Ch. I. p. xxxii.

[71] *Gentleman's Magazine*, v. XVII., N. S., 1842, p. 598.

[72] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 337, and v. II. p. 401.

[73] Vol. I. pp. 373, 432, 470 seq., 490 seq.; v. II. p. 337.

"Questa è l'antiqua e memorabil grotta,
Ch'edificò Merlino, il savio Mago
Che forse ricordare odi tal' otta,
Dove ingannollo la Donna del Lago."[77]

Crossing to the south bank of the Tweed, and reaching the ancient parish church and kirkton, or hamlet, by the Pausayl (*i.e.* Willow) Burn, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of the intelligent shoemaker of the place. From his account there seemed to be some doubt as to which of two localities here had the best traditional right to be called the Grave of Merlin. That now certainly the most picturesque, and maintained by the late Dr. Somerville, the minister of the parish, to be the true site of the tomb, is by an ancient thorn-tree, of which there is now a younger thriving offshoot (fair augury of a renewal of Merlin's fame), by the burnside, a little above its junction with the Tweed, and at the foot of the moraine, on which stands the kirk and manse. But it seems that, at the corner of what is now a corn-field, there used to be a cairn, called Merlin's Grave; and though the Pausayl does not at present meet the Tweed at this spot, yet it did so for a time, in consequence of a great spaet or overflow of the river, when the Scotish James VI. became king of England, and so the prophecy was fulfilled that

"When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England one king shall have."[78]

For me, not only the weight of authority, but the perennial thorn-tree decides the matter. For this is always introduced in the romantic fictions that represent his ladye-love, Viviana,[79] as imprisoning Merlin, not, in the earlier romances, at least, that she might basely triumph over him, but that he might be with her for evermore. And though, in its present disafforested state, the scenery of the here narrow valley of the Tweed, and its enclosing hills is somewhat disappointing; it cannot be looked on with indifference by any one who knows how, "la plus ancienne tradition romanesque a fait agir Merlin, comment elle a personnifié et idéalisé en lui le dévouement passionné à tout ce que la grande epoque chevaleresque jugeait digne de son respect; je veux dire la religion, la patrie, la royauté, l'amour, l'amour pur, discret, délicat, la solitude à deux éternellement enchanteé."[80] And well may the French *savant* in his history of the bard, his works, and influence, refuse to follow him,—"a travers les fantaisies des continuateurs et des imitateurs de son noble panégyriste, Robert de Borron. L'esprit grivois et goguenard y remplace progressivement l'esprit moral et grave passé de la tradition bretonne dans l'œuvre francaise primitive. Le sentiment est chassé trop souvent par le rire; ce qui est élevé par ce qui est plat; le sérieux par l'amusant. A la fin, Merlin sera plus on moins moulé sur le type scolastique et vulgaire du savant devenu fou d'orgueil, du sage Salomon que séduisent les femmes étrangères, du poëte Lucrèce que la perfide Lucile empoisonne, du vieillard de la comédie, victime de sa sotte passion. Et la verve de Rabelais, pas plus que l'art de Tennyson, ne parviendront complétement à vaincre la pitié qu' inspirera cette figure tombante."[81]

---

[74] *Scotichronicon*, B. III. C. XXVI.

[75] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 54.

[76] *Myrdhin, ou L'Enchanteur Merlin*, p. 3.

[77] ARIOSTO, *Orlando Furioso*, C. III. S. 10.

[78] See CHAMBERS, *History of Peebleshire*, and PENNYCUICK, *History of Tweeddale*, p. 26.

---

[79] "It also seems evident," says the Rev. T. Price, "that it is to the Hwimleian, or Chwifleian of Merlinus Silvestris," the historical Merlin of Scotland, "that we are to attribute the origin of the Viviane of the romances of Chivalry, and who acts so conspicuous a part in those compositions, although it is true there is not much resemblance betwixt the two names. But if we look into the poems of Merlin Sylvestris, we shall find that the female personage of this name, which by the French romances might easily be modified into Viviane, is repeatedly referred to by the bard in his vaticinations. It also seems probable, as Chwifleian signifies a female who appears and disappears, and also as the word bears some resemblance in sound to Sybilla, that the bard, by a confusion of terms and ideas, not uncommon in early writers, coined this name as an appellation for some imaginary character, and thus furnished the original of Viviane." *Literary Remains*, v. I. p. 144. This Merlin also had a twin-sister Gwendydd or Ganieda, who supplied her brother with food, in his solitary wanderings in the Caledonian Forest. In a poem in the *Red Book of Hergest* (*Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 462) she addresses him as *Llallogan* or twin-brother. "And this," says Mr. Price, "will explain a passage in the Life of S. Kentigern, in which it is said that there was at the court of Rydderch Hael, a certain idiot named *Laloicen*, who uttered predictions:—'In curia ejus quidam homo fatuus vocabulo Laloicen;' and in the *Scotichronicon* it is stated that this Laloicen was *Myrddin Wyllt*. By connecting these several particulars we find an air of truth cast over the history of this bard, as regards the principal incident of his life, and there can be no reason to doubt that some of the poetry attributed to him was actually his composition." *Literary Remains*, v. I. p. 143. Cited *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. pp. 353 and 424.

[80] VILLEMARQUE, *Merlin*, p. 234.

In the legends and romances of Merlin mention is ever made of a fountain, by which he used to meet his lady fair, and around which, as is the wont of love, he caused to spring up an enchanted Garden of Joy. Of no well, or fountain, however, could I hear either with the name, or a tradition, of Merlin attached to it. The sources, or wells of Tweed, though at an elevation of 1500 feet, lie in a hollow of the mountains, and, therefore, do not, as I should have liked to find, correspond with the description of the Fountain of the Caledonian Merlin, given in the *Vita Merlini*, of the 12th century, ascribed to Geoffrey of Monmouth. But in crossing the mountains here, that central mountain-district of the east of Scotland, which separates Tweeddale from Annan-dale and Moffat-dale, and where, at no great distance apart, are to be found the sources of the eastward-flowing Tweed, the westward-running Clyde, and the southward-falling Annan, I found many other fountains to which Geoffroy's (?) lines would apply:

> "Fons erat in summo cujusdam vertice montis,
> Undique præcinctus corulis, densisque frutectis,
> Illic Merlinus consederat; inde per omnes
> Spectabat silvas, cursusque, jocosque ferarum."[82]

---

[81] VILLEMARQUE, *Merlin*, p. 234.

[82] *Vita Merlini*, ll. 138-141 in SAN-MARTE (SCHULTZ) *Die Sagen von Merlin*, p. 277.

After journeying past deep ravines, and shadowy mountain nooks; through dales, over the steep green sides of which swept the swift shadows of the clouds, and fell, in silver torrents, many a waterfall; through a country, in which the long presence of a large Saxon element in its population was witnessed-to by the vulgarity of the names — Devil's Beef-tub, Grey Mare's Tail, etc.—by which so many of its finest scenes were profaned;[83] I passed a night at the famous cottage of Tibbie Shiels, where I was sorry to find the old housekeeper of the Ettrick Shepherd on her death-bed; and so, the next day, on, through Ettrick Forest. Somewhere in this district must have been fought Arthur's seventh battle "'in silva Caledonis id est cat Coit Celeddon,'—that is, the battle was so called, for *Cat* means 'battle,' and *Coed Celyddon*, 'the wood of Celyddon.' . . . . of which the forests of Selkirk and Ettrick formed a part;"[84] and which is mentioned along with the Teifi or Teviot in a poem relating to the battle of Arderydd in the *Black Book of Caermarthen.*

> "Seven score generous ones have gone to the shades;
> In the wood of Celyddon they came to their end."[85]

On the Teviot, also, Mr. Pearson[86] places the Din Guortigern, mentioned by Nennius.

Coming to Melrose by Abbotsford we pass through the Rhymer's Glen and by the Huntly Burn:

> "True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
> A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
> And there he saw a ladye bright,
> Come riding down by the Eildon Tree."[87]

---

[83] "As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant wholesome smack of the soil in them—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford—are to the Celtic names of places, with their penetrating lofty beauty—Velindra, Tyntagel, Caernarvon,—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature."—Arnold, *Study of Celtic Literature*, p. 159. Sir Walter Scott certainly makes the best of the *Grey Mare's Tail* when he says of this cataract of 200 feet that it,

> "White as *the snowy charger's tail*,
> Drives down the pass of Moffatdale."—*Marmion, Introd. to Canto* 2.

[84] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 54. [85] Ibid. v. I. p. 370; v. II. pp. 18 and 337.

[86] *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.*

[87] Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border. Thomas the Rhymer*, Part 1.

Immediately to the south of Melrose, the Melros of Nennius, rise those three summits of the Eildons, the *Tremontium* of the Romans, which Mr. Nash identifies with the Din Drei of Aneurin, and near which he places the site of the battle celebrated in the *Gododin.*[88] These three summits also with their various weirdly appurtenants—the Windmill of Kippielaw, the Lucken Hare, and the Eildon Tree—mark the domes of those vast subterranean Halls, in which all the Arthurian Chivalry await, in an enchanted sleep, the bugle-blast of the Adventurer who will call them at length to a new life. And it is to be noted also that there are on the Eildons the remains of a fortified camp, and at their foot a Bowden Burn and Bowden Moor, at the further end of which is another hill with the remains of fortifications. There is not, however, an Avon here to enable us to oppose this site to that which Mr. Skene has identified as the *Mons Badonis* of Arthur's twelfth battle.

Crossing the winding Tweed, we find "six miles to the west of that heretofore noble and eminent monastery of Meilros," Gwaedol, or "Wedale, in English Wodale, in Latin Vallis Doloris." Here, at Stowe, was the church of Saint Mary, where were once "preserved, in great veneration, the fragments of that image of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God," which Arthur, on his return from Jerusalem,[89] "bore upon his shoulders, and through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight, and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter."[90] Not far from this church at Stowe, dedicated to S. Mary, General Roy places a Roman fort; and thus the site of Arthur's eighth battle "in Castello

---

[88] *On the History of the Battle of Cattraeth and the Gododin of Aneurin*, in *The Cambrian Journal*, 1861.

[89] Pilgrims from Britain are mentioned by S. Jerome. There is, therefore, no historical improbability in the legends of Arthur's pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre.

[90] *Harleian MS.* of the *Historia Britonum.* Henry of Huntingdon, who likewise gives this account, says the image was upon his shield; and, as in Welsh, *ysgwyd* is a shoulder, and *ysgwydd*, a shield, a Welsh original must have been differently translated by the two authors.

Guinnion" is very plainly indicated.[91] This Guinnion also appears in the Garanwynyon mentioned in the poem in the *Book of Taliessin* on the battle of Gwenystrad or the White Strath, thus also identified with the valley of the Gala Water.

> "In defending Gwenystrad was seen
> A mound and slanting ground obstructing
> . . . .
> Hand on the cross they wail on the gravel bank of Garanwynyon."

And the White Stone of Galystem (in which the name Gala seems contained), referred to in the succeeding lines,

> "I saw a brow covered with rage on Urien,
> When he furiously attacked his foes at the White Stone
> Of Galystem,"[92]

is probably the stone mentioned in the *Statistical Account*: "A little above it (S. Mary's Church of Stow) is a very fine perennial spring, known by the name of the Lady's Well, and a huge stone, recently removed in forming the new road, but now broken to pieces, used to be pointed out as impressed with the print of the Virgin Mary's foot." In the Verses of the Graves also this valley seems to be alluded to.[93]

Crossing from Stowe to Lauder, and journeying down the Leader Water we come to the Rhymer's Tower, on a beautiful haugh or meadow by the waterside. Here in his Castle of Ercildoune, of which these are the ruins, lived Thomas the Rhymer, whom so many traditions connect with Arthurian Romance, in representing him as the unwilling, and too quickly vanishing guide of those adventurous spirits who have entered the mysterious Halls beneath the Eildons, and attempted to achieve the re-awakening of Arthur and his knights, but only to be cast forth, amid the thunders of the fateful words:—

> "Woe to the Coward that ever he was born,
> Who did not draw the Sword, before he blew the Horn."[94]

---

[91] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 55.

[92] Ibid. v. I. pp. 343-4.

[93] Ibid. v. II. p. 412.

[94] See *Appendix to General Preface* to *Waverley*.

And hence it is to "True Thomas," still "doomed to revisit Eildon's fated Tree," that Leyden appeals to

> "Say who is he with summons long and high,
> Shall bid the charméd sleep of Ages fly;
> Roll the long sound through Eildon's caverns vast,
> While each dark warrior kindles at the blast;
> The Horn, the Falchion grasp with mighty hand,
> And peal proud Arthur's march from Fairyland." [95]

From Ercildoune, or Earlston, we journey to Kelso, which is mentioned in the *Book of Taliessin* as Calchvynyd.[96] This literally means "Chalk mountain," and Chalmers says, "It seems to have derived its ancient name of Calchow from a calcareous eminence which appears conspicuous in the middle of the town, and which is still called the Chalk Heugh." [97] At no great distance to the south of Kelso is Jedburgh, identified by Mr. Pearson with the Judeu and Atbret Judeu of Nennius;[98] and Mr. Nash and the Ven. Archdeacon Jones, placing Manau Guotodin further south than Mr. Skene would do, extend it beyond Jedburgh, and so as to include Northumberland. [99]

Though properly, perhaps, belonging to the next district, we shall find it more convenient to include in our exploration of *Tweeddale* that river Glen, one of the indirect tributaries of the Tweed, which the above-quoted writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* identifies with the Glein or Gleni, at the mouth of which took place the first battle in which Arthur was engaged. "Near the junction of the Glen with the Till rises a lofty hill, called from its shape 'Weavering Bell,' on the summit of which are to be seen to this day the remains of a rude fortress of immense strength, and nearly inaccessible position. The hill rises abruptly to the height of upwards of 2000 feet, the summit being attained by a winding path on its south-east side, and presenting a level plain of about 12 acres. . . . . . In the midst is an elevated citadel. . . . . . That this was at a later period a royal fortress of the Saxons we know on the authority of Bede. . . . . . And that Weavering was a fortress of the Britons, before it fell into the hands of the Saxons . . . . . is supported by the tradition of ages. . . . . . On the invasion of their country by a superior force, the Ottodeni naturally sought refuge in this fortress. . . . . . In their behalf, Arthur first drew his sword upon the Saxons. . . . . . Its position near the capital of Bernicia, and its celebrity from the ministration of Paulinus and the narrative of Bede, account for this river being mentioned without any allusion (as in the case of the Duglas) to the region in which it flowed."[100]

---

[95] *Scenes of Infancy*, Part II.

[96] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 363, and v. II. p. 162.

[97] *Caledonia*, v. II. p. 146.

[98] *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.*

[99] *On the History of the Battle of Cattraeth*, etc., in *The Cambrian Journal*, 1861.

Along the Border-country we note an almost endless number of places, famous in story, among which we must, at least, name Carham as the scene of the battle which finally added the Saxon Lothians to the Celtic kingdom of Malcolm II. in 1018.[101] And so, on to Berwick, formerly Aberwick. And, though now fallen into comparative decay and insignificance,—crowning, as it does, the northern heights at the mouth of the Tweed, looking eastward on the sea, that dashes up to high caverned cliffs, and commanding westward the vale of the beautiful river, here flowing between steep braes, shadowy with trees, or bright with corn and pasture, —Berwick, but for the dulness within its walls, seems still almost as worthy of being called Joyeuse Garde as, both from its real and romance history of siege, conquest, and reconquest, it is of being remembered as Dolorous Garde.[102]

---

[100] *Gentleman's Magazine*, v. XVII. (1842), p. 59.

[101] See Robertson, *Scotland under Her Early Kings*, v. I. p. 96, n.

[102] See Scott, *Romance of Sir Tristrem, Introduction*, p. xxxvii. See also Burton, *History of Scotland*, v. I. p. 177.

SECTION (II).

The Southern Division of Arthurian Scotland.

From the still preserved ramparts of Berwick I observed, away to the south, a great pyramid-like mass by the sea; and, on asking what this was, I was told it was Bamborough Castle. "Ah," said I to myself, "the Chatel Orgueilleux of Romance[103] and the Dinguaroy and Bebbanburgh of Nennius." So, entering on the exploration of *District IV.—Northumberland,* I went by train to the Belford station, whence it is some five miles to the little model village under the Castle-rock. And whatever may on other grounds be said of the expenditure of the funds vested for certain charitable purposes in the Trustees to whom this ancient Castle, with its valuable estates, now belongs, an Arthurian antiquary can hardly but be grateful to them for enabling him to enter, what might easily be imagined one of the very castles of which he has been reading. Occupying the whole extent of a solitary eminence, it stands among sandy downs, close by the sea, and overlooking a wide plain at the foot of the Cheviots. Nearly opposite the Castle are the Faroe Islands. And journeying five or six miles over the sands when the tide is out, and a mile by boat, one reaches Lindisfarne, the Medgaud of Nennius, opposite which, on the mainland, is the Lleu. Having visited the Abbey of the Holy Island of St. Cuthbert,—like Iona, whence the saintly Aidan came here as a missionary, a primitive seat of Christianity,—and where, as I thought, there ought to have been a tradition of its having been the retreat of Sir Lancelot after the discovery of his treason, and his final separation from the Queen; I regained the mainland, and Beal station, in a slow, jolting cart, chased by the too swiftly incoming tide, but amusing myself thinking of the still worse jolting Sir Lancelot underwent, and the ludicrous disgrace brought upon him by his accepting the offer of the dwarf to guide him to the captive Guenivere, would the knight but leave his disabled horse, and get into "la charette," the filthy cart of the dwarf.[104]

---

[103] SCOTT, *Romance of Sir Tristrem, Introduction,* p. xxxvii.

The references to Northumberland in the Romances are very frequent. It was in the forest of Northumberland that dwelt the Hermit Blaise to whom Merlin is represented as so often repairing, in order that being "a nobill clerk and subtle," he might put in writing all the wonderful things that befell in those days. And one chapter, for instance, of the French Romance of Lancelot is headed, "Comment la Dame de Noehault envoya deuers le Roy Artus, luy supplier quil luy envoya secours contre le Roy de Norhombellando qui luy menoit guerre." Northumberland also formed part of the Berneich of Nennius, the Tir Brenech of Llywarch Hen, and the Brenneich of Aneurin, the Anglic kingdom of Bernicia. And in the suburbs of its chief town, Newcastle, we find Arthur's Hill.

We are now on the Tyne, the south-eastern boundary of Arthurian Scotland. But, before turning westward, we must note that, but a little way over the frontier is York, Eboracum, with which the name of the father of Perceval, that famous knight of the Quest of the Holy Grail is connected. For he is always mentioned as Ebrauk or Evrok of the North.[105] But, under his earlier Cymric name of Peredur, Perceval is brought into more direct connection with Arthurian Scotland in his relations with Merlin in the Caledonian Forest—

> "Venerat ad bellum Merlinus cum Pereduro
> . . . .
> Solatur Peredurus eum,"—[106]

---

[104] From this adventure a metrical romance, composed by Chestien de Troyes in the twelfth century, takes its title *La Charette*.

[105] VILLEMARQUE, *Romans de la Table Ronde*, pp. 321 and 395.

[106] *Vita Merlini*, l. 31 and l. 68. SAN MARTE (SCHULTZ), *Die Sagen von Merlin*, pp. 274-5.

and as one of the chiefs mentioned by Aneurin in the *Gododin* as having fallen at the battle of Cattraeth:

> "Peredur with steel arms, Gwawrddur, and Aeddan,
> A defence were they in the tumult, though with shattered shields."[107]

Turning now westward, and passing through the picturesquely-situated old town of Hexham, with its Moot Hall and Abbey Church, on a wooded ridge over-hanging the Tyne, we stop either at the Haydon Bridge, or the Bardon Mill station of the Carlisle and Newcastle Railway. For six or eight miles to the north of these stations, and in the neighbourhood of Housesteads, the most complete of the stations on the Roman Wall, are the principal Arthurian Localities of this Northumbrian District. The scenery here is very remarkable. The green, but unwooded grazing hills,—wide and wild-looking from their want of enclosures, and the infrequency of farm-houses,—seem like the vast billows of a north-sweeping tide. Along one of these wave-lines runs the Roman Wall, with the stations of its garrison. In the trough, as it were, of this mighty sea, and to the north of the Wall, were, till a few years ago removed and ploughed over, the ruins of the ancient castle of Sewing Shields, referred to by Sir Walter Scott as the Castle of the Seven Shields,[108] and by Camden as Seavenshale.[109] Beneath it, as under the Eildons, Arthur and all his court are said to lie in an enchanted sleep. And here also tradition avers that the passage to these Subterranean Halls, having once on a time, been found, but the wrong choice having been made in the attempt to achieve the adventure, and call the Chivalry of the Table Rounde to life again, the unfortunate adventurer was cast forth with these ominous words ringing in his ears:

---

[107] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 386. Compare also Guest (Lady Charlotte) *Mabinogion, Notes to Peredur the Son of Evrawc*, v. I. p. 371.

[108] *Harold the Dauntless*, s. VI.

[109] Bruce, *The Roman Wall*, p. 175.

"O woe betide that evil day
  On which this witless wight was born,
Who drew the Sword, the Garter cut,
  But never blew the Bugle-horn"—[110]

the very opposite mistake, it will be observed, to that of which the equally luckless Eildon adventurer was guilty.

The northern faces of three successive billows here, if I may so call them, present fine precipitous crags,—whinstone and sandstone strata cropping out. These are called respectively Sewing Shields Crags, the King's, and the Queen's Crags. Along the crest of the first of these the Roman Wall is carried. The others take their name from having been the scene of a little domestic quarrel, or tiff, between King Arthur and Queen Quenivere. To settle the matter, the king sitting on a rock called Arthur's Chair, threw at the queen an immense boulder which, falling somewhat short of its aim, is still to be seen on this side of the Queen's Crags. And on the horizon of the immense sheep farm of Sewing Shields, and beyond an outlying shepherd's hut, very appropriately named Coldknuckles, is a great stone called Cumming's Cross, to which there is attached another rude Arthurian tradition. For here, they say, that King Arthur's sons attacked, and murdered a northern chieftain who had been visiting their father at Sewing Shields Castle, and who was going home with too substantial proofs, as they thought, of the king's generosity.

Thence, over a most bracingly wild, wide-horizoned, and open Border-country to Liddesdale.[111] At the head of this famous dale we find Dawston, which may be reckoned among localities of the Arthurian Age, as the scene of that great battle of Dagsestan of 603, in which Aidan, who seems to have been, like Arthur some sixty years before, performing the functions of *Guledig* or "Dux

---

[110] Hodgson, *History of Northumberland*, Part II. v. III. p. 287.

[111] Liddesdale is, of course, known to be within the political frontier of Scotland, though its Arthurian localities are here treated of partly as belonging to the district of Northumberland, and partly to that of Cumberland.

Bellorum" in the North, led a combined force of Scots and Britons against the Angles of Bernicia, under Ethelfrid; only, however, to meet with a crushing defeat.[112]

But our next and more strictly Arthurian locality, a hill, on the eastern side of the valley, called Arthur's Seat—the third locality of that name we have found in the course of our journey—we must place in *District V.—Cumberland.* The chief object, however, of our exploration of Liddesdale, is the locality of the great battle of Arderydd, so often mentioned in the *Four Ancient Books,* in the *Triads,* and in the *Vita Merlini.* "Concealed under these extravagant fables, we can see," says Mr. Skene, "the outlines of one of those great historical struggles which alter the fate of a country. . . . It was, in short, a great struggle between the supporters of the advancing Christianity and the departing Paganism, in which the former were victorious. That it was an historical event, and that this was its character, appears from this, that it occurs in the *Annales Cambriæ,* as a real event about the year 573; 'Bellum Armterid inter filios Elifer et Gwendoleu filium Keidiau in quo bello Gwendoleu cecidit. Merlinus insanus effectus est;' and that 573 is the first year of the reign of Rhydderch over Strathclyde, and of Aidan, over Dalriada,"[113]—these being the leaders of the Christian party.

Where, then, was this battle fought? It was a passage in the *Vita S. Kentigerni,* quoted by M. de la Villemarqué,[114] that induced me to look in Liddesdale for its site. Shortly before, however, the same passage had been similarly suggestive to Mr. Skene;

---

[112] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. pp. 177-8; also v. II. p. 365, where it is said that Mr. Stephens now considers this battle to have been that celebrated in the poems of the Gododin. Donald Brec, who was defeated in the battle of Strathcawin,—the subject, according to Mr. Skene, of the second part of these poems,—was the son of this Aidan.

[113] *Notice of the Site of the Battle of Arderyth—Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,* v. VI. P. I. p. 95 (published in 1867, my visit being in 1866).

[114] *Myrdhin, ou L'Enchanteur Merlin,* p. 72.

though his *Notice of the*] *Site of the Battle of Arderyth* was not published till after the identification which was the result of my visit to the place. This passage is as follows. One day that the saint was praying in a wild solitude of the Caledonian Forest, there sprang across his path "quidam demens, nudus et hirsutus, ab omni solatio mundiali destitutus, quasi quoddam torvum furiale." The saint asked this strange being who, or what he was, and received for answer, "Olim Quortigerni vates, Merlinus vocitatus, in hac solitudine dura patiens. . . . . . Eram enim cædis omnium causa interemptorum qui interfecti sunt in bello, cunctis in hac patria constitutis satis noto, quod erat *in campo inter Lidel et Carvanolow situato.*"[115]

Carwhinelow is a burn, on which there is a village of the same name, and which flows from Nicholl Forest into the Esk. And some little way above the junction of the Esk, with the Liddel is what is called in the *Statistical Account*, the Moat of Liddel, though known in the country only as the Roman Camp. It is situated on the top of a high bank overhanging the river, to which, on the north side, the rock goes sheer down; while on the other side it is defended by prodigious earthen ramparts which rise from the field to a height of nearly thirty feet. There is a well in the enclosure, and on the west side a second great rampart. "It is obviously," says Mr. Skene, "a native strength." On its east side the ground slopes down till it comes to the level of the river at a place called Ridding, not quite half a mile off. Between the fort and the village of Carwhinelow is a field extending to the ridge along the stream of that name. This, then, is certainly the "campus inter Lidel et Carwanolow situato." The name of Erydon which Merlin gives to the battle probably remains in Ridding at the foot of the fort. "And I have no doubt," says Mr. Skene, "that the name Carwhinelow is a corruption of Caerwenddolew, the Caer or city of Gwenddolew,"[116] who, as we have seen, was the leader of the Pagan party, and slain in this battle.

---

[115] *Vita S. Kentigerni*, MSS. Mus. Britann. Cf. FORDUN *Scotichronicon*, lib. III. cxxxi. p. 135, ed. Edinb. 1759. See also SCOTT, Introduction to *Thomas the Rhymer*, Part II., in *Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border*.

Looking westward from the fort, the eye rests on the gleaming Solway, and southwards, on the knolls of Arthuret, beyond which the Cumberland hills bound the horizon. To Arthuret, then, let us next proceed. For double *d* in Welsh being equivalent to *th*, we can hardly now refuse to recognise in it the name of Arderydd[117] by which the battle is commonly mentioned. Should any doubt remain, it will be dispelled by a visit to the place, which is but some two miles from Longtown. Standing there, on the knolls by Arthuret Church and looking west, with Liddel and Carvanolow behind, a grander battle-plain could hardly be imagined, could the enemy be manœuvred to attack one in a position of which that eminence should be the centre. In the distance behind and around, low hills, except where they rise to a greater height on the Scotish border; in front, the Esk, flowing across the plain, to fall into the Solway Firth, after having been joined by the Line; and bounding the plain, the sea, into which, should the enemy have been unsuccessful in their attack, the victors, fording the river, might drive them in irreparable rout.

At Camelon on the Firth of Forth, we found the site of the battle that closed the career of the historical Arthur in 537. But it was on this scene of the great battle of Arderydd in 573, that it seemed to me, standing on the knolls of Arthuret, that the final Arthurian battle of the Romances might best be imagined to have been fought,—the enemy, driven down from the Moat of Liddel, we have just visited, here making a last stand. For it is Merlin who is the romantic character, *par excellence* of the Romances; and it seemed fitter to make the scene of the last great battle of the Romance Arthur the same as that in which Merlin, who is in the Romances so intimately connected with Arthur, historically "bore the golden torques," than to make the scene of that battle which, in its event, was the departing out of this world of all the Arthurian chivalry, the same as that in which the historical Arthur fell, but at which Merlin was not present. And, besides, here we have a great Western Lake, which suits that primitive mythological element which can, I think, be shown cropping-out with singular frequency in the Arthurian Romance-cycle.

---

[116] *Notice of the Site*, etc., above quoted, p. 98.

[117] Arthuret, as a name, therefore, has nothing whatever to do with Arthur, as Hutchinson supposes (*History of Cumberland*, v. II. p. 545), making it a corruption of Arthur's head; and is mentioned among these Arthurian localities, not because of its connection with Arthur, but with the Arthurian Merlin.

With such thoughts, then, I wandered over the old battle plain, past great farms, or rather agricultural manufactories, with their steam-engines and chimney-stalks, down to and by a primitive wooden bridge mounted on stilts, across the Line. Then, getting on the turnpike-road to Glasgow, I crossed the Esk by an iron bridge, and, a mile or so on the south side of the border, I turned down towards the sea, but some five minutes distant now. The scene I beheld as I went down to the tide, "washing among the reeds," struck me as of a weird and magical beauty. Behind, in the middle of the great plain, was still clearly visible the mound of Arthuret; before me, in the far distance to the right, was the Scotish Criffel, and, to the left, the English Skiddaw; between these, in the sheen of the setting sun, and stretching away amid points of land to the west, so that, whether it was land-locked as a lake, or boundless as a sea, one could not tell, was the Solway. "Here," I thought, "well may one feign that here, even at such a sunset hour as this, after the last fatal battle on the plain above, Excaliber was thrown into the sea; that here it was caught by the fairy hand, and borne aloft, symbol of the hope, and ultimate triumph of the genius of the Celtic race; and there, in the infinite Beyond, is Avalon."

Coming up to Gretna Green from the Solway, we proceed to Carlisle, which would appear to be the Caer Lliwelydd of the *Book of Taliessin*,[118] and the Cardueil of Romance, evens till more famous than the hardly yet identified Camelot, as the favourite residence of King Arthur. And with reason. For beautifully does the Castle- and Cathedral-crowned eminence, swept round by the Eden, the Peteril, and the Caldew, rise from the wide plain that stretches from the Border Hills down to, and along the Solway Firth. Of the Eden there is a tradition that King Arthur's father tried to turn it out of its course:

"Let Uther-pendragon do what he can,
Eden shall run where Eden ran."[119]

But a visit to the populous modern manufacturing quarter, in the evening, when the hands are loose, (how meaningful is the phrase!) may profitably disturb antiquarian memories, and romantic associations.

From Carlisle, near which would appear to have been the Guasmoric of Nennius,[120] our Arthurian pilgrimage takes us southward again through the Inglewood Forest of Romance. From the Southwaite station, we have a walk of something more than two miles, through a beautifully-wooded lane, its waysides luxuriant with wild flowers, to the village of Upper Hesket. At the "White Ox" I had the good fortune to encounter an intelligent old man, who, taking me to the back of the farmyard, pointed out, down in the hollow, what I was in search of, the famous Tarn Wahethelyne of Ballad and Romance. But Tarn Wadling, as it has been called in later times, has been for the last ten years a wide meadow, grazed by hundreds of sheep. Of the draining of it the old man, the innkeeper as it turned out, who had come from Yorkshire, but had been here for the last fifty years, had a great deal to say. Among the rest, what fun it was to see the swine that belonged to a cottager at the far end of the tarn, get tired of the dead carp, that were cast on the land, and wade in to fish for the "quick uns." But of the story of the Grim Baron whom King Arthur chanced to meet here, whose

---

[118] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 257, and v. II. pp. 200 and 419.

[119] As an illustration of the unlikely places in which one may find the objects of one's search, I may note that I found this tradition mentioned in Mr. Mortimer Collins' novel, *Who is the Heir?* v. I. p. 253.

[120] PEARSON, *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.*

——"Strokes were nothing sweet,"[121]

and who refused all other ransom than that the King should, within a year and a day, bring him word "what thing it is that women most desire;" and of the Foul Ladye who, at length, gave, for the courteous Sir Gawayne's sake, the true answer, and who, on her marriage, was so transformed that

"The Queen sayd, and her ladyes alle,
She is the fayrest nowe in this halle;"—

of how

"This ferly byfelle fulle sothely to fayne
In Iggillwode Foreste at the Tarn-wathelayne;"[122]

of all this, neither my old friend nor his dame had ever heard, till, sitting by their kitchen fire to dry my clothes, wet with a heavy shower, I told them the tale. And all he knew about King Arthur was that

"When as King Arthur ruled this land,
He ruled it like a swine;
He bought three pecks of barleymeal
To make a pudding fine.
"His pudding it was nodden well,
And stuffed right full of plums;
And lumps of suet he put in
As big as my two thumbs;"—

a tradition of the "Flos Regum," hitherto, I believe, unnoticed.

Crossing the south end of the Tarn, or rather meadow, and passing through a fir wood, I ascended Blaze Fell, and, from the quarry on its summit, had a fine view over the undulating, mountain bounded, and still finely wooded ancient forest of Inglewood. Below me was the Tarn; to the west of it, the ridge of Upper Hesket; to the east, an eminence with the site, though no more the ruins, of the Castle Hewin of Romance, the stronghold of the Grim Baron. And behind this eminence the Eden flows past still another locality that recalls his fame, and, with it, the legend of the Marriage of Sir Gawayne,—Baron-wood. This legend belongs, as I think, to the class of Sun-myths; and it may be instructive to compare with it that of the Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh, near Bamborough Castle, celebrated in the ballad of 1270 by Duncan Frazier the Bard of Cheviot. As the Foul Lady is transformed into "the fairest in hall," so also is the Laidley Worm, or Loathsome Dragon. For her brother, coming over the Eastern Sea, in a ship with Rowan-tree masts,

---

[121] MADDEN, *Romances of Sir Gawayne* (Bannatyne Club).
[122] Ibid.

> ". . . . sheathed his sword, and bent his bow,
> And gave her kisses three;
> She crept into a hole a Worm,
> And stepped out a Ladye." [123]

Returning to the Southwaite Station, we proceed next to Penrith, passing on our way the Plumpton Park and Hatton Hall which Sir Frederic Madden identifies with places of similar names in the Romances of Sir Gawayne.[124] Thence, crossing the narrow but picturesque old bridge of the Eamont, which, flowing from Ulleswater, here separates the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, we find, closely adjoining the fine Celtic monument of Mayborough, another such set of circular embankments round a flat-surfaced central mound as we found, but on a larger scale, under the battlements of Stirling Castle. But what is there now called the King's Knot, is here named Arthur's Round Table. And, connected with a cave in the demesne of Brougham Castle in this neigh-

bourhood, we still find a tradition of a giant killed by the most famous knight of the Table Rounde, Sir Lancelot du Lac. Continuing our journey, we come on the Winster, which is another stream separating the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and would appear to be the Gwensteri of the *Book of Taliessin*;[125] as the Derwent should seem to be the Derwennydd of the *Gododin Poems.*[126]

---

[123] See White, *Northumberland and the Border*, p. 249 et seq. Compare also Fergusson, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, p. 32, n.

[124] Madden, *Romances of Syr Gawayne*, p. 309.

Here we have come to the south-western limit of what I venture to designate Arthurian Scotland. And now, turning northwards, again, I determined, if possible, to verify Sir F. Madden's conjecture that the Grene Chapel spoken of in the Scotish Romance of *Syr Gawayne and the Grene Knight* (by "Huchowne of the Awle Ryale"[127]?) is the same with the "Chapel of the Grene," which, in the older maps of Cumberland, is marked as existing on the point of land on the western coast, running into the estuary of the Wampool, not far from Skinburness. So from Silloth, which seems to be getting a favourite sea-bathing and health-recruiting place, I wandered up the Solway beach to the extreme point of Skinburness. And this much, at least, by way of verification of Sir F. Madden's conjecture, I may say, that there is near this a beautifully embayed shore, covered with the brightest green down to the very water's edge, from which, if, indeed, the site of the Chapel of the Grene, it might well have taken its name; and, further, that Volsty or Vulstey Castle, so long associated with the necromantic fame of the wizard Michael Scott, and which once stood in the fair wide plain which rises gradually to the foot of Skiddaw, might, from its site with reference to this bright green shore, the seaward border of the plain, well be that in which Sir Gawayne took up his abode, and which is stated to have been but two miles distant from the Grene Chapel, the object of his quest.

---

[125] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 338, and v. II. p. 402.

[126] Ibid. v. I. p. 406, v. II. p. 449.

[127] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne.*

its summit, had a fine view over the undulating, mountain bounded, and still finely wooded ancient forest of Inglewood. Below me was the Tarn; to the west of it, the ridge of Upper Hesket; to the east, an eminence with the site, though no more the ruins, of the Castle Hewin of Romance, the stronghold of the Grim Baron. And behind this eminence the Eden flows past still another locality that recalls his fame, and, with it, the legend of the Marriage of Sir Gawayne,—Baron-wood. This legend belongs, as I think, to the class of Sun-myths; and it may be instructive to compare with it that of the Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh, near Bamborough Castle, celebrated in the ballad of 1270 by Duncan Frazier the Bard of Cheviot. As the Foul Lady is transformed into "the fairest in hall," so also is the Laidley Worm, or Loathsome Dragon. For her brother, coming over the Eastern Sea, in a ship with Rowan-tree masts,

> ". . . . sheathed his sword, and bent his bow,
> And gave her kisses three;
> She crept into a hole a Worm,
> And stepped out a Ladye."[123]

Returning to the Southwaite Station, we proceed next to Penrith, passing on our way the Plumpton Park and Hatton Hall which Sir Frederic Madden identifies with places of similar names in the Romances of Sir Gawayne.[124] Thence, crossing the narrow but picturesque old bridge of the Eamont, which, flowing from Ulleswater, here separates the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, we find, closely adjoining the fine Celtic monument of Mayborough, another such set of circular embankments round a flat-surfaced central mound as we found, but on a larger scale, under the battlements of Stirling Castle. But what is there now called the King's Knot, is here named Arthur's Round Table. And, connected with a cave in the demesne of Brougham Castle in this neigh-

bourhood, we still find a tradition of a giant killed by the most famous knight of the Table Rounde, Sir Lancelot du Lac. Continuing our journey, we come on the Winster, which is another stream separating the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and would appear to be the Gwensteri of the *Book of Taliessin*;[125] as the Derwent should seem to be the Derwennydd of the *Gododin Poems.*[126]

---

[123] See WHITE, *Northumberland and the Border*, p. 249 et seq. Compare also FERGUSSON, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, p. 32, n.

[124] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne*, p. 309.

Here we have come to the south-western limit of what I venture to designate Arthurian Scotland. And now, turning northwards, again, I determined, if possible, to verify Sir F. Madden's conjecture that the Grene Chapel spoken of in the Scotish Romance of *Syr Gawayne and the Grene Knight* (by "Huchowne of the Awle Ryale" [127]?) is the same with the "Chapel of the Grene," which, in the older maps of Cumberland, is marked as existing on the point of land on the western coast, running into the estuary of the Wampool, not far from Skinburness. So from Silloth, which seems to be getting a favourite sea-bathing and health-recruiting place, I wandered up the Solway beach to the extreme point of Skinburness. And this much, at least, by way of verification of Sir F. Madden's conjecture, I may say, that there is near this a beautifully embayed shore, covered with the brightest green down to the very water's edge, from which, if, indeed, the site of the Chapel of the Grene, it might well have taken its name; and, further, that Volsty or Vulstey Castle, so long associated with the necromantic fame of the wizard Michael Scott, and which once stood in the fair wide plain which rises gradually to the foot of Skiddaw, might, from its site with reference to this bright green shore, the seaward border of the plain, well be that in which Sir Gawayne took up his abode, and which is stated to have been but two miles distant from the Grene Chapel, the object of his quest.

---

[125] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. p. 338, and v. II. p. 402.

[126] Ibid. v. I. p. 406, v. II. p. 449.

[127] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne.*

its summit, had a fine view over the undulating, mountain bounded, and still finely wooded ancient forest of Inglewood. Below me was the Tarn; to the west of it, the ridge of Upper Hesket; to the east, an eminence with the site, though no more the ruins, of the Castle Hewin of Romance, the stronghold of the Grim Baron. And behind this eminence the Eden flows past still another locality that recalls his fame, and, with it, the legend of the Marriage of Sir Gawayne, —Baron-wood. This legend belongs, as I think, to the class of Sun-myths; and it may be instructive to compare with it that of the Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh, near Bamborough Castle, celebrated in the ballad of 1270 by Duncan Frazier the Bard of Cheviot. As the Foul Lady is transformed into "the fairest in hall," so also is the Laidley Worm, or Loathsome Dragon. For her brother, coming over the Eastern Sea, in a ship with Rowan-tree masts,

> ". . . . sheathed his sword, and bent his bow,
> And gave her kisses three;
> She crept into a hole a Worm,
> And stepped out a Ladye."[123]

Returning to the Southwaite Station, we proceed next to Penrith, passing on our way the Plumpton Park and Hatton Hall which Sir Frederic Madden identifies with places of similar names in the Romances of Sir Gawayne.[124] Thence, crossing the narrow but picturesque old bridge of the Eamont, which, flowing from Ulleswater, here separates the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, we find, closely adjoining the fine Celtic monument of Mayborough, another such set of circular embankments round a flat-surfaced central mound as we found, but on a larger scale, under the battlements of Stirling Castle. But what is there now called the King's Knot, is here named Arthur's Round Table. And, connected with a cave in the demesne of Brougham Castle in this neigh-

bourhood, we still find a tradition of a giant killed by the most famous knight of the Table Rounde, Sir Lancelot du Lac. Continuing our journey, we come on the Winster, which is another stream separating the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and would appear to be the Gwensteri of the *Book of Taliessin*;[125] as the Derwent should seem to be the Derwennydd of the *Gododin Poems.*[126]

---

[123] See WHITE, *Northumberland and the Border*, p. 249 et seq. Compare also FERGUSSON, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, p. 32, n.

[124] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne*, p. 309.

Here we have come to the south-western limit of what I venture to designate Arthurian Scotland. And now, turning northwards, again, I determined, if possible, to verify Sir F. Madden's conjecture that the Grene Chapel spoken of in the Scotish Romance of *Syr Gawayne and the Grene Knight* (by "Huchowne of the Awle Ryale"[127]?) is the same with the "Chapel of the Grene," which, in the older maps of Cumberland, is marked as existing on the point of land on the western coast, running into the estuary of the Wampool, not far from Skinburness. So from Silloth, which seems to be getting a favourite sea-bathing and health-recruiting place, I wandered up the Solway beach to the extreme point of Skinburness. And this much, at least, by way of verification of Sir F. Madden's conjecture, I may say, that there is near this a beautifully embayed shore, covered with the brightest green down to the very water's edge, from which, if, indeed, the site of the Chapel of the Grene, it might well have taken its name; and, further, that Volsty or Vulstey Castle, so long associated with the necromantic fame of the wizard Michael Scott, and which once stood in the fair wide plain which rises gradually to the foot of Skiddaw, might, from its site with reference to this bright green shore, the seaward border of the plain, well be that in which Sir Gawayne took up his abode, and which is stated to have been but two miles distant from the Grene Chapel, the object of his quest.

---

[125] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 338, and v. II. p. 402.

[126] Ibid. v. I. p. 406, v. II. p. 449.

[127] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne.*

Away, from here, over the sea, is the Castle of the King of Man—

> "He lett him see a castle faire,
> Such a one he neuer saw yare,
> Noe wher in noe country.
> The Turke said to Sir Gawaine,
> 'Yonder dwells the King of Man,
> A heathen soldan is hee.' "[128]

And the Isle of Man, is the Mynaw of Taliessin;[129] the Manau and Eubonia of Nennius.[130] May it possibly be also the Ermonie of the *Romance of Sir Tristrem?* Merlin, at any rate, is traditionally connected with the Isle of Man, as well as Gawayne. For, by Merlin the giants, who had overpowered the primitive population of Fairies, are in their turn said to have been overpowered, and spell-bound in subterranean chambers.[131]

A shower falling with the turn of the tide, I took shelter in a little cottage, where I found a pretty young woman with her first-born in her arms. Crowing, instead of crying, at sight of the stranger, I remarked what a fine big boy he was; and his proud mother, turning her face modestly a little away, replied: "And yet they say that foresons are ordinarily sma'." Looking from the cottage door, she pointed out to me where, on the opposite shore of the gleaming water, Annan might just be distinguished, and where, up the estuary of the Nith, lay Dumfries. And I was delighted with the beautiful lake-like Firth; the charm of which, I imagined, must be mainly owing to the variety of its coast-outlines, and the undefined, mysterious recesses of its bays and estuaries; though there were also, indeed, the fine distant forms of the Scotish and English mountains, and the lights and shades of a bright, though beclouded summer's day.

---

[128] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne.* See also *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, v. I. p 95.

[129] PEARSON, *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.*

[130] "Tres magnas insulas habet, quarum una vergit contra Armoricas, et vocatur Inisgueith; secunda sita est in umbilico maris inter Hiberniam et Britanniam et vocatur nomen ejus Eubonia, id est Manau." This name was also, as we have above seen, applied to a district in North Britain; "regio qui vocatur Manau Guotodin." It should seem that "the island was associated with the name of the Scots, and the region with that of the Picts." *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 83.

[131] See WALDRON, *History and Description of the Isle of Man.*

Returning to Carlisle, thence crossing the Border, and turning along the northern shore of the Solway, the Galwudiæ Mare of Gildas,[132] we enter *District VI.—Galloway;* including under that name the western part of Dumfriesshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Wigtonshire. This district is mentioned in the poems of the Arthurian age as *Gallwyddel*, of which *Galgaidel* is the Gaelic, and *Galweithia* the Latin form, or equivalent;[133] and it may be described as lying between the Nith and Loch Ryan.[134] In the Mediæval romances, it is referred to as the patrimony of Sir Gawayne,[135] son of Loth, or Lothus, King of Lothian. And thus Galloway may be viewed also as the birthland of the many other knights of whom the only description is but such as this: "al they were of Scotland, outher of Syr Gawaynes' kynne, outher well-willers to his brethren."[136]

The localities, however, which we have to note in this, as also in the next district, belong rather to the Arthurian age than to King Arthur. But the first two I have to mention may be considered as exceptions to this rule, as they refer to S. Kentigern, whom so many traditions connect with Merlin. At Hoddam or Hodelem on the Annan, it is stated by Joceline[137] that this saint, on his recall from Wales, after the great Christian victory of Arderydd, placed, for a time, his episcopal seat. And some way higher up on the opposite side of the river is a church dedicated to him as S. Mungo. The whole of Nithsdale, and the country about Lochmaben appears in the *Book of Taliessin*, under the name of Mabon;[138] and Lochar Moss (near which we may visit the famous Caer-laverock Castle,

---

[132] *De Excid Brit.* c. xi.

[133] *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. p. 452, etc.

[134] Ibid. p. 401.

[135] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne.*

[136] MALORY, *The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur.*

[137] *Vita S. Kentigerni* in PINKERTON'S *Vitæ Antiqissimorum Sanctorum.*

[138] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. pp. 363, 562 and v. II. pp. 420-6.

Away, from here, over the sea, is the Castle of the King of Man—

"He lett him see a castle faire,
Such a one he neuer saw yare,
Noe wher in noe country.
The Turke said to Sir Gawaine,
'Yonder dwells the King of Man,
A heathen soldan is hee.'"[128]

And the Isle of Man, is the Mynaw of Taliessin;[129] the Manau and Eubonia of Nennius.[130] May it possibly be also the Ermonie of the *Romance of Sir Tristrem?* Merlin, at any rate, is traditionally connected with the Isle of Man, as well as Gawayne. For, by Merlin the giants, who had overpowered the primitive population of Fairies, are in their turn said to have been overpowered, and spell-bound in subterranean chambers.[131]

A shower falling with the turn of the tide, I took shelter in a little cottage, where I found a pretty young woman with her first-born in her arms. Crowing, instead of crying, at sight of the stranger, I remarked what a fine big boy he was; and his proud mother, turning her face modestly a little away, replied: "And yet they say that foresons are ordinarily sma'." Looking from the cottage door, she pointed out to me where, on the opposite shore of the gleaming water, Annan might just be distinguished, and where, up the estuary of the Nith, lay Dumfries. And I was delighted with the beautiful lake-like Firth; the charm of which, I imagined, must be mainly owing to the variety of its coast-outlines, and the undefined, mysterious recesses of its bays and estuaries; though there were also, indeed, the fine distant forms of the Scotish and English mountains, and the lights and shades of a bright, though beclouded summer's day.

---

[128] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne.* See also *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, v. I. p 95.

[129] PEARSON, *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.*

[130] "Tres magnas insulas habet, quarum una vergit contra Armoricas, et vocatur Inisgueith; secunda sita est in umbilico maris inter Hiberniam et Britanniam et vocatur nomen ejus Eubonia, id est Manau." This name was also, as we have above seen, applied to a district in North Britain; "regio qui vocatur Manau Guotodin." It should seem that "the island was associated with the name of the Scots, and the region with that of the Picts." *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 83.

[131] See WALDRON, *History and Description of the Isle of Man.*

Returning to Carlisle, thence crossing the Border, and turning along the northern shore of the Solway, the Galwudiæ Mare of Gildas,[132] we enter *District VI.—Galloway;* including under that name the western part of Dumfriesshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Wigtonshire. This district is mentioned in the poems of the Arthurian age as *Gallwyddel,* of which *Galgaidel* is the Gaelic, and *Galweithia* the Latin form, or equivalent;[133] and it may be described as lying between the Nith and Loch Ryan.[134] In the Mediæval romances, it is referred to as the patrimony of Sir Gawayne,[135] son of Loth, or Lothus, King of Lothian. And thus Galloway may be viewed also as the birthland of the many other knights of whom the only description is but such as this: "al they were of Scotland, outher of Syr Gawaynes' kynne, outher well-willers to his brethren."[136]

The localities, however, which we have to note in this, as also in the next district, belong rather to the Arthurian age than to King Arthur. But the first two I have to mention may be considered as exceptions to this rule, as they refer to S. Kentigern, whom so many traditions connect with Merlin. At Hoddam or Hodelem on the Annan, it is stated by Joceline[137] that this saint, on his recall from Wales, after the great Christian victory of Arderydd, placed, for a time, his episcopal seat. And some way higher up on the opposite side of the river is a church dedicated to him as S. Mungo. The whole of Nithsdale, and the country about Lochmaben appears in the *Book of Taliessin,* under the name of Mabon;[138] and Lochar Moss (near which we may visit the famous Caer-laverock Castle, where Murdoch, second Duke of Albany, was for a time a prisoner in 1425), should seem to be the Man-Llachar of these poems.[139] Near Dumfries, with its tragical memories of the later years, and premature death, of Burns, we find on the north bank of the Cluden,—the Cludvein or Cledyfein of the poems,—where it falls into the Nith, the scene of the battle also commemorated in the *Book of Taliessin*, where

---

[132] *De Excid Brit.* c. xi.

[133] *Four Ancient Books,* v. II. p. 452, etc.

[134] Ibid. p. 401.

[135] MADDEN, *Romances of Syr Gawayne.*

[136] MALORY, *The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur.*

[137] *Vita S. Kentigerni* in PINKERTON'S *Vitæ Antiqissimorum Sanctorum.*

[138] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. pp. 363, 562 and v. II. pp. 420-6.

> "lay the Peithwyr prostrate
> At the end of the wood of Celyddon." [140]

For the author of the *Statistical Account* says, "The lower part of this parish was unquestionably at an early period a *quercetum*, or oak-forest, extending most probably to Snaid, a distance of eight miles." It was termed the Holywood, and a monastery was afterwards founded here called "Abbatia Sacri Nemoris." Not more than a quarter of a mile south-west of the church eleven large stones are placed in an oval form. They are situated near the lower end of the Sacred Grove; and should seem to be a record of this battle of Pencoed. The Peithwyr were no doubt the Picts of Galloway.[141] The Carron which flows into the Nith, in the upper part of its course, is probably the stream mentioned in the same *Ancient Book* as the "boundary of Garant."[142] And the Caer Rywc, mentioned in another of these poems, "probably refers to Sanquhar or Senchaer, the old city which is on the Crawick, a name formed from Caer Rawick as Cramond is from Caer Amond.[143]

Journeying westward past the mediæval ruins of Sweetheart Abbey, of romantic fame, and Kirkcudbright, with its pre-mediæval memories of S. Cuthbert, we come to Wigton; and near this we find what would appear to be the tomb of that Gwallawg ap Lleenawg, relating to whom there is a whole class of poems in the *Four Ancient Books*.[144] For "in the highway between Wigton and Port-patrick about three miles westward of Wigton is a plaine called the Moor of the Standing Stones of Torhouse, in which there is a monument of three large whinstones, called King Galdus's Tomb, surrounded, at about twelve feet distance, with nineteen considerable great stones, but none of them so great as the three just mentioned, erected in a circumference."[145] And of Galdus, or Gallawg, Boece says "Elatum est corpus ..... in vicino campi ut vivens mandaverat, est conditum ubi ornatissimum ei monumentum patrio more, immensis ex lapidibus est erectum;"[146] and he identifies him with Galgacus who fought against Agricola.[147] Leaving Whitehorn, or Candida Casa, with its memories of the apostolic S. Ninian, to the south, we journey on, passing Kirkcowan, with the query whether there is here to be found a topographical record of Gawayne, and come at length to the neighbourhood of Loch Ryan. Here there seems to be a record of the

---

[139] *Four Ancient Books.*

[140] Ibid. v. I. p. 338.

[141] Ibid. v. II. p. 402.

[142] Ibid. v. I. p. 429, and v. II. p. 407.

[143] Ibid. v. II. p. 401.

[144] Ibid. v. I. p. 336 *et seq.*

"Battle in the Marsh of Terra, at the dawn,"[148]

in "four large unpolished stones placed erect and forming a circle. At a distance of some yards stands a single stone. They are called by the country people the 'Standing Stones of Glenterra.'" Near this, "about three feet deep in a peat moss, there is a regular pile of stepping-stones, extending about a quarter of a mile. These must have been placed in this position to form a passage through a swamp previous to the growth of the peat moss."[149] It remains but to add that Caer Rheon, now Cairnryan, Llwch Rheon, now Loch Ryan, and Rhyd Rheon, or Ford of Ryan, are all mentioned in these poems of the Arthurian Age;[150] and that the Mull of Galloway is the Novant of Aneurin.[151]

---

[145] SYMSON, *Description af Galloway* (1684).

[146] Quoted in *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 171.

[147] The antiquarian controversy about the Mons Grampius, and the site of the battle between Galgacus and Agricola is well known. See BURTON, *History of Scotland*, v. I. p. 12 et seq. But, if I am not deceived by the partiality of a grandson, a very probable case seems to be made out for that site on the Grampians in the neighbourhood of Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, where we find, on the plain, within a mile of the sea, a Roman Camp, and directly opposite, on the face of the hills, at the distance of not more than two miles, a native, or Caledonian entrenchment (Redykes). STUART (of Inchbreck), *Essays on Scotish Antiquities*, pp. 79-80 *et seq.* See also ROY, *Military Antiquities*, *Introduction*, p. iv.

[148] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 338.

SECTION (III).

The Western Division of Arthurian Scotland.

We now enter on *District VII.—Ayr.* And here we have first to note that the three immemorial divisions of this county—Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham, all appear in the poems of the Arthurian Age under the more primitive Cymric forms of Carrawg, Coel, and Canowan. In the *Book of Taliessin,*[152] we find

> "Of the many-citied Cymri, Carawg,
> The father of Caradawg."

This Caradawg is obviously the Caractacus of Boece, who appears to have used local traditions whenever he could find them, and who says that in Carrick "erat civitas tum maxima a qua Caractani regio videtur nomen sortita. In ea Caractacus natus, nutritus, educatus."[153] "And a similar monument to that we have found in Galloway to the memory of Galdus, is described in a MS. quoted by Dr. Jamieson, in his edition of Bellenden's *Boece* as existing in Carrick. 'There is 3 werey grate heapes of stonnes, callit wulgarley the Kernes of Blackinney, being the name of the village and ground. At the suthirmost of thir 3 cairnes are ther 13 great tall stonnes, standing upright in a perfyte circkle, about some 3 elle ane distaunt from ane other, with a gret heighe stonne in the midle, which is werily esteemed be the most learned inhabitants to be the buriall place of King Caractacus.' "[154] In reference to this division of Ayr I have only to add that the Gafran of the poems would appear to be Girvan,[155] Caer Caradawg the Caractonium of Boece,[156] and Dunduff the Dindywydd of Aneurin.[157]

---

[149] *Statistical Account of Insch*, in the county of Wigton, quoted in *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. p. 402.

[150] Ibid. v. I. pp. 241, 276, v. II. pp. 337, 401.

[151] PEARSON, *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.*

[152] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 429.

[153] Quoted, Ibid. v. I. p. 171.

In the same poem, and a few lines after those last quoted, we find

> "Who will pay the precious reward?
> . . . .
> Or Coel, or Canowan?"[158]

Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham thus mentioned together. And in those Verses of the Graves in the *Black Book of Caermarthen*, from which Mr. Arnold takes one of his illustrations of what he calls the *Pindarism* of the Celtic, as contrasted with the *Gemeinheit* of the Teutonic style,[159] we read

> "Whose is the Grave on the slope of the hill?
> Many who know it do not ask;
> The Grave of Coel, the son of Cynvelyn."[160]

Boece tells us "Kyl dein proxima est vel Coil potius nominata, a Coilo Britannorum rege ibi in pugna cæso;"[161] and a circular mound at Coilsfield, in the parish of Tarbolton, on the highest point of which are two large stones, and in which sepulchral remains have been found, is pointed out by local tradition as his tomb.[162] The name of "Auld King Coil" is also perpetuated in the Crags of Kyle, the burn of Coyl, and the parish of Coylton.

---

[154] Quoted in *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 172.

[155] Ibid. v. II. p. 403.

[156] Ibid. v. II. 415.

[157] PEARSON, *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.*

[158] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 430.

[159] Ibid. v. I. p. 316, Cynvelyn would become Cymbeline in English.

[160] Ibid. v. I. p. 170.

[161] *Study of Celtic Literature*, p. 145. The verse he quotes is as follows:

> "The Grave of March is this, and this the Grave of Gwythyr;
> Here is the grave of Gwgawn Gleddyvrud;
> But unknown is the Grave of Arthur."

Compare SKENE, *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 315.

[162] Whatever truth there may be in Mr. Fergusson's theory that the so-called Druidical Circles of Britain had nothing whatever to do with the Druids, but are sepulchral monuments of the Arthurian Age; it seems worth noting that in these Tombs of Gwallawg (Galdus) of Caradawg (Caractacus) and of Coel, we have monuments similar to those elsewhere called Druidical circles, but with traditions attached to them which seem to give support to such a theory as Mr. Fergusson's.

Coilsfield has fresher, and more romantic memories as the residence, in the humble capacity of a dairy-maid, of Burns' "Highland Mary." For Kyle is the Land of Burns;[163] as Carrick, we have just left, was the patrimony of Bruce, through the marriage of his father Robert Bruce, son of the Lord of Annandale, with the widowed Countess of Carrick.[164] And local traditions of both the national heroes,—Wallace as well as Bruce having been natives of this south-west part of Scotland,—may not a little have deepened the enthusiastic patriotism of the national poet. But we must proceed with our exploration of that Arthurian stratum of Romance which far underlies all those of mediæval and modern times.

The next locality we have to note is the promontory of Troon, which would appear[165] to be the site of the

> "battle in the region of Bretrwyn,"

mentioned in the *Book of Taliessin.*[166] On Dondonald, "in cacumine montis qui appellatur Dundevenel," S. Monenna founded one of her churches after Arthur's victories over the pagan oppressors of his country. And Mr. Skene places his first battle "in ostium fluminis quod vocatur Glein," at the mouth of the river Glen, which rises in the mountains that separate Ayrshire from Lanarkshire, and falls into the Irvine in the parish of Loudon. And it appears to Mr. Skene more probable that "Arthur advanced into Scotland on the West," just as in after days, Bruce, "through the friendly country peopled by the Cymry, than through Bernicia," where, as we have seen,[167] there is another river of this name, but "which was already occupied by large bodies of Angles."[168]

---

[163] It must, however, be noted that it was only the father of Burns who migrated to Ayrshire. His ancestors are traceable for three centuries as tenants of farms on the estate of Inchbreck, on the southern slope of the Grampians in Kincardineshire, a property that still belongs to the representative of the Stuarts of Castleton, etc., a branch of the family of the Earl of Castle-Stuart. See *infra*, note 208, p. cv*.

[164] Bruce was thus "the representative of a Gaelic line of princes which had ruled over Galloway from time immemorial; whilst his paternal grandfather's mother, through whom he inherited his claim on the throne, was a daughter of the (Gaelic) royal house of Atholl." ROBERTSON, *Scotland under Her Early Kings*, v. II., p. 142 n. The representation of the family of the Bruce passed into that of the Stuarts (*Infra*. p. cv* n. 208); the Bruces, Earls of Elgin, being descended but from a knight of whom all that is known is that he was a cotemporary of the heroic king.

[165] *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. p. 402.

[166] Ibid. v. I. p. 337.

In Cunningham, the third division of Ayr, and which we have already noted as mentioned in the poems under the name of Canowan, was the

> "battle in the wood of Beit at the close of the day,"

referred to by Taliessin.[169] And the place meant would appear to be the Moor of Beith in this district, where there was formerly a wood.[170] There should seem, however, to be no other locality of the Arthurian Age now discoverable here; so we may turn southwards again, and cross the mountains to the upper waters of the Clyde.

We now enter *District VIII.—Strathclyde*, "the region of the Clyd" of the *Red Book of Hergest.*[171] Upper Strathclyde would appear to be the Arfynydd of the Poems.[172] And here we may first note that, though, as we found, the Wells of the Tweed would not, the Sources of the Clyde, on the western slope of the same mountain-range would, very well accord with the twelfth century description of the Fountain of the Caledonian Merlin.[173] But if Merlin's Fountain is not clearly identifiable, we find, in the parish of Crawford, a well called Arthur's Fountain. That this name is of very ancient date we have evidence in a grant of "David de Lindesay, in 1339, to the monks of Newbotle of the lands of Brotheralwyn in that district which were bounded on the west part, "a Fonte Arthuri usque ad summitate montis."[174] And other memories of Merlin are here recalled, for proceeding down the Clyde, we are in the ancient territory of his friend Rydderch Hael. For it is with this king of Strathclyde, not with Arthur, the Guledig, that the historical Merlin is associated. And in one of Merlin's poems relating to the Battle of Arderydd, preserved in the *Black Book of Caermarthen*, he seems to refer to Lanark, in its Cymric form *Llanerch*, a glade,[175] where in one of the apostrophes with which the stanzas of the poem commence, he exclaims—

---

[167] *Suprà*, p. lxxviii*.

[168] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 52. But see *infrà*, p. cxxv*.

[169] Ibid. v. I. p. 337.

[170] Ibid. v. II. p. 402.

[171] Ibid. v. I. p. 463. See also p. 431, and v. II. p. 399.

[172] Ibid. v. II. p. 413.

[173] *Suprà*, p. lxxiv*.

"Sweet apple tree that grows in Lanark!

. . . .

Sweet apple tree that grows by the river side!"[176]

Overhanging the brawling Avon, and on the skirt of the noble chase which, with its wild cattle and ancient oaks, is all that now remains of that Caledonian Forest, once haunted by Merlin, and which stretched from sea to sea, stands Cadzow Castle. It preserves the name of that district of Godeu, or "regina de Caidzow," as it is called in the life of S. Kentigern, which corresponded with what is now the middle ward of Lanarkshire,[177] and which is so often mentioned in the poems, and particularly in that called the Battle of Godeu:

"Minstrels were singing,
Warrior bands were wondering,
At the exaltation of the Brython,
That Gwydyon effected."[178]

"This," says Mr. Skene, "was the alliance between the Brython, represented by Lleu (or Lothus) and the Gwyddel by Gwydyon which resulted in the insurrection of Medraut (or Mordred), son of Llew against Arthur, with his combined army of Picts, Britons, and Saxons, and which arose from a section of the Britons in the North being drawn over to apostasy by the pagan Saxons and semi-pagan Picts."[179]

---

[174] *Chart. Newbotle*, N. 148, quoted by Chalmers, *Caledonia*, v. I. p. 245. See also Irving and Murray, *Upper Ward of Lanarkshire.*

[175] *Four Ancient Books*, v. II. p. 336.

[176] Ibid. v. I. p. 371-2.

[177] Ibid. II. p. 414.

[178] Ibid. v. I. p. 278.

Calderwood would appear to be the Calaterium Nemus of Geoffrey.[180] Cambuslang is the "regio Lintheamus," or Linthcamus, where S. Cadoc, to whom the parish is dedicated, built a monastery. And the adjoining parish of Carmunnock, formerly Carmannock, preserves the name of the mountain Bannawc—B, in combination, passing into M in Welsh,—mentioned in the life of S. Cadoc, and now called the Cathkin Hills. "Between Strathclyde and Ayrshire lay the district of Strathgryfe, now the county of Renfrew, and this part of Cumbria seems to have been the seat of the family of Caw, commonly called Caw Cawlwydd, or Caw Prydyn, one of whose sons was Gildas.[181] For in one of the lives of Gildas he is said to be the son of Caunus who reigned in Arecluta. . . . . And this name signifies a district lying along the Clyde,"[182] as Strathgryfe or Renfrewshire does.[183] But in Neilston parish, in this county, we find more directly Arthurian localities in the places called Arthur Lee, Low Arthur Lee, and West Arthur Lee.

We conclude our exploration of Strathclyde with Glasgow. It appears in the *Book of Taliessin* as Caer Clud, the City on the Clyde.

" . . . . . they shall pledge the rich plains
From Caer Clud to Caer Caradawg,
The support of the land of Penprys and Gwallawg,
The king of the kings of tranquil aspect."[184]

---

[179] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 204.

[180] PEARSON, *Historical Maps—Britannia Cambrica.*

[181] Another, the Cueil, or Hueil, king of Scotland, "quem occidit rex Arthurus?"

[182] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 173.

[183] It was in this county that the Normanno-Celtic family of the FitzAlans, who, from their hereditary office, took the name of Stewart, had their first grants of lands in Scotland. See SKENE, *History of the Highlanders*, v. II. p. 308 et seq.; and STUART (Hon. and Rev. Godfrey), *Genealogical and Historical Sketch of the Stuarts of the House of Castle-Stuart.* Paisley, the chief town of the county, was founded by Walter Stuart in 1160; and in its Abbey is the tomb of Marjory, daughter of Robert the Bruce, and mother of Robert the Second, the first of the Stuart dynasty.

[184] *Four Ancient Books*, p. 340.

And in a poem in the same Book, connected by its title with the legends of the sons of Llyr, the Lear of Shakspeare, and finely beginning with

"I will adore the love-diffusing Lord of every kindred,
The sovereign of hosts manifestly round the Universe,"

Glasgow appears under the name of Penryn Wleth:

"From Penryn Wleth to Loch Reon
The Cymry are of one mind, bold heroes."[185]

For "Joceline describes Kentigern as proceeding from the Clyde, and sitting 'super lapidem in supercilio montis vocabulo Gwleth' (c. xiv.) *Gwleth,* forming in combination *Wleth,* signifies dew, and this hill was afterwards known as the Dew or Dowhill in Glasgow."[186] But a better known memorial of the Arthurian founder of the city, three of whose miracles are commemorated on its arms,[187] is S. Mungo's Well, in the crypt of the Cathedral.

We leave Glasgow for the exploration of *District IX.—Lennox.* That part of it to the east of Loch Lomond is identified by Mr. Skene with Murief or Reged. "The district intended by this name appears from a passage in the *Bruts,* where Arthur is said to have driven the Picts from Alclyde into "Mureif, a country which is otherwise termed Reged, and that they took refuge there in Loch Lomond. Loch Lomond was, therefore, in it, and it must have been the district on the North side of the Roman Wall or *Mur,* from which it was called *Mureif.*[188] It is frequently mentioned in the poems; in one, for instance, in the *Book of Taliessin,* beginning

"Extol the career of the kings of Reged."[189]

And among special localities in, or adjoining this district may be mentioned Mugdock, in Strathblane, which would appear to be the place meant by the latter of the two names in the line

"Between Dineiddyn and Dineiddwg,"[190]

---

[185] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. p. 276.

[186] Ibid. v. II. p. 404.

[187] BURTON, *History of Scotland,* v. I. p. 249.

[188] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. p. 59.

[189] Ibid. p. 350.

[190] Ibid. p. 270.

the former being clearly Edinburgh. It was certainly the scene of the great battle of 750 between the Britons of Strathclyde and the Picts at a place called by the Welsh chronicles Magedauc or Maesedauc.[191] And near this is Ardinny, the scene of the "battle of Ardunnion,"[192] referred to by Taliessin.

On the western brow of the Fintry Hills, we find that "Dun or Down of singular appearance,—its point a perpendicular rock fifty feet high," identified, as above,[193] with the "Height of Adoyn, from which the Bard of the second part of the *Gododin* saw the battle which he describes. And the Hills of Kilsyth, of which the old form was Kilvesyth, seem to be referred to in the 52nd stanza of the poem—

> "Gododin, in respect of thee will I demand
> The dales beyond the ridges of *Drum Essyd.*"[194]

Beyond this, along the north-eastern shores of Loch Lomond, Mr. Skene places Argoed Llwyfain.[195] Here Urien and Owen his son are described in a poem in the *Book of Taliessin* as fighting against Flamddwyn, or the Flamebearer—

> "And because of the affair of Argoed Llwyfain,
> There was many a corpse.
> The ravens were red from the warring of men,
> And the common people hurried with the tidings."[196]

Dumbarton appears to be mentioned under the name of Nemhhur, or Nevtur, in a dialogue between Merlin and Taliessin in the *Black Book of Caermarthen*.[197] For this name occurs in the *Life of S. Patrick* by Fiech, written in the eight century, after which it is unknown, and is identified by his scholiast with Dumbarton.[198] And Arthur's ninth battle, "in urbe Leogis qui Britannice Kairlium dicitur," is, by Mr. Skene, added to the innumerable conflicts which have been witnessed by this magnificent fortified rock, where the sword of Wallace is now preserved. For, as he says, "it seems unlikely that a battle could have been fought at this time with the Saxons at either Caerleon on the Esk, or Caerlon on the Dee, which is Chester; and these towns Nennius terms, in his list, not Kaerlium or Kaerlion, but Kaer Legion. It is more probably some town in the north, and the *Memorabilia* of Nennius will afford some indication of the town intended. The first of his *Memorabilia* is 'Stagnum Lumonoy,' or Loch Lomond; and he adds: 'non vadit ex eo ad mare nisi unum flumen quod vocatur *Leum*'—that is, the Leven. The Irish Nennius gives the name correctly, *Leamhuin*, and the Ballimote text gives the name of the town, *Cathraig in Leomhan* (for *Leamhan*), the town on the Leven. This was Dumbarton, and the identification is confirmed by the *Bruts*, which place one of Arthur's battles at Alclyd; while his name has been preserved in a parliamentary record of David II. in 1367, which denominates Dumbarton 'Castrum Arthuri.'"[199] And it may be added that, according to tradition, it was the birthplace of Mordred, Arthur's nephew or bastard son.[200] Under the name of Alclyde, the city on the Clyde—a name as applicable to it as Kaer Leum, or Cathraig in Leomhan, for it is at the junction of the Leven with the Clyde,—Dumbarton is frequently mentioned in the *Four Ancient Books:*

---

[191] *Four Ancient Books*, p. 404. [192] Ibid. p. 337. [193] *Suprà*, p. lxvi*.
[194] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 393. [195] Ibid. v. II. p. 413.
[196] Ibid. v. I. p. 366. [197] Ibid. v. I. p. 368. [198] Ibid. II. 321.

> "A battle in the ford of Alclud, a battle at the Inver." [201]
>
> "A battle in the ford of Alclud, a battle in the Gwen." [202]
>
> "There will come from Alclud, men, bold, faithful,
> To drive from Prydein bright armies." [203]

And on the Rock of Clyde, Petra Cloithe, another appropriate name for Dumbarton, "rex Rodarcus filius Totail regnavit," when, as recorded by Adomnan,[204] he sent a message to S. Columba, to ask him, as supposed to possess prophetic power, whether he should be slain by his enemies.

Lennox, Leven, and Lomond are all one word; and district, river, and lake are all mentioned in the poems and old historical sources. The original word is, in its Cymric form, *Llwyfain;* in its Gaelic form, *Leamhain,* an elm-tree. From the latter comes *Leamhanach,* corrupted into Levenachs or Lennox, of which the Cymric equivalent is *Llwyfenydd.* But the old form of *Leamhan* of which Leven is a corruption, was *Leoman,* with the *m* not as yet aspirated; and from this comes Lomond. Thus we have the old form adhering to the loch and the mountain, while the river adopts the more modern.[205] In one of the poems in the *Four Ancient Books* the Lennox is mentioned as having been given to Taliessin in reward for his songs:

---

[199] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. pp. 55-6.

[200] CAMPBELL, *West Highland Tales.*

[201] *Four Ancient Books* I. 350.

[202] Ibid. I. 363.

[203] Ibid. I. 441.

[204] *Life of S. Columba.*

> "And a fair homestead,
> And beautiful clothing,
> To me has been extended,
> The lofty Llwyvenydd,
> And requests open."[206]

Sailing up the Lago Maggiore of Scotland there comes, like a dark shadow, across our delight in the loveliness of its fairy islands, the memory of the tragic story connected with the ruins on the largest of them. For here it was that Isabel, Duchess of Albany lived after the death on the scaffold of her father, her husband, and her two sons,[207] in 1424. Yet most singular it is, that it is in her, and her husband's descendants, that is the representation of what is now the eldest legitimate male line of the Royal House of Stuart.[208] But proceeding on our voyage, and landing on the western shore of the Lake, about half way up, we find ourselves in Glen Douglas. Here Mr. Skene places Arthur's second third, fourth, and fifth battles

---

[205] Compare *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. p. 159, and v. II. p. 413.

[206] Ibid. v. I. 347.

[207] To Walter, the younger of the two, the beautiful and pathetic ballad of "Young Waters" is believed, on good ground, to refer.

[208] On the death of Prince Charles Edward without legitimate issue, the eldest son of Robert II. (James I.) was left without descendants in the male line. The representation, therefore, of the Royal Family of Stuart, as also of that of Bruce, fell to the Earl of Castle-Stuart, the representative in direct male descent of the Duke of Albany, the second son of Robert II., the first of the Dynasty. See STUART, (Hon.

"super aliud flumen quod dicitur Dubglas et est in regione Linnuis." "Here," says he, "Arthur must have penetrated the 'regiones juxta murum,' occupied by the Saxons. Dubglas is the name now called Douglas. There are many rivers and rivulets of this name in Scotland; but none could be said to be "in regione Linnuis," except two rivers—the Upper and Lower Douglas which fall into Loch Lomond, the one through Glen Douglas, the other at Inveruglas, and which are both in the district of the Lennox, the Linnuis of Nennius. Here, no doubt, the great struggle took place; and the hill called Ben Arthur at the head of Loch Long, which towers over this district between the two rivers, perpetuates the name of Arthur in connection with it."[209]

Here, on Ben Arthur, our Arthurian wanderings terminate; and here we may fitly review in their connection the localities we have identified as the sites of Arthur's great battles. For, thus viewed, the probable correctness of each identification will, I think, become more apparent. "According to the view I have taken," says Mr. Skene, "Arthur's course was first to advance through the Cymric country, on the west, till he came to the Glen, where he encountered his opponents. He then invades the regions about the Wall, occupied by the Saxons in the Lennox, where he defeats them in four battles. He advances along the strath of the Carron as far as Dunipace, where, on the Bonny, his fifth battle is fought; and from thence marches south through Tweeddale, or the Wood of Celyddon, fighting a battle by the way, till he comes to the valley of the Gala, or Wedale, where he defeats the Saxons of the east coast. He then proceeds to take four great fortresses:

---

and Rev. Godfrey) *Genealogical and Historical Sketch of the Stuarts of the House of Castle-Stuart.* The connection of our present German sovereign with the ancient line of native English and Scotish kings is of a most remote, and collateral description. On personal conduct, and popular affection, not on "right divine," is the throne now fortunately established.

[209] *Four Ancient Books,* v. I. p. 53.

first, *Kaerlium* or Dumbarton; next, Stirling, by defeating the enemy in the *tratheu Tryweryd*, or Carse of Stirling; then *Mynyd Agned*, or Edinburgh, the great stronghold of the Picts, here called *Cathbregion;* and, lastly, Bouden Hill, in the centre of the country between these strongholds." Twenty-one years after, is fought at Camelon the battle of Camlan, in which both Arthur and Medrant perished." Mr. Skene concludes with the judicious remark, that "in thus endeavouring to identify the localities of those events connected with the names of Cunedda and of Arthur, I do not mean to say that it is all to be accepted as literal history, but as a legendary account of events which had assumed that shape as early as the seventh century, when the text of the *Historia Britonum* was first put together, and which are commemorated in local tradition."[210]

Such, then, is the verification of the theory, deduced from the criticism of Cymric history, which is afforded by an exploration of the topography of Southern Scotland and the English Border. In the first place, we find in the Lennox, on the Firth of Forth, and in Tweeddale, sites for all the great battles of the Arthur of History, highly probable, to say the least, both considered separately, and in their sequence. This only I would remark on Mr. Skene's theory as just stated, that, as it seems to me improbable that Arthur had Saxon foes so far west as the Lennox, I would, on this ground, be inclined to prefer the sites given by the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as those of his first, and next four battles. But whether we accept Mr. Skene's theory in its entirety, or thus modified, the fact remains that very probable sites may be found for all Arthur's battles, not only in Arthurian Scotland, but just in those districts of it which we know to have formed a debateable land between Cymry, Saxons, and

---

[210] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. pp. 58 and 60.

Picts during the Arthurian Age. And further, it is to be remarked that at, or in the near neighbourhood of every one of these battle-sites thus identified, we find existing, from the time of our oldest charters, and other documents, to this day, places with Arthur's name, or traditions of Arthur's history. Not far from the Glen, we have Arthur's Lee, etc.; towering over the battle-fields on the Douglas, Ben Arthur; near the battlefield of Dunnipais (Bassas), as also near that of the final battle of Camlan, Arthur's O'on; near the fields of battle of the Wood of Celyddon, and of Wedale, the Eildon Hills with their traditions of the departing out of this world of all the Arthurian Chivalry, and of the coming again of King Arthur; Dumbarton, where, as above, his ninth battle was fought, bears his name as Arthur's Castle; near the scene, according to Mr. Skene, of his tenth battle, we find Arthur's Round Table; near that of his eleventh battle, Arthur's Seat; and near his twelfth battle-field, the tradition I have above given of Cockleroy Hill. And not only are these battle-sites in the neighbourhood of traditional localities, but what is, perhaps, an equally important confirmation of the correctness of these identifications, they are in the neighbourhood of the great Roman roads.[211] We find also, from the foregoing exploration, that the Arthurian Traditions of the various districts, in which so many historical and poetical sites of the Arthurian Age have been identified, are not only distinctively different in each district, but that, in such difference, these traditions are in singular accordance with historical facts. In Strathmore, we have the tradition of Guenivere carried off by the Pictish Mordred; and the fact of the country beyond the Forth having been in the possession of the Picts. Lothian and Galloway we find connected by traditions of Lothus and his son Gawayne; and we know as a fact that, though separated by a wide extent of Cymric territory, these two districts were inhabited by the same Pictish race. Cumberland is distinguished by traditions of the Court of King Arthur, of which Gawayne, who is particularly mentioned as "of Scotland," "de l'Escosse," in the French Romances, is the principal hero; and Cumberland marched with his patrimony of Galloway. The Isle of Man is spoken of as inhabited by a foreign and hostile race; and it was in fact inhabited, not as the mainland by Cymry, but by Irish Scots. And so on. I do not, indeed, know of any tradition of Arthurian Scotland which, in its general features at least, is not in accordance with the results of our later historical researches.

---

[211] Compare Roy, *Military Antiquities*. One is the more struck on observing this, as Mr. Skene's identifications seem to have been made without any reference to these roads.

This accordance between topographical tradition and historical fact will be further illustrated in the following chapter, in which the results will briefly be given of the later investigation of that Ossianic poetry and Fingalian tradition, which, as pointed out in Chapter II. Section (II), would have been a condition inimical to the importation into the North of Arthurian tradition, if it had elsewhere had its birthland. And, as a still further confirmation of the theory of this Essay, I shall, in the concluding chapter, more particularly show that all the chief incidents of the Arthurian Romances find in Scotland fit traditional localities, and that with "the North" are also connected all the chief characters of these Romances, with the exception, perhaps, of Sir Tristrem. From the list given in the Appendix, of Scotish Arthurian Localities, Traditional, Historical, and Poetical—a List which gives in a summary form the results of the exploration above narrated—I trust that the chief country of these localities will appear, without question, to be "the North;" and that, in this general fact, and those to which I have, in the foregoing remarks, more particularly called attention, there will be admitted to be an important inductive verification of our deductive theory that the birthland of the Traditions of King Arthur was Arthurian Scotland.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FINGALIAN RELATIONS OF ARTHURIAN LOCALITIES AS PRESENTED BY AN EXAMINATION OF PICTISH MEMORIALS.

Thus I have shewn, first, that the critical results of the examination of Cymric history, political and literary, point to what is now Southern Scotland and the English Border, as the scene of the events which were the historical bases of the Arthurian traditions; and, secondly, that the theory deduced from this historical and literary criticism has what may be justly regarded as an inductive verification in the results of the journeying narrated in the foregoing pages. And I would now proceed to point out those Fingalian relations of the Arthurian topography of Scotland which are presented by an examination of Pictish Memorials. I shall show that, as the traditions of Arthur and Merlin are what still lives for us of the Cymry of the south, the traditions of Fingal and Ossian are the still living memorials of the Picts of the north of Scotland; that Scotland beyond the northern boundary of what the localities just pointed-out suggest that we should call Arthurian Scotland, should, if it is to be similarly named from its traditional topography, be distinguished as Fingalian; and that the Cymry and Picts to whom the Arthurian and Fingalian cycles of Celtic Mythology respectively belong, were of kindred Celtic race and language, and in geographical relations to each other in Scotland similar to those which are now found to exist between the Arthurian and Fingalian topographies of that country.

SECTION (I).

The Relation of the Feinne to the Picts.

I have first, then, to show that the Fingalian traditions would appear to connect themselves with the Picts of the north, in the same manner as the Arthurian traditions are certainly derived, whether originally or not, from the Cymry of the south of Scotland. For the question as to the real position of the Ossianic poems in the literature of Scotland depends, as Mr. Skene has pointed out, on the answer to the preliminary question: "Who were the Feinne, the Fenians, or Fingalians of tradition, and to what country and period are they to be assigned?"[1] And his investigation of this question ends in the conclusion that, whether a denomination for an entire people, or for a body of warriors, the Feinne belonged to the Cruithne, or Picts, the race prior to the Low Germans in Lochlin, or Scandinavia, and the seaboard north of the Rhine, and to the Scots in Alban, or northern Scotland, Breatan, or southern Scotland, and Erin, or Ireland. Hence, the Ossianic poems, and Fingalian traditions, appear as celebrating Pictish heroes, and recording, in a legendary form, events of early Pictish history. And hence, the Feinne, or Fenians, and the traditions which form the groundwork, at least, of the Ossianic poems, "belong to that period in the history of Scotland and Ireland before a political separation had taken place between them, when they were viewed as parts of one territory, though physically separated, and when a free, and uninterrupted intercourse took place between them." As to how the Scotish Gælic, in which these Fingalian traditions and poems have been transmitted, originated in the undalriadic parts of the Highlands; Mr. Skene remarks that, "if the supposition be correct that the Cruithne, or Picts, spoke a Gaelic dialect, we can easily understand how, though originally different from the Gaelic dialect of Dalriada, it may, by the influence of the written language, and its vernacular use by the clergy for so long a period, have become modified, and assimilated to it."

Whether the historical events in which the Fingalian traditions originated, occurred in Alban or Erin, on the eastern, or on the western side of the narrow seas dividing the ancient Pictland of the centuries preceding the sixth, is, I would submit, a question which can be scientifically determined only by following some such method as that I have stated, and exemplified, in this attempt to discover the original birthland of the Arthurian traditions. First, there must be deduced from the criticism of the earliest historical sources, the time, character, and place of the events which may have been the actual bases of these traditions; and secondly, this deduction must be verified by the results of a thorough study of the Fingalian topography, both of Scotland and of Ireland; the assumption being that, where there is the greatest number of Fingalian localities, there the events occurred in which Fingalian traditions originated, except such abundance of local tradition can be otherwise more probably explained.

---

[1] *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, p. lxiv.

That, however, the Scots under whom the various Celtic and Teutonic races of North Britain are found, at the opening of the Mediæval age, consolidated into one predominantly Celtic nationality, were Irish immigrants who settled in what is now Argyllshire, in the sixth century, would appear to be certain; and that these Irish Scots belonged originally to a southern stream of migration by Syria, Africa, and Spain, from the Asian cradle of the Aryan race, would appear to be not improbable. But on the other hand, the Picts, or Cruithne,—with whom the Fenian legends and Ossianic poetry are by so many indications, if not positive proofs, connected,—would appear to have originally belonged to a northern stream of migration, by Scythia and Germany, or Lochlin. And hence, as, for the Scots of Albany or North Britain, Erin or Ireland was the parent country; so, for the Picts of Erin, Albany would be the colonising fatherland. We know, at least, as historical facts, that, as the Scots of Albany became independent of those of Erin in 573, the Picts of Erin threw off the yoke of those of Albany in 608.[2] And the inference should seem to be that it is that country which was the fatherland of the race, with heroes of which Ossianic poetry seems to be chiefly conversant, that can best claim an original character for its Fingalian traditions and topography. The question at least suggests itself, whether, in like manner, as, though all the MSS. of ancient Cymric literature are Welsh, yet the original localities of its Arthurian poems would seem to be found in Southern Scotland; so, though the greater part of the MSS. of ancient Gaelic literature are Irish, yet the original localities of its Fingalian traditions may not be found in Western (and Northern) Scotland, rather than in Ireland?

---

[2] See SKENE, *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots.*

But whether the historical bases of the Fingalian traditions were events which actually occurred in the third, or some later, century; whether the scene of these events was Albain, or Erin, or both; and whether, therefore, it is Scotland, or Ireland, or neither exclusively, that was the birthland of the Fingalian traditions; must, for the present, be left as questions to which no definitive answer can be given. Certain, however, it is that Scotland has not only an equal claim with Ireland to an Ossianic poetry[3] in which Fingalian heroes have been "celebrated in Gaelic verse ever since the ninth century, if not the seventh;"[4] but that Scotland alone can lay claim to what I would call the Fingalian Epic, the Gaelic "Ossian," published from MacPherson's MSS. in 1807 as the original of his translation of 1762. And this epicising of old Ossianic fragments, for such the Gaelic "Ossian" has now been shown to be, must be at least admitted to be a work of very great historical importance.

---

[3] In answer to Professor O'Curry's somewhat hasty remark—"Of all MacPherson's translations, in no single instance has a genuine *Scotish* original been found, and that none *will* ever be found I am very certain" (*MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History*, p. 304)—it seems here sufficient to refer to Skene's Introduction to the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, to the fourth volume of Campbell's *West Highland Tales*, and to the collection of Gaelic MSS. (65 in 1862), mainly formed by Mr. Skene, and deposited in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

[4] CAMPBELL, *Tales of the West Highlands*, v. IV., p. 249.

As to its literary merit, "when I read *Fingal* in the original," says one of the most competent of judges, "I feel that this is poetry, that these are grand ideas clothed in magnificent sonorous language; on reading it in English, I often feel that there is something in it akin to bombast. . . . . . . I have no doubt that the work is founded on genuine old popular materials, and I would rank it for originality with Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, or *Homer*, if the Greek poems were floating ballads before they were made into epic poems."[5] And our most fastidious English critic thus writes: "Its chord of penetrating passion and melancholy, its *Titanism* as we see it in Byron,[6] what other European poetry possesses that like the English, and where do we get it from? The Celts . . . . are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, of this Titanism in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's *Ossian*, carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. . . . . Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you please . . . . . there will still be left a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven, and echoing Lora, and Selma with its silent halls!—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us!"[7]

With respect to the authorship of the Fingalian Epic, Mr. Campbell's "theory is, that about the beginning of the eighteenth century, or the end of the seventeenth, or earlier, Highland bards may have fused floating popular traditions into more complete forms, engrafting their own ideas on what they found; and that MacPherson found their works, translated and altered them, published the translation in 1760; made the Gaelic ready for the press; published some of it in 1763; and made away with the evidence of what he had done when he found that his conduct was blamed . . . . But till an earlier author is discovered, if such there was, MacPherson's name must be associated with his publication. And that must rank as a Scoto-Gaelic work at least a hundred years old, and till the contrary is proved, Ireland has not a ghost of a claim to it.[8]

---

[5] CAMPBELL, *Tales of the West Highlands*, v. IV. p. 155 and p. 249.

[6] On his mother's side, as will be remembered, a Scotish Gordon, and known in his boyhood at Aberdeen as Byron-Gordon.

[7] ARNOLD, *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, pp. 152-3.

As to MacPherson's personal character, it may not, under all the circumstances of the case, be going too far aside from our present subject to add that, though he would have had a far more desirable fame, had he "had the courage to avow the truth, and state candidly to the world how much of his work was based on original authority, and to what extent he had carried the process of adapting, interpolating, and weaving into epic poems;"[9] yet, in mitigation of our judgment, it is but fair to remember that, in his time, there was not yet that scrupulous truthfulness in antiquarian research which, but a manifestation as it is of the general increase of the scientific spirit, is characteristic of these days; and further, that the outrageous violence of the attacks led by the prejudiced, overbearing, and in this matter, utterly ignorant Saxon, Dr. Johnson,[10] was not calculated to encourage a candour which would have been certainly represented as a confession of forgery. Let us now, however, forget him as the unenviable hero of the Ossian controversy, and think rather of MacPherson, whether he was, or not, in his Gaelic *Fingal*, the first to epicise the Fenian ballads, and tales of his country, yet as, in his English *Fingal*, the most considerable Scotish poet immediately preceding Burns and Scott;[11] as the Gaelic critic to whom all scholars are indebted as having been the first to waken that wide interest in Celtic researches which has already produced so much fruit;[12] and as the original genius from whom is to be dated that Celtic Revival which has already influenced, and is manifestly destined still further to influence, the political and social condition of Britain, and the literature of Europe.[13]

---

[8] Campbell, *West Highland Tales*, v. II. p. 80 and p. 249.

[9] Skene, *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, Introduction, p. lii.

[10] "Here lies poor Johnson: readers have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear;—
Religious, moral, generous, and humane,
He was,—but self-sufficient, rude, and vain;
Illbred, and overbearing in dispute,
A Scholar, and a Christian, yet a Brute.
Would you know all his wisdom, and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy;
Boswell, and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talked, and coughed, and spit."

To sum up these remarks. We find that Scotland has, besides its Arthurian traditions, an Ossianic literature which has, through MacPherson, exercised a most important European influence; that this literature is founded on Fenian or Fingalian legends which are still current as popular tales in the West Highlands; that the Feinne, who are the heroes of these legends, belonged to the race of the Picts; that, as Scotland was the fatherland of the Picts who spread into Ireland, just as Ireland was the fatherland of the Scots who spread into Scotland, and gave it their name, it should seem not improbable that Scotland was the birthland of Fingalian, as well as of Arthurian tradition; and, finally, I would now add that the fact that the author of the Fingalian Epic was a Badenoch-man, was a native, therefore, of that Pictish province of Moray, or Moravin, which so long withstood the power of the Scotish kings, and belonged to the great clan Chattan, a tribe chiefly of Pictish origin,[14] is not a little interesting and remarkable with reference to the relation of the Feinne to the Picts.

---

[11] Mr. Skene speaks of "the wonderful tact and originality Macpherson really showed in producing his English version." *Book of Dean of Lismore*, p. liii. And Mr. Burton does not hesitate to say that "he brought to his work the true power of a great poet." *History of Scotland*, v. I. p. 179.

[12] It was the Ossian controversy that first drew attention to the ancient Welsh and Irish poems.

[13] "En présence des progrès . . . . . qui n'est d'ancune pays, et ne peut recevoir d'autre nom que celui de moderne ou europèene, il serait puéril d'espèrer que la race Celtique arrive dans l'avenir à une expression isolée de son originalité. Et pourtant nons sommes loin de croire que cette race ait dit son dernier mot. Après avoir usé toutes les chevaleries dévotes et mondaines, ... qui sait ce qu'elle produirait dans le domaine de l'intelligence, si elle s'enhardissait à faire son entrée dans le monde, et si elle assujettissait aux conditions de la pensée moderne sa riche et profonde nature? Il me semble que de cette combinaison sortiraient des produits fort originaux, une manière fine et discrète de prendre la vie, un mélange singulier de force et de faiblesse, de rudesse et de douceur . . . . . On se persuade qu'il est tèméraire, de poser une loi aux intermittences et au réveil des races, et que la civilization moderne, qui semblait faite pour les absorber, ne serait peut-être que leur commun épanouissement."—Renan, *La Poesie des Races Celtiques* in *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, pp. 454-6.

SECTION (II).

The Relation of Fingalian to Arthurian Topography.

I have now to show that Scotland north and west of the line of the Grampians is as distinctively Fingalian in its topography, as, south and east of that line, we have found it to be Arthurian. To attempt to give anything like a complete list of the Fenian localities of Scotland would be here irrelevant. It will be sufficient for my present purpose to show that they are found more or less thickly over the whole of Scotland beyond that part of it which is distinguished by an Arthurian topography; and further, that these Fingalian localities are not found within, though some of them are on the outskirts of, the Arthurian country. Let me, then, imagine those who have accompanied me in my Arthurian journey to continue their wanderings into Fingalian Scotland.

Sailing down Loch Lomond, we find overlooking the islands at its southern end, a hill called Dun Fion, or the Fort of Fingal. Thence, through the Lennox by Glen Fruin, the "Glen of Sorrow," where, in the time of James VI., the MacGregors and the Colquhouns met for the high purpose of mutual slaughter—tragic, and yet, from a certain point of view, grimly humorous spectacle! Then, across Loch Long, up Loch Goil, and so, by Hell's Glen, to Inverary on Loch Fyne. Here one might enumerate in one view a long list of Fingalian localities; Cruach-Fhinn, Innis-Chonain, Innis Aildhe, Innis Raoine, Innis Chonnail, etc. Crossing again into Cowall we find it "still brimful of Fenian traditions." And here, particularly, we come on the first of those localities so tenderly commemorated in the Lament of Deirdre over Alban, which is the foundation of MacPherson's "Darthula," and of which there is a copy in the Glenmasan MS. of the year 1238, now in the Advocates' Library.

---

[14] SKENE, *History of the Highlanders.* Compare v. I. chap. IV. and v. II. chap. VI. The MacPhersons seem to have been the Clan Yha, or Clan Kay, and the MacIntoshes the Clan Quhele, whose conflict on the North Inch of Perth in 1396 is introduced with such effect in Sir Walter Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth.*

> "Glendaruadh! O Glendaruadh!
> My love each man of its inheritance,
> Sweet the voice of the cuckoo on bending bough,
> On the hill above Glendaruadh."[15]

Thence, sailing down the Kyles of Bute, and crossing the southern end of Loch Fyne to Tarbert, we observe, in the distance, the beautiful island of Arran, Ar-ain, or Ar-fhinn, Fin's Land, where there is another Dun Fion. Exploring the neighbourhood of West Loch Tarbert we remark that it is especially distinguished by its traditions of Diarmid, the Lancelot of Arthurian Romance, and Mordred of Arthurian Tradition. Here we find Leaba Dhiarmaid, "the Bed of Diarmid;" Leum na Muice, "the Swine's Leap;" Tor na Tuirc, "the Boar's Heap," where the boar was killed by Diarmid; and Sliabh Ghavil, "the Hill of Love," to which the wounded hero is said to have addressed, as he was dying, lines still preserved by tradition. Near this also, is Dun 'a Choin Duibh, "the Fort of the Black Dog," which is a curious old fort in a wood, and is said to be the place where Bran killed the black dog, as is told in a well known ballad. Wandering up Knapdale we find, on Loch Swine the Dun Suibhne of ballad and song. A short distance to the north, we find the site of the ancient capital of the Scotish kingdom of Dalriada, the hill fort of Dunadd, called also from its situation in the centre of the Moss of Crinan, Dunmonaidh, or "the Fort of the Moss." And thence, getting to Loch Awe, we find its shores and islands, as romantic in Fingalian legend as in natural scenery;[16] Innis Fraoch, particularly, recalling a legend wonderfully similar to that of Hercules and the garden of the Hesperides. The story is finely told by an ancient bard in a composition usually called "Bàs Fraoich," or *The Death of Fraoch*, and beginning:

---

[15] *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, p. xxxv.

"The sigh of a friend from Fraoch's green mound,
'Tis the warrior's sigh from his lonely bier,
'Tis a sigh might grieve the manly heart,
And might make the maid to weep."[17]

Wandering on, through the Pass of Brander, at the foot of Ben Cruachan, we come down on Loch Etive, the Loch Eitche of the Lament of Deirdre, and the Lora of the Fingalian Epic. At its southern end is Dunstaffnage Castle, more properly Dun-da-innis from two islands near it,—the Dun Lora of Ossian. The Ferry—over the rocks of which the ebb-tide thunders with deafening roar—is the Falls, and the moor on the other side is the Heath, of Lora with its dark gray stones,—the Eas Laoire, and Sliabh Eas Laoire of MacPherson's Gaelic *Fingal*. Not far from this also is the Luath, another of Ossian's streams. And Dun mhic Uisneachan, now corruptly called in guidebooks, Dun MacSniachan, and also named Bail-an-righ, "the King's house or town," seems with great probability identified with the Selma and Taura of Ossian, and with the Beregonium of ancient writers. Of the same Pictish, and Fingalian Uisneach, we have another record near this in Glen Uisneach. And it is to be noted that the legends of his three sons, Ainle, Ardun, and Naoise, connect them with those remarkable structures termed vitrified forts, of which Dun mhic Uisneach is one, and Dun Dheardhuil, and Dun Scathaig are other examples.

---

[16] See the notes to HAMERTON'S *Loch Awe and other Poems.*

[17] *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, p. 54 and p. 36.

Proceeding to Oban, we may take the steamer round Mull to the sacred, but tourist-profaned Iona,[18] and to that sublime sea-cave which bears the name of Fingal. Returning through the Sound of Mull, we have on our left the Morvern, so often mentioned in the Fingalian Epic, but unknown in the Fingalian ballads and tales. In the island of Liosmor, or Lismore, however, which gave its name to the deanery of that Sir James MacGregor who, in the sixteenth century, made the valuable collection, recently edited, of Gaelic poetry, *then* ancient, we have more genuine Fingalian localities. Larach tigh nam Fiann, "the Site of the Fingalians' House," is a large circular mound of some eighty yards diameter, surrounded by a ditch, and having near its centre a deep well which may have been used for the purpose of entrapping game in this traditionally favourite hunting ground of the Fingalians. And in pleasant conjunction with these memorials of the chase is here also found Sliabh nam Ban Fionn, "the Fingalian Fair Women's Hill." Coasting the shores of Appin, and sailing up another of the many Lakes of Elms (Loch Leven), we land at Ballachulish, and thence walk to Glen Coe (Gleann Comhan), "the Narrow Glen." Here tradition fitly places the birth-place of Ossian, "the sweet voice of Cona;" and among the sublime precipices that wall the Glen on the east is Ossian's Cave.

Journeying up the Glen, to where it opens on the Moor of Rannoch, and turning down next day through the Black Mount Forest, we come to Glen Orchy, another of the localities of the Lament of Deirdre. Thence, through Glen Dochart, to Cill Fhinn, pronounced in Gaelic, and written in English Killin, "Fingal's Tomb." And in the neighbourhood we find a place called Sornach-coir-

---

[18] This island is the property of the Duke of Argyll; and one can hardly believe that his Grace, so eminent as he is for wide culture and high feeling, can be aware of the neglected and unguarded state in which the most ancient monuments of the Scotish monarchy are here going to ruin. I speak from the impressions of a visit in 1866.

Fhinn, "Fingal's Oven." Proceeding up Loch Tay, we come to the Kirkton of Fortingall, anciently the Clachan of Fothergill, where was born that Dean of Lismore, to whose MS. of the sixteenth century we are so much indebted. To the West of this is Glen Lyon, the ancient Cromgleann nan Clach, or "Crooked Glen of the Stones," associated with so many traditions of the Feinne, and where the remains of their rude forts, termed Caistealan na Feinne, crown many a rocky summit. And the vale is bounded on the south and east by the heights of Drum Fhionn, or "Fingal's Ridge." Turning again southwards, "in that awful part of Glen Almon where lofty and impending cliffs on either hand make a solemn, and almost perpetual gloom,"[19] is found Clachan Ossian, "the grave-stone of Ossian;" and one of the neighbouring hills is called Monivaird, or "the Bard's Hill." About three miles from Clach Ossian in a glen named Corriviarlich is Fingal's Cave; and on the other side of the Almon in Strathearn, is a small village named Fendoch, anciently Fianntach, "Fingal's Thatch-house or Hall," where, according to the tradition, the king came to reside after the Bail-an-Righ above mentioned had been burned down by Garbh MacStairn.

In the Aberdeenshire Highlands, I may note, among other localities, Bengulbain in Glen Shee, with its tradition of the famous boarhunt of Diarmid O'Dume—

> "Then bravely did the hero of the Feinn
> Rouse from his cover on the mountain-side,
> The great old boar, him so well known in Shee,
> The greatest in the wild-boar's haunt e'er seen."[20]

Ben-Muich-Dhui is "the Hill of the Black Sow." And on the north side of the upper valley of the Dee, in the Forest of Glen Avon, and overlooking Inchrory, is Clach Bhean, "the Hill of the Woman's Stone," with its legend of Fingal's wife, Grainne, the "victim," (?) of Diarmid. Crossing the mountains here alone, early one October, night fell, dark and starless, when I was still but a short way below the sources of the Don; and I should have been lost in the snow, but that a herd of red deer started-up from their snowy lairs, as I came floundering in among them in the darkness, and, as they rushed away, set a kennel of hounds, at a distance, baying in the still night. I marked the direction of the welcome sound; and fording the river, made straight to where it seemed to come from.

---

[19] *Poems of Ossian* (Highland Society's Edition), v. III. p. 534.

[20] *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, p. 32 and p. 22.

In Moray, which so long remained Pictish, is a place called Tuber na Fein, which in an old gloss to a charter of Alexander II., of the year 1220, still preserved in the chartulary of the Bishopric, is explained to mean "the Well of the Great or Kempis Men." Loch Ness, near which was the Pictish capital, should seem to be named after Naoise, the son of Uisneach, above mentioned. In Ross-shire, there is Gleann Chonnain "Connan's vale;" and Amhain Chonnain, "Connan's river;" and even Gleann Bhrain, in honour of Fingal's celebrated dog, Bran. Returning southward, we find, to the south of Loch Ness, and in Glen Roy, other Ben Gulbains, with their traditions of

"The blue-eyed hawk that dwelt at Essaroy,"[21]

which also is in this district. And travelling westward, as we bring these wanderings to a close, we find in Glen Elg, or Gleann Eilig, "the Glen of the Elk," a place called Iomaire-nam-fearmor, "the Big Men's Ridge," where tradition says that two of the Fingalians, who were drowned in crossing Caol-reathain, are buried. Crossing to Skye, we come into the country of Cuchullin, whom tradition connects with Dun Scathaig, another of those so-called vitrified forts. And now, looking out on the Atlantic, we may behold such sea-pictures as that so graphically described in the five words of the ancient line—

"Sgaoth eunlaith air steuda saile"
A skiff of birds on steeds of brine.

"As each long Atlantic wave comes rolling in, we may see a clump of dark razor-bills rise on the crest, and sink into the hollow trough . . . . . riding like skiffs at anchor till fishing time comes, and then they are up and off, to ride their steeds to battle with the 'herring king." [22]

---

[21] *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, p. 33.

SECTION (III).

The Relation of the Picts to the Cymry.

Having thus briefly indicated the relations of the Feinne to the Picts, and of the Fingalian to the Arthurian topography of Scotland, we have now to point out the relations of the Picts to the Cymry in race, language, and geographical position. From the evidence of writers cotemporaneous with their existence as a known and distinct people; from the analysis of such remains of their language as have come down to us; and from the inference to be drawn from the topography of the districts which they are known to have occupied; Mr. Skene arrives at the conclusion that the Picts were of the Gadhaelic branch of the Celtic race; but that their language was, to use the nomenclature by which Grimm distinguishes the leading differences of the German dialects, a low Gadhaelic, and hence approached in many of its forms to the low Cymric of the Welsh; Cornish, and Armorican, or Breton, representing the high Cymric dialects; as the Gaelic, the Irish, and the Manx, represent the high Gadhaelic dialects.

And in opposition to the popular view of the demarcation between a Cymric and a Gadhaelic population supposed to be indicated by the occurrence of the words *aber* and *inver*, Mr. Skene shows that there were three words, *aber*, *inver*, and *conber*, expressive of the junction of one stream with another, and all formed from the old Celtic word *ber*, signifying water; and that what we actually find is, the Scots of the west with nothing but *invers*, the Picts of the north with *abers* and *invers* together, and the

---

[22] CAMPBELL, *West Highland Tales*, v. IV., pp. 158-9.

Cymry south of the Forth and Clyde with no *abers*.[23] Such, as far as can be ascertained, should seem to have been the relations of the Picts in race, and language, to the Cymry.[24] And if this conclusion is still not free of doubt, it would now appear to be, at least established, that the Picts belonged to the Celtic, and not, as maintained by Pinkerton, and other eminent antiquaries of a former generation, to the Teutonic Family.

It is but fair, however, to say that Mr. Irving, in his *History of Scotish Poetry,* still adheres to the Teutonic theory;[25] and that Mr. Burton, in his *History of Scotland,* expresses himself sceptically with reference to all the solutions of the question hitherto offered; and points to the "close examination lately given to the vestiges of ancient art as promising better results"—the most ancient types of the sculptured stones being "found in the territory inhabited by the Picts."[26] Yet, on the whole, considering the arguments and critical results brought forward by Robertson, MacLachlan, Skene, and others, who appear to have far more fully investigated the subject than either Mr. Irving or Mr. Burton, the weight of evidence appears to me, as I have said, to incline to the Celtic theory of the race-relations of the "Painted People." But two points, which I do not remember to have seen particularly noticed in their connection with each other, have struck me as, at least, curious,—the accordance of the Celtic meaning of Fingalians, *White Strangers*,[27] with the famous description by Tacitus—"Habitus corporum varii; atque ex eo argumenta: namque rutilæ Caledoniam habitantium comæ, magni artus, Germanicam originem adseverant;"[28]—and the occurrence of a

---

[23] *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. pp. 153 and 161.

[24] Compare the seventh of the ethnological propositions of Colonel Forbes-Leslie: "The Picts were Gaels, but being pressed on by British Celts, and afterwards augmented by British emigrants, became eventually, particularly in the eastern and southern parts of Caledonia, not less Celtic, but to some extent British." *Early Races of Scotland*, v. I. p. 32 *et seq.*

[25] See pp. 5–20.

[26] Vol. I. p. 202.

[27] *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, pp. 102, n.

[28] *Agricola*, xi.

"Finn" in the genealogy of Hengist and Horsa as given by Nennius.[29] And from the epithet applied to Diarmid, "Blue-eyed Hawk," it should seem that the Feinne continued to be a distinctively fair race. All this, however, would only go to prove, what is otherwise highly probable, that the northern stream of Celtic migration were a fair-haired, and large-limbed people, and that they got in some degree mixed with the Teutonic tribes with whom they came in contact, and were, as it should seem, occasionally in alliance.[30] That the Picts, therefore, were Celts, and of the Gadhaelic branch, would appear to be the most just conclusion from our present knowledge.

The geographical relations of these two kindred Celtic races were, in the Pre-mediæval Age, mainly determined by those eastern and western estuaries of the Forth and the Clyde which, according to the remark of Tacitus, almost make of the region to the north of them a separate island. There was, however, also a Pictish population among the Cymry of the south between Loch Ryan and the Nith, apparently the remains of a time when Picts possessed the whole northern half of Britain. But, though Pictish Celts beyond the Forth and Clyde, and Cymric Celts to the south of these Firths, were thus the bases of the Scotish nationality; there were also two other elements, the geographical relations of which to these two chief races of North Britain, in the Pre-mediæval Age, must be here pointed out. Between the Cymric States of the south and the eastern sea, was the kingdom of Bernicia with its Saxon population extending from the Tyne, to the Firth of Forth, and the Esk. And on the south-western side of the Dorsum Britanniæ, the great mountain chain of Drumalban, or Backbone of Albion, the Picts had for menacing neighbours, though of kindred Celtic blood, the small kingdom of Dalriada, founded by immigrant Scots from Ireland, and corresponding, with the exception probably of Ardnamurchan, very nearly to the modern county of Argyle. In the centre of what, in the tenth century, towards the end of this Pre-mediæval Age, is first mentioned as Scotland,[31] these four races met on a sort of neutral ground, comprising the modern counties of Stirling and Linlithgow, and occupied by a mixed population of Picts, Saxons, and Cymry. Into this debateable land the kings of the Scots also frequently carried their arms; in it lay the small districts of Calatria and Manann; and within its limits most of the battles were fought in which the different races encountered each other in the struggle for the mastery.[32]

---

[29] C. xxxi.

[30] See as to the connection between Vecta and the Vecturiones, as one of the two *gentes* of the Picts, *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. pp. 107 and 8, and compare SIMPSON (Sir James), *On the Catstane*, etc., in *Proceedings of Soc. of Antiqs. of Scotland*, v. IV. pp. 141 *et seq.*

From the eighth to the tenth century another Teutonic element, besides that of the Lothians and the East coast, was added to the population of Scotland in the settlement on the Orkneys, and on the Western Islands and Mainland, of the Norsemen, driven to be vikings or sea-robbers,[33] by the conquests of Charlemagne, and the tyranny of Gorm, Earic, and Harald Harfager, in attempting to consolidate the petty states of Scandivania into the respective kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.[34] But this Teutonic element also was ultimately so completely absorbed that the most Celtic part of Scotland is now those very highlands and islands where the Norsemen were at one time supreme. It belongs to the history of the formation of the Scotish nationality, to show how the mastery in this war of races, this five-century-long conflict between kindred Celts and between Celts and Teutons, was ultimately obtained by the immigrant Celtic tribe of the Scots. But we may here remark that though the Norsemen have been absorbed, we may still observe traces of Scandinavian influences. For, as we have memorials of the Picts in Fingalian, and of the Cymry in Arthurian Scotland, so, in what I may call Odinian Scotland, have we memorials of the Norsemen. But this, not in a Norse topography,—except occasionally such a name as Thurso,—but in Norse superstitions.[35] That the Teutonic mythology has left its traces only in superstitious customs, while the Celtic mythology has its memorials chiefly in topographical traditions, depends, partly at least, on essential differences between these two mythologies which I hope, in another essay, to have an opportunity of pointing out. Meantime, I cannot, without undue divergence from my present subject, do more than note the fact that those wars of races which, throughout Europe, occupied the Pre-mediæval Age, and which ended in France with the constitution of a Romanic, and in England of a Teutonic nationality, terminated in Scotland in the establishment of a Celtic monarchy;[36] and I can here only point to the important bearing of this fact on the topographical preservation in Scotland alone of the traditions both of Fingal and of Arthur, and hence, of tales belonging to both the great branches of Celtic Mythology.

---

[31] *Supra*, p. xli*. n. 14.

[32] As it was in this great plain also that Bannockburn, and the other great battles of the Mediæval, and subsequent centuries, were fought, Dean Stanley compares with it the great battle-field of Palestine, the plain of Esdraelon, or Armageddon. *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 329, n.

[33] This name, as Robertson has shown, has no connection with *King*, being derived from *Vik*, a bay; *Viking*, a baysman. The royal ship, authorized to destroy in lawful warfare, sailed from the *Hafn;* whilst the rover, privateer, or pirate, put off from the *Vik*, or open bay (*History of Scotland under Her Early Kings*, v. I. pp. 22, n.).

[34] Robertson, *History of Scotland*, v. I. p. 14–2. Burton, *History of Scotland*, v. I. pp. 232 et seq.

We find, therefore, first, that Fingalian traditions connect themselves with the Picts, or, at least, with a body of warriors belonging to that race; secondly, that the Fingalian localities of Scotland are not only spread more or less thickly over, but are confined to, the non-Arthurian region; and thirdly, that the Picts, like the Cymry, were a Celtic race; that, speaking generally, the still-existing Fingalian and Arthurian divisions of Scotland coincide with its Pre-mediæval Pictish and Cymric divisions; that is, with its divisions as occupied by those races to whom we have traced Fingalian and Arthurian traditions respectively. And this limitation of the Arthurian topography of Scotland to the ancient Cymric kingdoms of the North becomes the more remarkable when we consider the apparent exceptions to the rule. For, as we have seen, the Arthurian localities at Alyth, at Meigle, and near Forfar,—all undoubtedly in the country of the Picts—tell us of Guenivere willingly carried off by the Pictish king Mordred, and pursued, and punished by Arthur. Again we have Arthurian traditions connected with Galloway, which was a southern Pictish province or petty kingdom. But whom do these traditions concern but Gawayne, the son of Loth, the Pictish king of Lothian, and the brother (or half-brother) of Mordred? Do not then, such accordances between Scotish Arthurian traditions, and Pre-mediæval historical facts prove a further confirmation of the theory in this essay maintained, as to the historical origin of Arthurian localities? Again, this chapter will, I trust, have brought out more clearly that historical condition inimical to the importation into the North of Arthurian tradition which was but briefly alluded to in Section (ii.) of Chapter II., namely—the existence among the conquering race of the Picts of a poetical literature and historical tradition opposed to that of the Cymry, whose language began to die out in Scotland with the subversion of their native Church in the eighth century. May we not, then, in concluding this chapter, repeat, with additional force, the question, how, except on the hypothesis of the Arthurian traditions having originated in historical events belonging to the Cymric kingdoms of the North, can we explain, not merely the existence of an abundant Arthurian topography in Scotland, but the strict limitation of that topography to the Cymric kingdoms of the Pre-mediæval Age, and its remarkable relation to the Fingalian topography of the ancient Pictish monarchy? I trust, therefore, that the Fingalian relations of Arthurian localities which I have, in this chapter, pointed-out, may be found to have not only a general interest and suggestiveness, but to afford such a confirmation of my theory of the origin of these localities, as to justify the relevancy of these pages on Pictish Memorials.

---

[35] Burton, v. I. pp. 232 et seq.

[36] See above, p. xix*. n. 5, and p. xliii*. n. 16.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION—THE NEW HELLAS.

THUS the question which arose from our preliminary survey of the Old Arthurland—namely, which of its three divisions, that of Scotland, of England, or of France, was the birthland of Arthurian tradition?—should seem to be definitively answered. Or, if this is not admitted, it will, I trust, at least be granted that the number of Arthurian localities now, for the first time, pointed-out in Scotland, has an interest quite independent of our theory of the origin of Arthurian traditions; and further, that the method employed in attempting to solve the problem of the historical origin of these traditions, has the advantage of raising two perfectly definite issues, namely—first, whether the above-stated critical results can, in accordance with all ascertained or ascertainable facts bearing on the subject, be maintained or not? and, secondly, whether the existence of so numerous Arthurian localities in Scotland can be otherwise more probably explained, than on the hypothesis of the historical Arthur having been a leader of the northern Cymry? But though the theory above set-forth is certainly that which seems to me to have the best and surest ground, I desire to add that, while endeavouring to state and defend this theory with all possible clearness, I would not be understood as affirming it with any degree of unscientific dogmatism. And should the only effect of this essay be to stir up some Welsh or Breton antiquary to refute its conclusions, be it so; let knowledge increase, and truth prevail. It will be desirable, however, before proceeding to the main subject of this chapter—the illustration of the unity and completeness of Scotish Arthurian Localities—to point-out the ethnological relations of Arthurian Scotland. Its geological relations will be briefly indicated in the third section.

SECTION (I.)

The Ethnological Relations of Arthurian Scotland.

First, then, in order that, at least, the prejudices of a false patriotism may not impede the acceptance of this theory of the origin of Arthurian localities, it may be well briefly to show how especially unreasonable such prejudice would, in this case, be. From Breton antiquaries, indeed, one cannot fear that this theory will meet with a prejudiced criticism; for not only have the Bretons, M. de la Villemarqué and M. Ernest Renan, shown themselves regardless of the petty distinctions of Celtic race, or rather tribe; but it is, if not to France, so undisputedly to writers in French,[1] that we owe the moulding of the rude Cymric traditions and legends into their European shape, as Arthurian Romances, that it can hardly be a matter of national prejudice how much, or how little, of these original legends and traditions belonged to Brittany. But why, except, of course, on clear scientific grounds, should Welsh antiquaries, merely as Welshmen, view with disfavour a theory which makes Southern Scotland and the English Border the historical birthland of Arthurian tradition? That which chiefly gives this theory a reasonable foundation, is the fact of the extension of the Cymric kingdoms, in the Pre-mediæval Age, so far beyond the limits of modern Wales, away to the Firths of Forth and Clyde. To show, therefore, the English Border and Southern Scotland to be so rich in Arthurian localities as to give strong probability to the theory that, in this region of the old Cymry-land, the Arthurian traditions originated, is thus, surely, not to rob the Cymry of the modern Principality of anything to which even prejudice can attach itself, but, on the contrary, to add to their historic importance and renown.

---

[1] The distinction is important; for two of the greatest of these writers, Walter Map and Robert de Borron, belonged to the Anglo-Norman Court of Henry II. De Borron would appear to have been an ancestor of Byron. See PEARSON, *Seynt Graal*, v. II. (Roxburgh Club).

And as for the Anglo-Saxon prejudice that this essay may encounter, this, of all others, is founded on mistake. The term "Anglo-Saxon" is accurately applied to but a single early period of English history.[2] "Anglo-Saxon," as applied to the modern British people, and Britannic race, I believe every impartial scholar will agree with me in thinking a gross misnomer. For if it can be shewn that there is a large Celtic element even in the population of England itself,[3] still more unquestionable is this, not only with regard to the population of the British Isles generally, but also with reference to the English-speaking peoples of America and Australasia. Even the English are rather Anglo-Celts than Anglo-Saxons; and still more certainly is Anglo-Celtic a more accurate term than Anglo-Saxon, not only for that British nationality which includes the Scots, the Irish, and the Welsh; but also for that Britannic race, chief elements in the formation of which have been Welsh, Scotish, and Irish immigrants. It may, perhaps, be affirmed that this term "Anglo-Saxon" is justified, if not by the numerical and merely quantitative, at least by the intellectual and qualitative predominance of this element in our variously composed race and nationality. But, I venture to think, that such an affirmation will not bear a comparison with facts. Just let one take the trouble to reckon up for this, and the last two or three generations, the so-called "Englishmen," or "Anglo-Saxons" who have been most distinguished, and have exercised the widest influence in the various directions of intellectual activity, philosophical and literary, political and military, legal and commercial. I believe that, if his list is candidly and impartially made out, he will be surprised to find how many of these "Englishmen" must be set down as, on one side, or on both, Scotsmen; how many also, Irishmen or Welshmen; and surprised to find how many even of the great Englishmen, if their ancestry is looked into, are, if not almost as much Anglo-Celts as the Scots, Irish, or Welsh, most certainly, at least, not Anglo-Saxons. It should seem time, therefore, for every one who cares for true speech—speech in accordance with the realities of things—to abandon this unhappy falsehood about Anglo-Saxons, and to speak rather of Anglo-Celts. No doubt history, particularly religious history, affords many instances of utter fictions having, for a time at least, very beneficial effects. It is needless here to give examples. But, in these days, when the chief political and social questions that occupy us are being raised by the most Celtic element in the commonwealth, it were surely well to cease using a term which is not only scientifically false, but practically pernicious. It was not wholly without reason that the old necromancers believed that there was in words a magical power.

---

[2] See PEARSON, *History of England in the Early and Middle Ages*, v. I., in which Anglo-Saxon has its true application in contradistinction to Anglo-Danish, and Anglo-Norman.

[3] See NICHOLL, *Pedigree of the English*.

This, however, by the way. What here more particularly concerns us is the fact that, in that district of the British Isles which I have called Arthurian Scotland, not only are all the Celtic races—Cymry, Picts, and Irish Scots—found along with Teutonic Angles in the Pre-mediæval Age; but that, afterwards, both the conquered Saxons and the conquering Normans of England were, by the policy of the Scotish kings, so freely invited and generously beneficed as settlers, that there is no district in Britain which belongs less to any one only of the various elements of the British population; and that here alone have all those elements freely met, and indistinguishably mingled. Whatever the primitive race, therefore, with which we may consider ourselves to be more particularly connected, we shall find records of our ancestors in Arthurian Scotland.

SECTION (II).

The Unity and Completeness of Scotish Arthurian Localities.

But now, one of those results of this investigation, briefly alluded to in the first chapter as giving interest to the solution of the question proposed,[4] must be more particularly noted. For whether I am right or not in the theory of Southern Scotland being the historical birthland of Arthurian tradition; to have shown how numerous are the Arthurian localities of Scotland; and to have pointed out the unique relation that here exists between Arthurian and Fingalian Topography, ought, I venture to think, to be alone sufficient to make Arthurian Scotland the classic land of those who may hereafter make use of the Arthurian Romances as the formal material of their poetic creations. And, as it will not only bring this result more clearly home to my readers, but will afford no slight confirmation to the historical theory in this Essay maintained, it will not be irrelevant to show, in conclusion, that Scotland is not only in the mere number of localities the chief country of Arthurian Tradition; but that there is a very singular unity and completeness in its Arthurian topography in reference to the various characters, tales, and incidents, of the whole cycle of Arthurian Romance.

To see, however, the unity and completeness of these traditional localities, we must first have reduced to some order the Arthurian legends and romantic tales themselves. They will, I think, be found very distinctly divisible into six classes. As either the first or last class of these legends, we may consider those which relate to the enchanted sleep, and resurrection of the Arthurian chivalry. Then we have the five classes of adventures to which, borrowing the title of the lost work of the early Scotish poet, "Huchowne of the Awle Ryale," we may give the name of "The Great Geste of Arthur."

The first class of the adventures of the "Great Geste," including the various stories of the forest life of Merlin and the young

---

[4] *Supra*, pp. xxx. and xxxi.

Arthur; the loves of both master and pupil; the election of Arthur as king; the victory of the national cause, of which he is the representative; his marriage and the establishment of the Table Rounde, we may conveniently distinguish under the title of the Romance of the Forest, or the Youth of Arthur. Then we find in these legends and tales a great number of scenes, incidents, and characters, which belong to all the various kinds into which the systematic Germans have, in their treatises on æsthetics, classified *Das Komische.* Of this part of the "Great Geste," at once the most prominent and heroic character is, at least in the earlier romances, that noble Don Giovanni, the gay knight of Galloway, the courteous Sir Gawayne; and its most important incidents are those which bring the "Auentyres of Arthure at the Tern Wathelyne," to a happy conclusion in the marriage of Sir Gawayne, and the retransformation of the Foul Ladye, and the Grim Baron. This class, therefore, of Arthurian stories may be generalized, and distinguished as the Comedy of the Table Rounde, or the Marriage of Sir Gawayne. Next in order may come that great class of adventures connected with the "atchieving of the San Greal," and contained in those romances which form a variously told epic, in which the chivalrous and religious spirit of the Crusades had its most popular cotemporary poetic expression. This third part of the stories of the "Great Geste of Arthur" may, then, be distinguished as the History of the Quest of the Holy Grail, or the Wars of Sir Perceval; for he is ever the chief of the knights who achieve the Quest. And under this class may be also conveniently included those earlier legends of the foreign victories of Arthur, of which the adventures of the Quest afterwards took the place. Then, as the fourth part of the "Great Geste," we have the tragic stories of the discovery of the long unfaithfulness of the wife, and of the friend, and the news of the treason of the bastard son; the death of the noble, and beloved Sir Gawayne, the wound given him by Sir Lancelot fatally re-opened in the first battle against the revolted Mordred; the still more tragic scenes of the loveworn end of Merlin, and of the prophecies from his mystic tomb; the last parting, and soon thereafter the death of Guenivere, and of "the truest louer of a synfull man that euer loued woman; the kyndest man that ever stroke wyth swerde; the goodelyest persone that euer came among prees of knyghtes; the mekest man and the gentyllest that euer ete in halle among ladyes; and the sternest knyghte to his mortall foo that euer put spere in the reyst;"[6] and, finally, the terrible mutual slaughter of the battle by the Western Sea, "with the dolourous deth, and departyng out of thys worlde of them al." But not thus ends this wondrous Cycle of Romance. Succeeding those which may be distinguished as belonging to "the Tragedy of the Morte d'Arthur, or the Revolt of Mordred," we find a class of tales which not only give to the varied and tragic story of the "Great Geste" a high artistic repose and satisfaction, but a sort of infinite atmosphere. Such are the tales of the sore-wounded Arthur being borne away over the waves by the Ladies of Avalon to their Blessed Island in the West. And this class may be generally designated "The Vision of Avalon, or the Departing into Light."

Now what I would here point out is that the chief characters of the legends and romantic tales of all these six different classes are connected with the North; that not only are local habitations to be found in Arthurian Scotland for the chief incidents of these romances and traditions; but that these Scotish localities are all in the most natural relation to each other; in just such relation, indeed, as, had the Great Geste of Arthur been actually played out in Scotland, instead of being merely a Mediæval cycle of romantic adventures, the localities of its incidents would most probably have borne to each other; and hence, that these Romances must have had, as their bases, historical characters, adventures, and conflicts of Pre-mediæval Scotland.

---

[6] MALORY, *The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur*, v. II. pp. 453–4. (Edit. SOUTHEY).

First, then, as to the persons of the Arthurian Romance Cycle. To Scotland alone, so far as I am aware, belong distinct traditions,—either still living, as they for the most part are, or preserved in legendary histories,—not only of Arthur, but of Guenivere, of Lancelot, and of Mordred; of Loth, the brother-in-law of Arthur, and of his nephew Gawayne; of the Foul Ladye, and the Grim Baron; of Perceval, the hero of the Quest of the Holy Grail; and, above all, of Merlin the Wild, his twin-sister Ganieda, and his life-long love, Viviana, the divine Lady of the Lake. And in saying this, I but state one of the results of which the proofs have already been given in the account of my exploration of Arthurian Scotland.

Then, as to the localities of the incidents of these Romances, observe, first, that of all the places with traditions attached to them of the enchanted sleep of Arthur and his Knights, there seems to be none that can, either in scenic, or traditional importance, vie with those Eildon Hills which form the fit centre of Arthurian Scotland. Then, as the appropriately romantic scene of the first part of the Great Geste we have the Merlin-haunted Caledonian Forest; Arthur's Seat, Arthur's Lee, and Arthur's Fountain; the Queen of Scotish Lakes, Loch Lomond, or the Lake of Elms, in an island of which may well be feigned to have arisen the enchanted Garden of Joy; the twelve great battlefields of the Freedom-War, ending with that of Bowden Hill; and the scenically unsurpassed Arthurian Castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton. Then, as the fit scene of the Comedy, we have the Kingdom of Logres, with Joyeuse Garde, the Castle of Seven Shields, Cardueil, Inglewood Forest, Castle Hewen, the Tarn Wathelyne, the Green Chapel, and the other localities I have noted on the English Border. The scenes of the Quest of the Holy Grail, as of the continental conquests of Arthur, forming the third part of the Great Geste, are, of course, beyond the limits of Arthurian Scotland. For, where these scenes are not laid in a wholly unidentifiable region, corresponding to their supernatural character, they are generally in the sacred East, where is "the citie of Crist our the salt flude." But, with the fourth part of the Geste, we may again return to Scotland, and find fit traditional localities for the tragic incidents of the Morte d'Arthur, in the Chatel Orgueilleux; Joyeuse Garde, become again Dolorous Garde; Wedale, or the Vale of Woe; the Tomb and perennial Thorn of Merlin, where the Stream of Willows joins the Tweed in the midst of his beloved Caledonian Forest; the solitary northern Grave of Guenivere; and the sunset battle-plain of Arderydd. Finally, over the Solway, as the Great Western Lake adjoining the last fatal battle-field, may fitly rise for us the Vision of Avalon.

SECTION (III).

The Geological Relations of Arthurian Scotland.

Such is the completeness and unity of the Arthurian Topography of of Scotland, in reference to all the chief characters, and all the various classes of tales comprised in the Arthurian Romance-cycle. But not less distinctly marked, and complete in itself, is the region distinguished by this topography, both in a geological, and scenic point of view. For this Scotish district of Arthurian localities corresponds, with very singular accuracy, with two out of the four great geological divisions of the country. The first two of these are the Highlands, east and west of the Glen-more-nan-albin, the Great Glen of Albion, through which is cut the Caledonian Canal. This Highland region is separated from the rest of the country by what was anciently called the Mounth; the chain of the Grampians running from south-west to north-east, from Ben Nevis (4406 feet) to the Girdleness, the southern promontory of the Bay of Aberdeen; and having, as its central domes, Ben-muich-dhui (4300 ft.), and the surrounding Cairngorm Mountains, all averaging upwards of 4000 ft. It is chiefly, if not exclusively along, or within this line, prolonged to the Mull of Cantyre, that are found the localities of Fingalian Tradition. Cutting this mountain-chain at right angles, and forming the great wind- and water-shear which separates the waters flowing into the western sea from those running eastwards, is the other great mountain range of the Highlands, called, in Latin, *Dorsum Britanniœ* and *Dorsi Montes Britannici*, and, in Gaelic, *Drum-alban*,—*Drum* being the equivalent of the Latin *Dorsum*. It takes its rise north of the isthmus, separating the Firths of Forth and Clyde, in the mountains of which Ben Lomond is the chief; is broken by the great moor of Rannoch, but intersects the Mounth or Grampians at Ben Alder; crosses the Great Glen of Scotland at Achendrum, "the field of the *Drum*," and finally loses itself in the mountains of Sutherland.[6]

The two other geological divisions of Scotland are the Midland Valley (valley, however, only in a geological sense) and the Southern Uplands; the latter separated from the former by a line curiously parallel with that of the Grampians, running, like it, from south-west to north-east; from Girvan in Ayrshire, to Dunbar in Haddingtonshire. It is these two southern geological divisions that form, with the adjoining English border, what, characterizing it by its traditional topography, I would call Arthurian Scotland.

Thus do we see the vast secular changes of geology connected with, and determining such phenomena of a day as those which belong to human ages. Through millions of years worked the slow forces of which the outcome were the present geological divisions of Scotland. And these, at length, determined the seats of two families of a race of men, and the localities of their distinctive traditions.

The general scenery of these two great northern and southern divisions of Scotland is strikingly dissimilar. And yet, in this difference, there is an interesting similarity to the contrasted characteristics of the different but allied cycles of tradition and romance, Fingalian and Arthurian, of which the northern and southern districts respectively are the seats. Beyond the line of the Grampians "a sea of mountains rolls away to Cape Wrath in wave after wave of gneiss, schist, quartz rock, granite, and other crystalline masses."[7] And the Fingalian legends seem full of the sentiment that the rocks and caverns resounding with the Atlantic waves,—that the deep glens, and the dark mountain-lochs,—that the fleeing and pursuing shadows of the clouds on the mountain-sides, —and that, above all, the intermingling of the feminine grace and tenderness of the birch with the stately grandeur of the pine,—the intermingling of the bright and joyous music of the flashing, heather-purpling sunbeams, with the sterner, wilder voices of the storm-swept hills, would appear well-fitted to create in an imaginative and noble race.

---

[6] Compare SKENE, *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*, pp. lxxxiii.–iv.

Very different is the scenery of the southern division with the broad belt of Lower Old Red Sandstone at the base of the Grampians, the igneous rocks, and carboniferous strata of the Midland district; and the hard greywacké, shale, and limestone bands of the Silurian Uplands. Broad Firths,—Tay, Forth, and Clyde; wide, fertile plains, such as that of Strathmore between the Grampians, and the low, seaward range of the Ochils, and the Sidlaws; and abrupt, isolated crags and hills, form the chief physical features of the former district; while the latter presents us with many fountained, green-rolling, pastoral hills, breaking down into river-lighted dales, famous in story and in song. To these succeed the wild moorlands, the rich vales, and ancient forest-lands of the English border. Such, generally described, is the scenery of Arthurian Scotland. And in its more romantic, and varied, but less grand, and awe-inspiring character, it contrasts no less strongly with Scotland beyond the Grampians; than do the elaborate and worldly Arthurian Romances that find in it the fit localities of their incidents, with the primitive Fingalian traditions recalled by so many a mountain, cave, and glen, in the more northern, and wilder region.

---

[7] GEIKIE, *Geology and Scenery of Scotland*, p. 91.

To conclude, it is not merely to the antiquary, I venture to think, that this discussion of the origin of Arthurian localities, determination of their chief country, and indication of their Fingalian relations, may be of interest. For the new conceptions of the world, and of human history, and destiny, that science is forcing upon us, require a New Poesy for their synthetic expression; a new poesy to show that life, so far from being stripped, by the discoveries of science, of all that makes it, to the nobler sort, worth having, is, on the contrary, by the progress of scientific knowledge, invested with a new beauty, a more tragic grandeur, and inspired with a deeper sense of the environing Infinite. New conceptions require new forms for their poetic expression. And as the Italian novels of the Renaissance were a mine of poetic forms for our Elizabethan dramatists; or as, to take a more appropriate example, the old Greek legends, made an Iliad and an Odyssey of by Homer, furnished the poets of the great age of Greece with the forms of their immortal dramas; so, I believe, will the Pre-mediæval Celtic legends, as they have been prepared for us by the poetic romancers of the Mediæval Age, be found to present the most varied and easily adaptable material for the European poets who will dare unreservedly to accept Science. And, if I am right in thus thinking, then, the country in which these Pre-mediæval Celtic legends had, with such probability as may appear from the foregoing chapters, their historical origin; the country in which alone localities belonging to both the great formations of Celtic mythology have, like the shells that distinguish different but allied strata, been discovered; the country in which, particularly, the Arthurian traditions have been shown, if not indisputably to have originated, at least to have now their most numerous, and complete, their most scenically various, and romantic topographical records, will become a New Hellas.

LIST
OF
SIXTH-CENTURY LOCALITIES
IN
"THE NORTH;"
OR
THE LOCALITIES
OF
ARTHURIAN SCOTLAND.

Note.—These Localities are distinguished as Traditional, Historical,—chiefly occurring in *Nennius;* and Poetical,—for the most part found in the *Four Ancient Books.* The testimonies to the age of the Traditional Localities, the references to the original sources for the Historical and Poetical Localities, and the authorities for the identifications of Localities of these two latter classes, are given at full in the third chapter. And the Localities will be found in that chapter under the same heads, and in much the same order as they are here given.

EASTERN DIVISION.

DISTRICT I.—STRATHMORE.

Mordred's Castle	Fort on Barry Hill, near Alyth.
Ganore's Grave	In Churchyard of Meigle.
Stone of Arthur	In Parish of Cupar Angus.
Arthurstone	
Arthur's Fold	
Arthur's Seat	Rock on Dunbarrow Hill.
Tawy	The Tay.
Benoic	Albanak, or Albany.

DISTRICT II.—FIRTH-OF-FORTH.

Frenessicum, or Frisicum Mare .	The Firth of Forth.
Frisicum Litus	North shore of Firth.
Culross	Monastery on North shore.
Gwruid or Werid	The Forth.
Tratheu Trywruid	Links of Forth, or Carse of Stirling.
Snowdon West Castle	Castle of Stirling.
King's Knot, or Arthur's Round Table	Under Stirling Castle.
Arthur's O'on (Oven)	Near Larbert.
Caere, or Carun	The Carron.
Ryd at Taradyr	The Ford of Torrator on the Carron.
Bassas	Dunipais (Dunipace).
Camlan	Camelon, near Falkirk.
Catraeth, Galtraeth, or Calathros	Calatria.—East end of Stirlingshire.
Haefe, or Aeron	The Avon.
Cairpre	Carriber.
Manan, or Campus Manand . .	Slamannan Moor.
Lodoneis	Lothian.
Gododin	North part of Lothian.
Bodgad, or Badcat	Bathgate.
Kaldra	Calder Water.
Mons Badonis	Bowden Hill.
Lechlleutu	Linlithgow.
Agathes	Irongath Hill.
Caer Eiddyn	Caredin.
Pengual, Peanfahel, Pennelton, or Cenail, ...	Town at east end of W. of Antonine.
Ynys Eiddyn	Blackness.
Abercurnig	Abercorn.
Caer Govannon.	Dalmeny.
Caer Vandwy, or Caer Amon . .	Cramond.
Caer Sidi, Urbs Giudi, or Judeu ?	Island in Firth of Forth—Inchkeith (?).
Mynyd Agned, or Dunedin . .	Edinburgh Castle.
Castrum Puellarum, or Castle of Maidens	
Dolorous Valley	

Grave of Vecta (?)	The Cat-stane, Kirkliston.
Arthur's Seat	At Edinburgh.
Dunpeledur, or Dunpender Law.	Trapender Law, near Haddington.
Dubglas	Dunglas (?).
Bassas	Bass (?).
Kepduff	Kilduff.
Aberlefdi	Aberlady Bay.
The Bush of Maw	The Moss of Maw.

DISTRICT III.—TWEEDDALE.

Gwaedol, Wedale, or Vallis Doloris	Vale of Gala.
Gwenystrad, or the White Strath	
Castle Guinnion, or Garanwynyon	Roman Fort on Gala Water.
Church of S. Mary	At Stowe.
White Stone of Galystem	Near the Lady's Well at Stowe.
Tywi	The Tweed.
S. Mungo's Well	At Peebles.
Nemus Caledonis, or Coed Celyddon	Caledonian Forest.
Merlin's Grave	At Drummelzier.
Teifi	The Teviot.
Din Guortigern	On the Teviot.
Tomb of Arthur and his Knights	Under the Eildons.
Din Drei, Urbs Giudi, or Judeu.	On the Eildon Hills (?)
Catraeth	Near the Eildons (?).
Melros	Melrose.
Rhymer's Glen	At Abbotsford.
Huntly Burn	
Rhymer's Tower	At Earlston on Leader Water.
Calchvynyd, or Calchow	Kelso.
Atbret Judeu and Judeu (?)	Near Jedburgh (?).
Gododin	District about Jedburgh (?)
The Gleni, or Glein (?)	The Glen—Tributary of the Till.
Aberwick, or Joyeuse Garde	Berwick.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

DISTRICT IV.—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Northombellande	Northumberland.
Berneich and Ter Brenech	Berenicia, or Valentia.
Lleu	The Low.
Medgaud Insula	Holy Island, or Lindisfarne.
Dinguayrdi, Dinguaroy, Guurthberneich, Bebbanburgh, or Chatel Orgueilleux	Bamborough.
Arthur's Hill	At Newcastle.
Sewing Shields Castle	On the Roman Wall near Housesteads.
King's and Queen's Crags	
Arthur's Chair	
Cumming's Cross	
Dagsestan	Dawston.

DISTRICT V.—CUMBERLAND.

Arthur's Hill	In Liddesdale.
Caer Gwenddolew	Moat or Strength of Liddel, near the village and burn of Carwhinelow.
Erydon	Ridding, near above fort.
Arderydd	Arthuret
Caer Lliwelydd, or Cardueil	Carlisle.
Guasmoric	Near Carlisle (Palmecastre, or Walmeceastre).
Eden	Same name still.
Inglewood Forest	Ditto.
Tarn Wathelyne	Tarn Wadling.
Castle Hewin	Near Upper Hesket.
Baron-Wood	On the Eden.
Hatton Hall	Same name still.
Plumpton Park	
Arthur's Round Table	Near Penrith.
Brougham Castle	
Gwensteri	Winster
Derwennyd.	Derwent.
Volsty Castle	
The Grene Chapel	Chapel of the Green.
Manau, or Eubonia	Isle of Man.

DISTRICT VI.—GALLOWAY.

Galwadiæ Mare	Solway Firth.
Galwyddel	Galloway.
Hoddelm	Hoddam.
Church of S. Mungo	Parish ? of same name.
Mabon	Nithsdale and Lochmaben.
Man-Llachar	Lochar Moss.
Cludvein, or Cledyfein	The Cluden.
Garant	The Carron—Tributary of the Nith.
Caer Rywc	Sanquhar on the Crawick.
Cuthbrictiskchirch	Kirkcudbright.
Grave of Gwallawg ap Lleenawg	King Galdus's Tomb.
Kirkgawayne ?	Kirkcowan.
Marsh of Terra	Glenterra.
Caer Rheon	Cairnryan.
Llwch Rheon	Loch Ryan.
Rhyd Rheon	Ford of Ryan.
Novant	Mull of Galloway.

WESTERN DIVISION.

DISTRICT VII.—AYR.

Carrawg	Carrick.
Coel	Kyle.
Canowan	Cunningham.
Dindywydd	Dunduff.
Dyvnwydd	A District of Ayr.
Grave of Caradawg	Tomb of Caractacus.
Caer Caradawg	Caractonium.
Gafran	Girvan.
Grave of Coel	Tomb of King Cole at Coilsfield.
Crags of Kyle	Near town of Ayr.
Burn of Coyl	
Parish of Coylton	
Bretrwyn	Promontory of Troon.
Dundevenel	Dundonald.
Gleni or Glein	The Glen—Tributary of Irvine.
Wood of Beit	Moor of Beith.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

DISTRICT IV.—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Northombellande	Northumberland.
Berneich and Ter Brenech	Berenicia, or Valentia.
Lleu	The Low.
Medgaud Insula	Holy Island, or Lindisfarne.
Dinguayrdi, Dinguaroy, Guurthberneich, Bebbanburgh, or Chatel Orgueilleux	Bamborough.
Arthur's Hill	At Newcastle.
Sewing Shields Castle	On the Roman Wall near Housesteads.
King's and Queen's Crags	
Arthur's Chair	
Cumming's Cross	
Dagsestan	Dawston.

DISTRICT V.—CUMBERLAND.

Arthur's Hill	In Liddesdale.
Caer Gwenddolew	Moat or Strength of Liddel, near the village and burn of Carwhinelow.
Erydon	Ridding, near above fort.
Arderydd	Arthuret
Caer Lliwelydd, or Cardueil	Carlisle.
Guasmoric	Near Carlisle (Palmecastre, or Walmeceastre).
Eden	Same name still.
Inglewood Forest	Ditto.
Tarn Wathelyne	Tarn Wadling.
Castle Hewin	Near Upper Hesket.
Baron-Wood	On the Eden.
Hatton Hall	Same name still.
Plumpton Park	
Arthur's Round Table	Near Penrith.
Brougham Castle	
Gwensteri	Winster
Derwennyd.	Derwent.
Volsty Castle	
The Grene Chapel	Chapel of the Green.
Manau, or Eubonia	Isle of Man.

DISTRICT VI.—GALLOWAY.

Galwadiæ Mare	Solway Firth.
Galwyddel	Galloway.
Hoddelm	Hoddam.
Church of S. Mungo	Parish ? of same name.
Mabon	Nithsdale and Lochmaben.
Man-Llachar	Lochar Moss.
Cludvein, or Cledyfein	The Cluden.
Garant	The Carron—Tributary of the Nith.
Caer Rywc	Sanquhar on the Crawick.
Cuthbrictiskchirch	Kirkcudbright.
Grave of Gwallawg ap Lleenawg	King Galdus's Tomb.
Kirkgawayne ?	Kirkcowan.
Marsh of Terra	Glenterra.
Caer Rheon	Cairnryan.
Llwch Rheon	Loch Ryan.
Rhyd Rheon	Ford of Ryan.
Novant	Mull of Galloway.

WESTERN DIVISION.

DISTRICT VII.—AYR.

Carrawg	Carrick.
Coel	Kyle.
Canowan	Cunningham.
Dindywydd	Dunduff.
Dyvnwydd	A District of Ayr.
Grave of Caradawg	Tomb of Caractacus.
Caer Caradawg	Caractonium.
Gafran	Girvan.
Grave of Coel	Tomb of King Cole at Coilsfield.
Crags of Kyle	Near town of Ayr.
Burn of Coyl	
Parish of Coylton	
Bretrwyn	Promontory of Troon.
Dundevenel	Dundonald.
Gleni or Glein	The Glen—Tributary of Irvine.
Wood of Beit	Moor of Beith.

DISTRICT VIII.—STRATHCLYDE.

Clud	The Clyde.
Merlin's Fountain	Sources of Clyde (?).
Arthur's Fountain.	In parish of Crawford.
Arfynydd	Upper Strathclyde..
Llanerch	Lanark.
Godeu	Caidzow–Middle ward of Lanarkshire,
Calaterium Nemus.	Calderwood.
Regio Lintheamus, or Linthcamus	Cambuslang.
Mountain of Bannawc	Cathkin Hills in p. of Carmunnock.
Areclута	Strathgryfe, or Renfrewshire.
Arthur's Lee.	In Neilston Parish.
Low Arthur's Lee.	
West Arthur's Lee	
Caer Clud, or Penryn Wleth	Glasgow.
Mons Gwleth.	Dew, or Dowhill, at Glasgow.
S. Mungo's Well	In Cathedral of Glasgow.

DISTRICT IX.—LENNOX.

Mureiff.	North side of Roman Wall, or Mur.
Reged.	The same, including Loch Lomond.
Argoed Llwyfain	District about Ben Lomond.
Dinriddwg.	Mugdock.
Ardunnion.	Ardinny.
Drum Essyd	Kilsyth Hills.
Height of Adoyn	Cliff on western brow of Fintry Hills
Nemhtur, or Nevtur.	Dumbarton.
Cathraig in Leomhan	
Urbs Leogis, or Legionis	
Kaerlium, or Kaerlion	
Alclyde, or Petra Cloithe	
Castrum Arthuri, or Arthur's Castle.	
Leum, Leamhuin, or Leamhan	The Leven.
Stagnum Livan, Lumunoy, or Limonium, Llwch Llivanad	Loch Lomond.
Leamhanach, Levenachs', Llwyfenydd, or Linnuis	Lennox, to west of L. Lomond.
Dubglas	The Douglas.
Ben Arthur	At head of Loch Long.

NOTE

ON THE ARGUMENT FOR ARTHUR AS A WEST-OF-ENGLAND KING.

Proofs of the foregoing Essay having been forwarded by Mr. Furnivall to Mr. Pearson, the learned author of the *History of England in the Early and Middle Ages,* a discussion took place between him and myself, at the close of which I requested him to give me a memorandum of the chief points in his case, in order that the question as to the Historical Origin of Arthurian Localities generally, and as to the locality of Arthur's exploits in particular, might be presented with the utmost possible fairness and completeness to those who might be interested in the subject. This he has very courteously, and obligingly done. And my readers will thus have an opportunity of judging for themselves whether the established theory, which could not, I believe, have any more able and learned defender than Mr. Pearson, or the new theory, advocated by Mr. Skene and myself, rests on the better evidence.

But before presenting his note, I would offer a few remarks on its general bearing in reference to the theory in the foregoing Essay maintained. And in the first place, I would observe that his argument touches only a small part of that general theory. For I have endeavoured to show not merely that, of the three regions of the traditional Arthur-land—Southern Scotland, Western England, and North-Western France—the historical Arthur, or the Arthur of Nennius, belonged to the first-mentioned; but also, that, of a large proportion, at least, of the ancient historical poems of the Cymry, the scenery and events belong to Southern Scotland, with which likewise are connected the warriors celebrated in these poems, and the bards who sing their praises; further, not only that personages, more or less directly and intimately connected with the Arthurian story, such, for instance, as Merlin and Kentigern, historically belong to the South of Scotland, and to the Arthurian Age; but that all the chief characters of the Arthurian Romances are to be found, in a topographically preserved and still living tradition, in what I have called Arthurian Scotland, and, as far as I am aware, in that region alone; and finally, that these topographical records and traditional tales are in the most striking accordance with historical facts.

Now, whatever objections may be urged by Mr. Pearson or others against a theory which places Arthur as an historical personage in the North, I have but little fear that any competent scholar will be found prepared to deny that these ancient Cymric poems do for the most part belong to Arthurian Scotland; that to the same region the historical Merlin belonged; that there also are to be found a greater number and variety of Arthurian traditions than in any other region of the Old Arthur-land; and that such traditions have there more remarkable historical correspondences than are anywhere else to be discovered. But if such facts as these cannot be denied; then, I think, that what appears to be the legitimate inference from them must be accepted;—namely, that it was in actual characters, incidents, and conflicts of the Pre-mediæval History of Scotland that the traditions, topographically preserved in Arthurian Localities, originated; and that in such actual characters, incidents, and conflicts, the historic element of the Arthurian Romances of Mediæval European Literature is to be found. This, however, is all that I am concerned to maintain. But let us see what Mr. Pearson can say in favour of the hypothesis that Arthur was not a leader of the Cymry of Southern Scotland, but a petty king of Western England.

Most singular, I will only remark, it would be if, in conjunction with such facts as the above, such an hypothesis should force itself upon us:

"There seem to me to be fairly good reasons for referring Arthur to a district in the South or West of England, in spite of the fact that Scotland is distinctly richer in Arthurian localities. The one historical event with which we can almost certainly connect his name is the battle of Mons Badonicus; and this is referred by Gildas to the year 520,[1] when we have reason to think that the West Saxons were beginning to press on the Britons of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, whereas the wars of Ida in the North with the Kymri of the Western Lowlands are ascribed to a later period (A.D. 547) by our earliest notices.[2] The tradition commemorated in the *Vita Gildæ*, that Arthur, King of Cornwall and Devonia, was at war with Melvas of Somersetshire, points to a district in the South; and if Melvas be indeed the Maglocunus, or Maelgoun of Gwynedd, whom Gildas speaks of as making war on his uncle, contracting an unlawful marriage, and turning monk, his resemblance to the Lancelot of romance becomes very great.[3] After Gildas our first authority for Arthur's history is Nennius. Now the English Nennius (who was certainly not ignorant of Cumbrian history, as he gives us most valuable details about Ida and Urien), says, if we take his words literally, that Arthur led the kings of the Britons in their wars against the kings of the Cantii.[4] It is true that the passage may be explained to mean that he led them against the Saxons; but even if we adopt this rendering, it is surely more natural to apply the term "Saxons" to the people strictly so called at the time when Nennius wrote (West Saxons, South Saxons, etc.), than to assume that it refers to a colony of their ancestors, seated for a time in Northumbria.[5] Moreover, the death-song of Geraint connects that hero, who was of Dyvnaint or Devonia, with Arthur.[6] These notices one and all, therefore, refer Arthur to a district in the South and West; while none that I know of takes him into the North till the times of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

---

[1] WENDOVER, I. p. 64. GILDAS; Pref. by STEVENSON, p. ix.

[2] *A. S. Chron.* A. 547. *Sim. Dun. Præfatio.*

[3] *Vita S. Gildæ*, c. 10. *Epistola Gildæ*, c. c. 33-35.

[4] NENNIUS, c. 56. I have not taken into account the marginal note to one observation of Nennius, which places Bregnion, the scene of one of Arthur's battles in Somersetshire, or the marginal gloss on Gildas, which says that Mount Badon was near the mouth of the Severn. But they are at least evidence of concurrent traditions.

---

[5] Mr. Glennie informs me, on Mr. Skene's authority, that the Cambridge MS. of Nennius reads "Tunc Arthur pugnabat contra illos, videlicet Saxones." The question, then, is whether or not "Saxones" can be referred to Angles north of the Humber, or to a Saxon colony that preceded the Angles in those parts. To myself the words of Nennius seem distinctly to imply that he was thinking of the South of England. Throughout the Historia Britonum he uses the word Saxons (taken alone) in its special sense, and calls the people against whom Dutigirn fought (c. 62), Angles, the people whom Ecgfrith ruled "Saxones ambronum" (c. 57), and Edwin's subjects "ambrones" simply (c. 63). "Ambrones" I take to be a corrupt form of Bede's word "Hymbronenses" (H. E. IV. c. 17) Humbrians, and its use with "Saxones" seems to me to imply that Nennius did not like to speak of Northumbrians generally as Saxons without qualification. Gildas uses the name Saxons for the people who fought against Vortigern and Aurelius Ambrosius, but seems not to know the name Angles. Bede speaks more than once of "Anglorum sive Saxonum" as if they were convertible terms (H. E. I. c. 15, V. c. 9), and applies either name to the people of Kent (whom he knows more precisely as Jutes), and sometimes seems to speak of the Germanic conquerors of Britain generally as Angles. But he never, so far as I am aware, uses the term Saxons in speaking of Northumbrians, or as a general name like Angli. An examination of the Codex Diplomaticus has shown me two cases in which the term Angli is perhaps used generally for Englishmen before the reign of Alfred. Under Alfred and Edward the Elder, the term "Anglo-Saxon" seems to be that most favoured. Afterwards the use of "Anglus" prevails. But I know of no instance in any Anglo-Saxon charter or author in which the name Saxon is applied to Englishmen of the North. It is true the practice of Keltic writers is not equally invariable. The Gododin poems twice designate the enemy against whom the British chiefs engaged, have fought, or are fighting, as Saxons; and probably refer in both cases to the Germanic population of Northumbria. It is true, too, as Mr. Glennie has pointed out to me, that Nennius must have thought of Ochtha and Ebissa, the son or nephew of Hengest, who, he says (c. 38), occupied country up to the confines of the Picts, as Saxons in the strictest sense. But I do not think these exceptions can outweigh the general consent on the other side, or the indications derived from the language of Nennius, when he connects the rise of the Saxons with Ochtha's emigration southward, and the history of the kingdom of Kent. I may add that, as far as I can discover, Nennius never applies the name "Brittones" to the Keltic peoples North of Solway, in the fifth century.

[6] SKENE, *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 267. I may add, that whether Llongborth be the Longport of Kent, the Langport of Somersetshire, or merely a port on the coast, it seems to point to an attack by sea which might easily be made in South England, but not, I think, in Scotland. It is noticeable, too, that Geraint was a Devonian name. *Aldelmi Opera*, p. 83.

"Looking now to mere probabilities, I find that Cornwall, Devonshire, and parts of Wiltshire and Somersetshire, maintained their independence till the time of Ine.[7] I find that a principality composed of Somersetshire and part of Wiltshire, of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, of Hereford and Monmouth, defended by Selwood Forest, by the Cotswold Woods, by Wire Forest, and by the Somersetshire marshes, had its own dynasty of chiefs before the Romans,[8] and a metropolitan city for a native church at Caerleon in the sixth century.[9] A sovereign of this country with a certain federal supremacy over Devonshire and Cornwall in the South, and Powys and Gwynedd in the North, would come into collision with the Saxons along the marshes of Wiltshire, and the line of the Severn, and with the people of South Wales (whether Gaelic or Kymric at that time) in Glamorganshire.[10] In these districts may be found localities that correspond pretty exactly to the names of Arthur's battles as given by Nennius.[11]

"Take now the evidence of legend. In the Breton traditions collected by Geoffrey of Monmouth, Arthur is born at Tintagel, crowned first in Silchester by Dubricius, Archbishop of Caerleon on Usk, and afterwards more solemnly at Caerleon, and dies in Cornwall, and is buried in the Isle of Avalon. Even the Metrical Boece, which transfers the battle of Camlan to the Humber, steadily represents Arthur as King of South Britain. William of Malmesbury, whose *Liber de Antiq. Glaston. Ecc.* was written about the middle of the twelfth century, gives a legend from the gests of

---

[7] GUEST, *On the Boundaries of the Welsh and English Races. Archæological Journal*, xvi. pp. 105-132.

[8] AKERMAN, *On the Condition of Britain, Archæologia*, xxxiii. p. 177. GODWIN'S *Archæologist's Manual*, pp. 16, 17.

[9] ROWLAND WILLIAMS, *On the supposed reluctance of the West British Church to convert the Anglo-Saxons. Archæologica Camb.* Oct. 1858. Mr. Stevenson thinks that Gloucester and Somerset were two of the dioceses. BEDE, *Hist. Ecc.* p. 100, note.

[10] "A line drawn from Conway on the north to Swansea on the south would separate the two races of the Gwyddyl, and the Cymry on the west and on the east." SKENE, *Four Ancient Books*, v. I. p. 43.

[11] E.g. I should place the four battles in "regione Linnuis" in the district of the Llyfni (Glamorganshire); that at Bassas near Baschurch, in Shropshire; that of Urbs Legionis at Caerleon on Usk, and that of Mount Badon at Bath.

King Arthur, which does not exist in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and which speaks of him as holding court at "Karlium," and visiting Glastonbury. William also says that Arthur gave lands to Glastonbury, and was buried there with his wife between two pyramids.[12] As the historian does not speak of the disinterment of Arthur's body, he probably wrote before it took place in 1166;[13] and this is the more likely, as he was born in the preceding century. He is, therefore, independent evidence to a tradition slightly anterior to the search made, and probably anterior to the history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the last six books of which were not published before 1147. The search for Arthur's remains has been twice described by Giraldus Canbrensis, in the *De Instructione Principum*,[13] and in the *Speculum Ecclesiæ*.[14] The latter and fuller account, which refers with some contempt to the "fabulosi Britones," who made Morgan a fairy, is written with a minuteness which seems to me incompatible with wanton lying. Both narratives are posterior to Henry the Second's time, and therefore were not written to support his policy. Both dwell upon the fact that Guenever's hair crumbled into dust when it was exposed to the air. Clearly the Glastonbury monks could not have forged evidence of this kind. The most that can be said is that they may have fabricated the inscription found on the coffin. Even this would have been highly hazardous, as they could scarcely tell before-hand that an unopened tomb contained two bodies, one of them a woman's.

"Why, then, are Arthurian localities comparatively rare in the district where Arthur lived and reigned? Simply, I think, because from its natural wealth, it was the object of incessant attack from the Saxons, and was conquered and partially peopled anew at an early period by a people who had no interest in perpetuating the memory of their old antagonist. It is easy to see how the story of Arthur would be carried into Brittany by fugitives before Ine. It is more difficult, I admit, to explain how it travelled North. But it is possible that Cadwallon recruited Britons from Devonia in the long and prosperous wars which he waged against the Northumbrian kings. 'Those immense forces, which nothing could resist,'[15] were surely not drawn altogether from North Wales; and it was a time of peace in the South, when it could well spare soldiers."

---

[12] GALE, iii. pp. 306, 307, 326.

[13] BROMPTON, c. ii. 52. It is remarkable that Malmesbury dedicates his book to a Henry, Bishop of Lincoln, who cannot be identified, unless the title be a clerical error for Henry, Bishop of Winchester; and that Giraldus speaks of the search as made by Henry, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, who does not appear on any extant list of Bishops.

[14] *De Jur. Prin.*, pp. 191-193. *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, pp. 47-49.

The foregoing very learned note of Mr. Pearson's contains all that, I believe, can be said in favour of Arthur as a West of England king. It will be found, however, that the supports of his theory are essentially but three in number—Gildas, Nennius, and the Mediæval writers. Let us examine the two first; the last we shall find it unnecessary specially to consider. First, as to Gildas, we must distinguish between the *History* by Gildas, and the *Life* of Gildas. The former alone is Pre-mediæval, and of an authority independent of those Mediæval legends, the truth of which we are seeking to investigate. Now the *History* gives us no certain indication whatever as to the site of the *Mons Badonicus* of Arthur's twelfth battle. For the expression, "qui prope Sabrinum ostium habetur," is an interpolation of the Durham MS. of the thirteenth century. As to the *Vita Sancti Gildæ*, as it is not older than the twelfth century, it must rank, as an authority, with Geoffroy of Monmouth, and the other Mediæval writers. And what credence we should give to them must depend on their accordance with the other earlier historical authority which we now proceed to examine.

Secondly, then, as to Nennius, Mr. Pearson's argument is here twofold. In the first place he says that the *illos* against whom Arthur fought were the *reges Cantiorum*.[16] And, secondly, that if we are to understand Nennius as meaning that he fought against the Saxons, then it must have been in the south, because the Teutonic invaders were in the north called Angles. As to the first argument, without pausing to remark that it would take Arthur from the south-*west* of England, where Mr. Pearson places him, to the south-*east*; it appears enough to say that, the whole passage being read, the sentence about the *reges Cantiorum* is, or, to say the least, may be meant as merely parenthetical; while the "illos, videlicet Saxones," of the Cambridge MS. seems to settle the matter. There remains, then, but the second argument, namely that "Saxones" is applied only to the Teutonic settlers of the south of England. But remark, first, that Nennius *does* apply this term to the northern invaders. For he says that the son and brother of Hengest, and their followers, certainly as much "Saxones" as Hengest himself and his followers, occupied the "regiones quæ sunt in aquilone; juxta murum, qui vocatur Guaul."[17] And this being so, remark, secondly, that Nennius could not consistently have called the northern invaders Angles or anything else but Saxons. Again, remark, thirdly, how very naturally that parenthetical sentence about the *reges Cantiorum* comes in, if we understand Nennius to mean that Arthur's successes were against the northern Saxons. Hengest being dead, Octa, his son, came from the north to take his place in Kent; "tunc Arthur pugnabat, etc;"[18] then Arthur fought against the northern Saxons, and, their great leader having thus left them, the fortune of war turned in favour of the Cymry. But the main thing to be remarked here is, fourthly, that Nennius *could not* have called the Northern invaders Angles, because their first settlement in Bernicia was considerably later than the time he is speaking of, namely in 547, under Ida. And, fifthly, this becomes still further clear when we find that the earlier Teutonic settlers in the North were *Frisians*, a tribe of *Saxons*, who could not have been referred to as Angles.[19]

---

[15] BEDE, *Hist. Ecc. Lib.* iii. c. 1.

[16] NENNIUS, § 56, p. 47 (English Hist. Soc.).

Thus it seems clear that, to say the very least, there is as little in the history of Nennius as in that of Gildas which can be held to fix the locality of the historical Arthur in the south. But it will, I think, seem also clear that when two such scholars and critics as Mr.

---

[17] Nennius, § 38, p. 29 (English Hist. Soc.)

[18] Ibid. § 56, p. 47.

[19] Skene, *Early Frisian Settlements in Scotland*; and Simpson (Sir James) *On the Catstane at Kirkliston*, etc., in *Proceedings of the Soc. of Antiqs. of Scotland*, v. IV.

Pearson and Mr. Skene can take diametrically opposite views as to the meaning of Nennius, who is really our only important authority, the question must, if it is to receive a definitive answer, be treated after some new method. "If not Gildas," says Mr. Pearson, "certainly Nennius may be understood as placing Arthur in the south; in the south may be found localities with names more or less nearly corresponding with those of his twelve battles; and, though the Mediæval histories may have no authority by themselves, yet in confirmation of this view of the meaning of Nennius, they are certainly of weight." Mr. Skene, on the other hand, maintains not only that the historic Arthur is the Arthur of Nennius, in which, I suppose, Mr. Pearson would agree with him, but that Nennius places him in the North; that in the North the sites of his battles may be identified; that the mythic Arthur is the Arthur of Geoffrey the writers of the twelfth century and their followers; that his story was introduced from Bretagne by Rhys ap Tewdwr in 1077, when the scene of his exploits was removed to the South; and hence, that quotations from the writers of the twelfth and subsequent centuries cannot be considered as having any logical bearing on the question.

It is in reference to this state of the discussion, that the method I have followed in the foregoing Essay may, perhaps, be held to be no immaterial contribution to the settlement of the point in dispute. That method consisted, as will be remembered, first, in examining Cymric history for a deduction as to the birthland of Arthurian Tradition; secondly, in verifying this deduction by shewing that the region thus indicated is the chief country of traditional Arthurian localities; and, thirdly, in investigating the relations of this topography. It may, indeed, be said with reference to what I have specified as conditions inimical to the importation of Arthurian traditions into the North, as to the direct indications of the North as the birthland of these traditions; and as conditions favourable to the importation of such traditions, into the South—that our knowledge of the period is but limited. Such a reply, however, implicitly admits all that I affirm, namely, that, as far as our present knowledge goes, Cymric history points to the North rather than to the South as the country of the historical Arthur. But, whatever may be said in answer to this critical deduction, I venture to think that in the very great number of indisputably ancient traditional localities, and of, at least, highly probable historical, and poetical identifications here collected, there will be found a body of facts of which the only satisfactory explanation must be found in some such theory as that in this Essay maintained.

And I say this with the more confidence, as my general result as to Arthur would appear to be in accordance with that of my collaborateur, Mr. Nash, with respect to Merlin. Mr. Nash shows that, in the Merlin of Romance, three persons are confounded, and that the really historical Merlin was a bard of the North, in the sixth century. So, I would suggest, as I have, indeed, already hinted [Ch. II. (S. iii).], that in the Arthur of Romance there are confounded more persons than one, though the Arthur to whom, as an actual historical character, the traditions of the great conquering king are ultimately to be traced, was simply a sixth-century *Guledig*, or Leader of the Northern Cymry. And thus, I should hope, even Mr. Pearson, and those who think with him, may find it possible to reconcile their particular theory as to Arthur with the acceptance of the more general theory which I have sought to establish with respect to the historical origin of Arthurian Localities. With whatever modifications that theory may be held, there will, I trust, be found reasons advanced in the foregoing Essay sufficient to support the general conclusion that the chief historical basis of the mediæval Arthurian Romances is revealed to us in the Pre-mediæval history of that region which I have distinguished as Arthurian Scotland.

J. S. STUART GLENNIE.

6, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn,
Easter, 1869.

The Romance of Merlin.

CHAPTER XXII.

BATTLE BEFORE THE CASTLE OF TREBES.

Now seith the storye, that the firste day of Iuyn departed the kynge Arthur from Logres, and in that mery seson rode Arthur forth, and the two kynges with hym, till thei come to Dover, and entred in to the shippes with-oute more tariynge, and hadde goode wynde and softe, and goode maroners hem for to gide, till thei come to the Rochell with-oute eny trouble or an*n*oye, and logged hem in tentes and paveloun*s* with-oute the towon, and abode Merlyn, and he com on the morowe at mydday as he hadde promysed the kynge Arthur, and the thre kynges made to hym grete ioye, and namely Gawein that hym loved so well, and Merlin loved hym for the grete trouthe that he knewe in hym, and ther thei soiourned, and rested and maden goode waicche on the weyes and passages, that noon wente ne com that eny tidinges myght brynge to theire enmyes. But now resteth a while of hem, and returne to speke of Leonce, the lorde Paerne, and Pharyen of Trebes that were so goode men and trewe to theire lorde.

Arthur leaves Logres; he comes to Dover,

and to the Rochell.

Merlin comes to the three kings;

he loves Gawein.

The story returns to Leonce and Pharyen.

Whan Merlin was departed from Leonce of Paerne, and hadde tolde hym that Pounce and Antony and her companye com with xx^{Ml} men of armes, and ffrolle a Duke of Almayne with xx^{Ml}, Leonces sente for peple fer and nygh of kyn and frendes and sowdiours, till he hadde x^{Ml} of the reame of Benoyk of horsmen with-outen fote-men with whiche he stuffed *his forteresses, and Pharien on that other side com oute of the reame of Gannes with x^{Ml} horsmen, with-outen the peple on foote whiche he lefte to kepe the Citees and Castelles, and brought viteles on alle parteis in to stronge townes, and closed the prayes from theire enmyes that nought myght thei wynne on forreye, and whan thei hadde

When Leonce knows that Pounce and Antony are coming he sends for his people.

*[Fol. 134*b*.]

Pharien comes out of Gannes.

our knowledge of the period is but limited. Such a reply, however, implicitly admits all that I affirm, namely, that, as far as our present knowledge goes, Cymric history points to the North rather than to the South as the country of the historical Arthur. But, whatever may be said in answer to this critical deduction, I venture to think that in the very great number of indisputably ancient traditional localities, and of, at least, highly probable historical, and poetical identifications here collected, there will be found a body of facts of which the only satisfactory explanation must be found in some such theory as that in this Essay maintained.

And I say this with the more confidence, as my general result as to Arthur would appear to be in accordance with that of my collaborateur, Mr. Nash, with respect to Merlin. Mr. Nash shows that, in the Merlin of Romance, three persons are confounded, and that the really historical Merlin was a bard of the North, in the sixth century. So, I would suggest, as I have, indeed, already hinted [Ch. II. (S. iii).], that in the Arthur of Romance there are confounded more persons than one, though the Arthur to whom, as an actual historical character, the traditions of the great conquering king are ultimately to be traced, was simply a sixth-century *Guledig*, or Leader of the Northern Cymry. And thus, I should hope, even Mr. Pearson, and those who think with him, may find it possible to reconcile their particular theory as to Arthur with the acceptance of the more general theory which I have sought to establish with respect to the historical origin of Arthurian Localities. With whatever modifications that theory may be held, there will, I trust, be found reasons advanced in the foregoing Essay sufficient to support the general conclusion that the chief historical basis of the mediæval Arthurian Romances is revealed to us in the Pre-mediæval history of that region which I have distinguished as Arthurian Scotland.

J. S. STUART GLENNIE.

6, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn,
Easter, 1869.

The Romance of Merlin.

CHAPTER XXII.

BATTLE BEFORE THE CASTLE OF TREBES.

Now seith the storye, that the firste day of Iuyn departed the kynge Arthur from Logres, and in that mery seson rode Arthur forth, and the two kynges with hym, till thei come to Dover, and entred in to the shippes with-oute more tariynge, and hadde goode wynde and softe, and goode maroners hem for to gide, till thei come to the Rochell with-oute eny trouble or an*n*oye, and logged hem in tentes and pavelou*n*s with-oute the towon, and abode Merlyn, and he com on the morowe at mydday as he hadde promysed the kynge Arthur, and the thre kynges made to hym grete ioye, and namely Gawein that hym loved so well, and Merlin loved hym for the grete trouthe that he knewe in hym, and ther thei soiourned, and rested and maden goode waicche on the weyes and passages, that noon wente ne com that eny tidinges myght brynge to theire enmyes. But now resteth a while of hem, and returne to speke of Leonce, the lorde Paerne, and Pharyen of Trebes that were so goode men and trewe to theire lorde.

Arthur leaves Logres; he comes to Dover,

and to the Rochell.

Merlin comes to the three kings;

he loves Gawein.

The story returns to Leonce and Pharyen.

Whan Merlin was departed from Leonce of Paerne, and hadde tolde hym that Pounce and Antony and her companye com with xx^{Ml} men of armes, and ffrolle a Duke of Almayne with xx^{Ml}, Leonces sente for peple fer and nygh of kyn and frendes and sowdiours, till he hadde x^{Ml} of the reame of Benoyk of horsmen with-outen fote-men with whiche he stuffed *his forteresses, and Pharien on that other side com oute of the reame of Gannes with x^{Ml} horsmen, with-outen the peple on foote whiche he lefte to kepe the Citees and Castelles, and brought viteles on alle parteis in to stronge townes, and closed the prayes from theire enmyes that nought myght thei wynne on forreye, and whan thei hadde

When Leonce knows that Pounce and Antony are coming he sends for his people.

*[Fol. 134*b*.]

Pharien comes out of Gannes.

spedde so all theire ordenaunce, Pharien drough hym to Gannes with all his hoste, and Leonces in to Benoyk with all his hoste, and a-bide so in this manere till tydinges com to hem, that her enmyes were entred into the londe that sette on fire ouer all ther as thei myght eny harme do; but litill thei founde in the contrey to take to, ffor all was turned from theire power into stronke fortresses, and therfore Claudas de la desert was full of sorowe and hevynesse, for well he supposed ther-by that thei hadde some warnynge in some manere of her comynge. But yet ther-fore ne lefte not the forreyours to renne thourgh the londe, but litill cowde thei fynde, and whan thei hadde ronne vp and dowon thei repeired agein to the grete hoste, and than toke counseile what thei sholde do, and than thei a-corded to sette seige be-fore the castell of Trebes, and thider thei rode and loigged hem in the medowes ther-by, but it was fer of, ffor the castell stode on an high hill, and at the foote of the castell was the maras, depe on alle sides, and ther-to was noon entre saf a litill cawchie that was narowe and straite of half a myle of lengthe. In these medowes loigged hem Pounces and Antonyes on that oon side, and on that othir side ffrolle the Duke of Almayne, and on that othir side Claudas de la deserte, and on the fourth parte the peple of the kynge of Gaule; that Randolf, the stiwarde of Gaule, dide condite, whiche was a bolde knyght and an hardy, and eche of these hadde xx^{Ml} men at his baner. Thus was the castell of Trebes beseged on foure parties, and kepte so cloos that noon myght entre ne come oute, but that he were a-noon taken and well thei wende to take the castell be famyn, ffor of noon assaute hadde thei no drede, for noon myght come ther-to for the maras that was so nygh, and thus thei be-seged longe the quene Helayne and hir suster that were with-ynne, and hadde grete drede leste thei sholde haue be taken be some maner treson; and many tymes thei wepten for theire lordes, that so longe hadde ben from hem and thei hadde herde of hem no tidinges. And Grascien hem counforted wele and badde hem be nothinge dismayed, ffor with-ynne shorte tyme thei sholde have socoure, and seide he dide but a-wayte vpon the hour that theire tweye lordes were comynge.

Pharien at Gannes and Leonce at Benoyk.

Claudas de la Desert is sorry;

the scouts run through the land, but find little;

they agree to set siege to the Castle of Trebes.

Pounce Antony, Frolle, and Claudas are in the meadows;

the castle is besieged on four sides:

the queen Helayne and her sister dread being taken by treason.

Grascien comforts them.

In this maner dide Grascien hem counforte, and his son Banyns, to a-voide the hevynesse of the two quenes.

This Banyn was a bolde squyer and hardy, and nygh cosin to Leonce the lorde of Paerne, that was cosin to the two kynges, and whan he knewe that the Castell was be-seged, he sente to Antyaume the stiwarde, that he sholde come speke with hym. And he come a-noon in all haste, and than Leonce badde hym appareile his men, ffor this nyght, quod *he, be-hoveth vs to ride, and ye and youre peple shull a-bide me in the foreste of briogne at the welle in the myddell of the launde, and loke ye demene yow so, that noon knowe what wey we shull ride, and sette soche warde a-boute the hoste, that noon departe to telle eny tidinges to oure enmyes, and he seide this sholde be do so that in hym sholde be no defaute. With that departed Antyaume the stiwarde, and dide as Leonce hadde hym comaunded. And Leonce toke his nevew and sente hym to Gannes to Pharien and badde hym come in to the foreste of Briogne, in to the place that was assigned in soche as he knewe was myster; and this spedde hym so that he dide his message well and feire. And whan Pharien that Leonce was meved on his wey, he arraied hym hastely and garnyysshed the town with soche peple as he saugh was nede, and rode forth be the moste vn-cowthe weyes that he knewe, and hadde in his companye well x$^{\text{Ml}}$, and also Leonce rode forth, he and Antyaume, till thei com into a grete valey, all closed with wode, in the foreste of Briogne, as Merlin hadde hym assigned. And the hoste was so well kepte that noon issed oute; and ther thei a-bode till that Pharien com with his peple; and ther thei dide a-bide till on the monday be-fore the feste of seynt John, that moste be on the sonday next after. And whan Merlin knewe that thei were redy, and that thei abode but the socour that he hadde hem promysed. Then he it seide to the kynge Arthur, and to kynge Ban, and to his broþ*er*, and to Gawein, these v were of oon counseile. And than seide Arthur to Merlin, "What shull we do now in this?" Quod Merlin, "I will a-noon right that ye devide youre peple who shall go be-fore, and who shall go after." Quod the kynge, "Devise it ye, for ye knowe

Banyn is a bold squire.

Leonce sends for Antyaume,

*[Fol. 135*a*.]

and tells him to wait, with his men, in the forest of Briogne.

Leonce sends to Pharien for him to come to the forest of Briogne.

Pharien rides forth.

Leonce and Antyaume wait for Pharien in the forest.

When Merlin knows that they are ready he speaks to Arthur,

who asks for his advice.

beste what is for oure moste spede." "With gode will," seide Merlin, "but this may not be taried."

Marlin calls Gawein, and tells him to take ten thousand men.

Ulfin is to bear his banner.

Merlin calls Ban, and tells him to lead forth ten thousand men.

*[Fol. 135b.]

Merlin tells Bohors to lead the third company.

Than Merlin firste of all called Gawein and seide, "Goode frende, take x^{Ml} men of soche as yow like beste, saf only the knyghtes, of the rounde table for hem shull ye not haue, but ye shull haue the xl knyghtes that youre vncle, the kynge, and the kynge Ban brought oute of Tamelide; and ye shull haue also the newe knyghtes and take with yow as many of other that ye be x^{Ml} in all; and drawe yow in to a parte of the felde, and take youre baner to Vlfin to bere, whiche is a noble knyght and right trewe, and do this a-noon right." Whan Gawein herde the comaundement of Merlin he departed, he and his felisship and Vlfin, and stode a-side with x^{Ml} on a part by hem-self. And than Merlin called the kynge Ban and seide, "Kynge Ban, com forth gentill knyght, for ye shull lede the secunde bataile, and ther shull be x^{Ml} in youre companye, and we shull se how well ye shull do for the socoure of youre londe, and how ye will yow a-venge vpon Claudas for the damage that he doth in youre reame, and doth purchese euery day." "Sir," seide the kynge Ban, "so be it as ye will devise, and yef ever I shall haue ioye, it is thourgh god and yow, and by my lorde the kynge Arthur." Quod Merlin, "Go, dissever youre peple, and a-raie hem a-noon for to ride a-gein her enmyes." *Than the kynge Ban dissevered oute x^{Ml} men on a part of yonge knyghtes and noble men of armes. After that Merlin cleped the kynge Bohors, and seide, "Sir, ye shull lede the thirdde bataile, and in youre companye shull be the foure hundr*e* knyghtes of the londe of the kynge Amaunt, and of hem of Carmelide, so that ye be x^{Ml} men well araied, and whan tyme is sette yow on the wey delyuerly, and loke that in yow faile no chyualrie, ffor now shall it be sene how ye will do for to delyver youre enmyes oute of youre londe." "Sir," seide the kynge Bohors, "we shull do as will vouchesaf*e*, the beste that we may;" and than the kynge Bohors dissevered his peple, and made hem to be armed and lepe to horse.

Merlin tells Arthur to lead the

Then seide Merlin to the kynge Arthur, "Sir," quod he, "ye shull lede the fourthe bataile, and in youre companye shull be the knyghtes of the rounde table, ffor thise shull not faile yow for no drede of deth." Than the kynge comaunded Nascien, and Adragain, and Hervy de rivell, to arme and aray hem; and thei so diden in all haste. Than toke Merlin the dragon and cleped kay the stiward, and seide, "Sir, ye shull bere the baner of the kynge Arthur, for it is youre right; and loke that in yow be shewed knyghthode, and wote ye what ye shull do. Ever whan ye come vpon youre e*n*myes loke that ye ride streight to the grete baner." And Kay toke the baner and seide, "Sir, with goode will." Whan these wardes were departed and dissevered, it was wele a-boute mydday, and thei made hem redy and sette hem to mete; and whan thei hadde eten, the lordes yode to counseile, for to aske Merlin what thei sholde do. Quod Merlin, "I shall telle yow this nyght at the firste som*me* ye shull meve so that to-morow at even ye be at Trebes; and thei ly ther at sege in foure places, ffor euery prince holdith his siege by hym-self; and in euery part is xx^{Ml} men and euerich of oure wardes shall go smyte on euery hoste, so that thei be assailed on alle foure partes. But thei make gode waicche and stronge, and ther-fore we moste worke wisely." "How, Merlin," quod Arthur, "have thei than moche more peple than we haue?" "Ye, Sir," quod Merlin, "more be the haluendell; but ye shull haue feire socour of xx^{Ml} men that shull come to yow all be tyme, ffor thei loigge but foure myle from the hoste, with-ynne the foreste of brioke." "And how shull thei knowe oure comynge?" quod the kynge. "Sir," seide Merlin, "I shall go for to fecche hem." "Who shall than condite oure hoste?" quod the kynge. "Blioberis," seide Merlin, "shall go be-fore that well knoweth the passages by the wey that I shall hym tecche, and in the dawnynge of the day loke ye sette on alle to-geder ther as ye shull here an horn*e* blowe right high and lowde, and ye shall se a grete flame of fier renne a-bove in the heir on high, and ther-of take goode hede; ffor than shall the socour be redy that I shall yow sende." "Sir," seide the kynge, "whan shull ye meve thidirward?" "A-noon right," quod Merlin, "for in this may be no tariynge, and ther-fore to god I yow comaunde."

fourth company,

and gives Kay the dragon to bear.

The Lords ask for Merlin's advice.

Merlin tells them they shall be succoured with twenty thousand men.

Blioberis is to lead the host.

*[Fol. 136*a*.] Merlin vanishes, and comes into the host of Leonce; they make great joy when they hear of Arthur; they divide the people into four divisions.

*With that departed Merlin from the kynge Arthur, and a-noon, as he was oute of the hoste, he vanysshed a-wey so sodeynly that thei wiste not where he be com, and er it was passed noone of the day he com into the hoste of Leonces of Paerne, that a-boode nothinge elles but tidinges that he sholde lepe to horse; and than com Merlin be-fore hym ther as he and Pharien were, and Antyaume and Grascien. And than seide Merlin, "Leonces, what a-bidest thow? whi got thow not to horse, thow and thy peple? ffor thow canst not come so soone thider, but thow shalt fynde ther the kynge Arthur with all his hoste." And whan he vndirstode that, he made hym grete ioye, and seide that he was welcome, and so seide all the companye; and a-noon thei asked tidinges of theire lordes, and he seide that in short tyme thei sholde hem well seen, "ffor thei ride now a grete spede; but devise a-noon youre wardes and I shall lede yow to the hoste." "Sir," seide Leonces, "gramercy, ffor now knowe I well that we shull spede well while ye be in oure companye." With that wente the foure felowes, and departed her peple into foure parties, and the stiward*e* toke v$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ and dissevered hem on a part, and Grascien other v$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$, and Pharien other v$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$, and Leonces toke theym that was lefte, that were well v$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ and moo, and made hem to be well armed and a-rayed. But now cesseth a while of Merlin, and of leonces, and speketh of the kynge Arthur and his companye.

Arthur moves on his journey, and Blioberis rides first to lead the way. The singing of the birds cheer the soldiers;

Now seith the storye that as soone as the kynge Arthur and Merlin were departed; the same hour Arthur dide meve on his iourney euery warde after other, and Blioberis rode in the warde of sir Gawein all be-fore, as he that beste knewe the passages. Ther myght oon haue seyn many a riche garnement and many a fressh baner*e* of riche colour wave in the wynde, and the seson was myri and softe, and the contre feire and delitable, ffor many feire medowes and forestes ther weren, in whiche these briddes singen with lusty notes and cler, and than reioyse the corages of these yonge lusty bachelers that to conquere loos and pris and honour haue lefte theire londes and her contreyes, and the swete songe of these briddes remembred their armours whiche thei were wonte to haue the p*re*sence, and some dide sighe full ofte, and so thei ride forth all the nyght till it was cleir day, and whan thei be-heilde a-boute hem and saugh, thei knewe not in what parte thei weren; ffor so moche thei entended to theire myry thoughtes that hem plesed that all other thinge was leide a-side. With that thei be come into a feire launde full of floures vpon the river of leire; and this launde was full of floures and swete herbes and grasse that the horse wente ther-ynne vp to the belyes, and ther thei resten all the hoste of Arthur all the day vnto euesonge tyme, and ete and dranke thei that ther-to haue nede, and slepe at her ese for the place was pl[e]saunte and delitable, and than thei hem armed more and lesse and lepte to horse, *ffor thei hadde but vij myle for to ride to the hoste ther as was Claudas. Ther sholde ye haue sein many fressh lusty men of armes vpon stronge startelinge stedis, and swyfte rennynge well covered vndir stiell, and many a riche cote of armes of silke embrowded of dyvers colours, and many a grete spere with trenchaunt hedes of sharp grounde steill, and many an helme and many a shelde glistred a-gein the sonne, and rode so cloos oon after a-nother that whan thei were renged that oon myght have caste a glove vpon theire helmes that sholde not have falle to grounde, er thei hadde ride a butte lengthe. And Blioberis rode in the vaungarde with sir Gawein, and the kynge Ban in the secounde warde with x^{Ml} men of armes, and rode a softe paas, theire sheldes be-fore theire brestes, with goode talente to assaile theire enmyes and hem-self to diffende, and rode half a myle after the forewarde. Whan the kynge Bohors saugh his brother forth than he dressed hym and his peple after vpon her wey, and hadde many a bolde knyght and hardy, and that was well seene that day in the bataile be-fore the castell of Trebes. And he cowde hem lede and condite and hem helpe and socour in euery nede, whan the kynge Bohors was departed and dissevered. Than Arthur and his peple made hem redy to folowen after, and whan they were on horse ye sholde have sein many a riche garnement and many a bolde knyght that neu*er* wolde faile the kynge Arthur for no drede of deth. And Kay rode with the baner in his hande

they come to a land full of flowers,

and rest till evening;

the men arm themselves

*[Fol. 136*b*.]

and leap to horse;

they ride close to one another:

Blioberis rides in the Vanguard with Gawein.

then comes Ban;

then Bohors.

Arthur and his people make ready to follow.

Kay rides with his banner.

They come out of the forest of Brioke,

and rest under the olives;

they approach the host.

Those that kept watch send out spies.

They run to their arms.

Pounce Antony comes into the forest of Brioke.

Frolle, Randolf, and

*[Fol. 137*a*.]

Claudas make themselves ready.

that Merlin hadde hym delyuered; and thus thei ride streite and cloos after the kynge Bohors the space of half a myle, and thus thei rode all the nyght till a litill be-fore the day that thei were oute of the foreste of brioke, and were come into the playn and com alle after a longe while be the river vnder leyer vnder the wode side, where as thei resten vnder the Olyves till thei sie the signe that Merlin hadde hem tolde of the braundon of fier that sholde renne vp in the heir; and that thei herde the noyse of the horne that sholde blowe; and thei approched so nygh the hoste that it was but v bowe draught be-twene; and thei saugh in the hoste was grete plente of light*es* and moche peple, and thei herde the horse neye and the mules crie often, and thei were so nygh that ech hoste herde the noyse of other, and thei that kepte waicche at the siege sente oute men on horsbakke to aspie what peple it were, and thei yeden oute and saugh their armes and returned agein to the hoste, and tolde how thei hadde founde grete plente of men of armes. Whan thei of the hoste herde these tidinges thei ronne to arme hem, and issed out of the loges and renged hem in the playnes euerich at his baner, and eche man, lete other haue witinge that a grete armee was come vpon theym and thei wiste not what peple. And Pounces and Antonye, that moche cowde of werre, issed oute of the hoste all armed in to the foreste of Bryoke, in to the wodes evese ther as thei sholde come, and comaunded her peple hem for to sue, and thei so dide delyuerly as soone as thei were armed. And ffrolle the Duke of Almayne come oute after and made his *stablie vpon a litill river that is cleped Aroaise, and Randolf the senescall of the kynge of Gaule come by the gardins, and Claudas the kynge de la desert sette hym towarde the cauchie towarde the maras that com out strongly from the loigges, and from pavelou*n*s and gadered to the baners.

Merlin blows a horn,

and makes a flame of fire appear in the air;

And while thei entended to make hem redy and sette hemself in aray, in the mene tyme, Merlin com oute of his enbusshement that wele knewe all theire labour*e*. Than he toke an horne and blewe it so lowde that all the wode resounded, and than he caste a merveilouse enchaunteme*n*t ffor he made appere, and high in the heir*e* a grete flame of fire as reade as thunder, and ran ouer the loigges of hem in the hoste, and whan that Arthurs peple saugh the flame of feir renne thourgh the heir, and also herde the horne blowe, thei hem blessed and smote the horse with the spores, and it fill so that Gawein smote thourgh the herberough of the Duke ffrolle, and the kynge Ban thourgh the tentes of the kynge Claudas de la desert, and the kynge Bohors thourgh the Pavelou*ns* of Pouncy and Antony, and the kynge Arthur thourgh the loiginge of Randolf the Senescall of Gaule, and than a-roos the noyse and the shoute on bothe parties, ffor ther was throwe down many a tente and many a pavelou*n*, and many a man wounded and slain of hem that weren at the siege in the loigges, ffor thei were not alle garnysshed of her armour*e*, and these other hem slough and maymed, that the wounded men cried and braied for the peynes of deth that hem distreyned; and than the sonne be-gan to a-rise clier vpon the bright armure that be-gan to gliste*r*e a-gein the bright sonne. Whan Claudas and Pounce Antony and ffrolle saugh the damage that these hem diden, hit hem for thought sore, ffor thei trowed well that thei hadde loste x$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ of her men what oon and other, and the Duke ffrolle hadde loste moste of eny other, saf Randolf the Senescall that saugh the grete mortalite that these hem diden that were come out of her enbusshement; he was nygh wode for wratth, and than he com bakke toward the tentes that he hadde lefte, for to geder his p[ep]le a-boute hym, and yef he and the other ne hadde not returned a-gein to the teintes th[at thei][1] hadden lefte, by my dom, ther hadde not ascaped the halvendell,[2] and whan sir [Gawein[3]] saugh ffrolle come, he rode a-gein hym right boldely, and he hadde in his companye [many bolde[4]] knyghtes that were yonge bachelers, and ffrolle hadde yet in his companye xv[$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ men of[5]] armes, and v$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ hadde he loste that lay deed all to-hewen, and whan thei [hadden drawen[6]] nygh thei smote to-

then Arthur's people spur their horses.

Gawein falls upon Frolle, Ban upon Claudas, Bohors upon Pounce and Antony, and Arthur upon Randolf.

The wounded men cry out.

Claudas, Pounce Antony, and Frolle find they have lost ten thousand men.

Frolle is almost mad with wrath.

Gawein rides against Frolle.

---

[1] A hole is burnt through a portion of folios 137 and 138. The missing words have been translated from the French MS. in the British Museum (Addit. MS. 10,292) and are here inserted between brackets. The number of the folio in the French MS. is marked at the first reading from each page.

[2] The French omits all the words from *and yef* down to *halvendell.*

[3] Fr. fol. 154, [4] mo*u*lt de hardis. [5] $^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ hommes. [6] sentraprochent.

geder as faste as theire horse myght renne, and at the me[tynge of the] hostes[1] was Seigramore formeste, and ffrolle that was right wrorth com hym [agein and[2]] he was a moche knyght and of grete force, and Seigramor and he mette with sper[es right?] in mydde the sheldes so rudely that bothe fill to grounde, and theire horse vpon theire bodyes, but a-noon thei were lepte on foote, ffor thei were bothe stronge and light and delyuer, and thei drough swerdes oute of scauberk and couered theire hedes vnder sheldes and eche ran to other and be-gonne be-twene *hem two a bataile right grete and crewell, and yaf be-twene hem soche strokes that sore were thei hurt, and ther ne was nother of hem but he was in grete pereile of deth er he hadde eny socour, ffor bothe were thei goode knyghtes and theire suerdes were soche that no man nede to seche noon better, and thus thei fought a longe tyme er thei were departed. Whan Gawein saugh Siegramor at erthe he rode to the rescowe, bothe he and Vlfin that bare the baner; and on that other side com the meyne of ffrolle to delyuer theire maister. And thei smote to-geder with speres thourgh sheldes and many ther were leide to grounde on bothe sid*es*, ffor the bataile was grete and fell that longe endured; and with grete labour were bothe Segramor and ffrolle sette on horse, and than be-gan a-gein the bataile so grete that it dide but enforce more and more. Ther dide merveillously well the xl knyghtes that with hem were companyed. But after mydday was passed was no man*n*ys doinge like vnto Gawein, ffor he smote a-down man and horse be stroke of spere and suerde; and also dide well sir Ewein the sone of kynge Vrien and Ewein a-voutres, and Ewein white hande, and Galashin the sone of kynge Ventre of Garlot; and Gaheries dide so well that euery man hilde hym the beste knyght after sir Gawein, and also dide well Agrauain and Gueheret and Segramor and alle the other felowes.

Frolle and Seigramor meet together;

both fall to the ground.

They fight with their swords.

*[Fol. 137*b*.]

Gawein and Ulfin ride to the rescue of Seigramor.

Seigramor and Frolle are both set on their horses.

Gawein smites down man and horse.

Gaheries is held to be the best knight after Gawein.

On that othir side faught the kynge Ban full harde with the kynge Claudas and his peple, and ther was stronge bataile and many were ther throwen down to the grounde vpon either

Ban fights hard with Claudas.

---

[1] assambler des os.

[2] fol. 154*b*. li vint al encontre et

side; and happed so that the kynge Ban and Claudas metten in myddell of the renges that were grete and perilouse, and as soone as eche hadde sight of other, thei ronne to-geder with swerdes drawen, and Claudas was a noble knyght and a sure and moche and stronge, but he was euer enviouse a-gein alle tho that were a-bove hym, and he smote the kynge Ban so harde vpon the helme that the [spar]keles[1] of fire fly oute brynnynge bright and astoned hym so sore that he enclyned on h[is horse[2]] nekke; but with grete vigour a-roos the kynge Ban and smote at Claudas to hitte hym [on t]he[3] helme, and he saugh the stroke come and wevyd a-side, and he smote so the horse [nekke p]assinge and kutte[4] a-sonder the chyne, that he fill to grounde; but a-noon he lepe on foote [ryght hastely[5]], but yet er he myght a-rise the kynge Ban yaf hym soche two strokes vpon the he[lme that ne]re he[6] made hym to falle on knees and handes to the erthe, that the blode braste o[ute of his h]ede,[7] but the kynge Claudas was of grete force and hym kepte so that he fill not [but cover]ed his heede[8] with his shelde, and com to the kynge Ban and be-gan be-twene hem [sore ?] stronge bataile that was full crewell and fell and longe enduryngе.

They run together with drawn swords.

Claudas smites Ban,

who rides and smites a Claudas, and kills his horse;

he makes him fall on his knees.

Than be-gan the kynge Claudas to blede sore, and soone hadde the werre be fynysshed for euer more, yef thei two myght eny while lenger have ben to-geder. But his *men hym socoured strongly, whereof he hadde mo than the kynge Ban by the haluendell; and so were the peple of kynge Ban gretly ouer-charged, ffor thei were but x$^{\text{Ml}}$, and thei with the kynge Claudas were yet xviij$^{\text{Ml}}$, and not-with-stondinge thei fought so on bothe parties that the two kynges were remounted, and than be-gan the chaple full dolerouse and crewell and full mortall, but nedes moste the peple of kynge Ban refuse place, and yef he hym-self ne were alle hadde ben discounfited and driven oute of the feilde, but he sustened the bataile so that noon myght hym remeve more than it hadde ben a-dongon, and thus

Claudas bleeds sore,

*[Fol. 138*a*.] but his men succour him.

The two kings are remounted.

he sustains the battle.

---

[1] estincheles. [2] son cheval. [3] p*ar*mi le. [4] col del cheual si le colpe. [5] m*oul*t iustement. [6] que par poi quil. [7] p*ar*mi la bouce et p*ar*mi le nes. [8] si iete lescu sor sa teste.

thei contened longe in this maner till that mydday was passed.

Bohors and Pounce fight.

Pounce is very wrath at the loss of men.

Bohors rides against him boldly;

they meet together.

Pounce breaks his spear on Bohors, who gives him a great wound,

and bears him to the ground.

Pounce's men run to him,

and rescue him.

He is sorrowful.

On that othar side faught the kynge Bohors and Pounce and Antonye at the tentes and pavelou*n*s, so that moche peple were loste of hem that were there lefte, ffor ther thei loste the lyves; and whan Pounce and Antonye saugh the damage so grete that so sodeinly was hem be-fallen he was wonder wroth and sorowfull; and whan he hadde assembled his men by the foreste where as thei dide a-reste, thei repeired toward the tentes where thei made this occision of hem that thei founden, and whan the kynge Bohors saugh hym come he rode a-gein hym full boldely, his shelde aboute his nekke, with a grete growe spere of aissh with a sharp heede of stiell, and whan Pounce saugh hym come he launched in to the felde a-gein hym and smote the horse with the spores a-gein hym in soche haste as he that trowed to haue taried to longe, and mette to-geder with all the myght of bothe horse that thei perced the sheldes, and Pounce brake his spere vpon the kynge Bohors, and the kynge smote hym so rudely that he made the shelde and the arme close to his side and sente the spere heede thourgh shelde and side and made hym a grete wounde so that the reade blode railed oute after, and he shof ther-on so harde that he bar hym to the erthe vp-right, and ther he lay longe astoned that noon wiste wheder he were [deed or] a-lyve,[1] and whan his men saugh hym falle thei hadde grete drede leste he w[ere deed [2]] and ronne to the rescouse bothe gret and small, and the meyne of kynge Bohors com[e hem agens and] hem resceyved[3] at the spere poynte and ther was grete turment and mortall [occision, for on] oon parte were but x^{Ml} and on that other side were xx^{Ml},[4] and Pou[nce and Antonye was rescewed and[5]] sette on horse, and his men founde hym somdell wounded [in the left side, but he had no wound that was like unto his[6]] deth, but he was more sorowfull for that he [had been remeved out of his sadell than he was[1]] for greef of his wounde, ffor neuer be-fore [that tyme had he fought with any] knyght that myght make hym remeve oute of his sadell,[2] and [ther-for he wold right faine be] a-venged of that shame[3] yef he myght come in place, and t[han al sodeynly he droughe[4]] his swerde and rode in a-monge the turnement that longe tyme endured [and at the laste it[5]] fill so that Pounce mette with the kynge Bohors that of hym-self shewde mervelouse dedes of armes, and as soone as he hym *saugh he remembred how he hadde hym vn-horsed and wounded, and a-noon he ran vpon hym with his swerde drawen and smote the kynge vpon the helme that he made hym to enclyne on his sadell bowe be-fore, and whan Pounce wolde have recovered a-nother stroke, the kynge spored his horse in to the stour and than returned the horse hede and com with his swerde in his hande; and also Pounce com a-gein hym that moche hym hated, and thei hewen vpon helmes grete strokes that bothe were astonyed. But theire strokes were not alle I-like, ffor Pounce smote the kynge vpon the helme that he enclyned vpon his horse crowpe, and the kynge redressed hym and yaf hym soche a buffet vpon the lefte temple that the blode braste oute of mouthe and nose, and ther-with he hurteled so harde on hym with strengthe of his horse that Pounce fell to grounde and was so astonyed that he knewe not wheder it were nyght or day, and the kynge rode ouer hym on horse bakke all armed so often, that he was all for brosed and swowned for anguyssh, and the kynge hadde grete talent to a-light for to smyte of his heede, but he hadde hym not a-right at his volunte.

---

[1] mort ou uif. [2] quil ne fust mors. [3] lor uienent al encontre et les rechouie*n*t.

[4] fol. 155. car il fure*n*t dune p*ar*t xx^{M} et daut*re* part x^{M}.

[5] si fu poi*n*ce antoines rescous et.

[6] el coste senestre, mais il nauoit nu plaie q*ue* p*er*illeuse fust a garir.

He rides back,

and meets Bohors.

*[Fol. 138*b*.]

He smites him.

Bohors smites Pounce to the ground and rides over him.

Whan the Romaynes saugh Pounce so diffouled vndir horse feet of hym that nothinge hym loved thei dide presse to the rescowe and smyten thourgh the peple of kynge Bohors all pelly melly, and made hem resorte bakke more than a bowe draught for thei were many mo than were with the Kynge.

The Romans come to the rescue of Pounce.

---

[1] fu cheus q*ue*.

[2] car onq*ues* mais nauoit widiet le archons p*our* le cop dun ch*evalier*.

[3] si vengeroit mo*u*lt uolentiers sa honte.

[4] si traist.

[5] et lors auint.

They remount him.

They are double the number of the people of Bohors.

King Arthur fights against Randolf,

who brings 13,000 men.

Arthur's men desire to fight.

Many are slain.

The French are routed.

Arthur's men come upon the people of Pounce.

Ther was Pounce remounted full egirly; but sore was he diffouled and beten. Than the stour be-gan to renewe, and the peple of kynge Bohors were at grete myschef, for there enmyes were double so many as thei were. But in this man*ere* thei contened till mydday was passed, and on a-nother part the kynge Arthur faught full fiercely agein Randolf the Senescall, and the ffrensshemen, ffor he fonde hem in pavilou*n*s moo than vij^{Ml} that alle were to-hewen and slayn; and whan Randolf saugh the grete losse and the damage, he was full sory, and in grete ire com hym a-geins with xiij^{Ml} men that weren lefte, and thei were bolde and hardy and desirouse to ben a-venged of the deth of her frendes that thei saugh slayn be-fore theire [iyen] and[1] Arthurs men com hem a-geins as tho that were desirouse of the werre, [and then they hadde][2] a goode conditour that sette light by theire enmyes, for hem semed [that they were in nombre eue]n[3] as many for as many, and resceyued hem at the spere poynte [and they lefte there of wounded] and slayn grete plente,[4] ffor ther was many a ga[llant knyght slayn and beheded, the which was gret dole a]nd sorowe[5] to her frendes, ffor ther were the [knyghts of the round table the which dide grete[6]] wondres, for thei bar down man and horse; th[at nothinge myght stond ageyn hem. And they] with the kynge Arthur[7] hem helped so well that he scowred th[e ranks clene whersoever] ther as he com,[8] and thourgh her grete prowesses were the frensh [rowted and dryven owt of] the felde, maugre who that it grucched,[9] that thei neuer stynte till [thei] re[tourn]ed[10] upon the peple of Pounce and Antonye that right sore greved the kynge Bohors.

---

[1] iex si.

[2] et orent. *Aüirent, oirent, Orent,* is the third pers, pl. perfect of *avoir* in the Burgundian dialect of the Langue d'Oïl. Burguy. Gram. i. 247.

[3] car il uirent quil furent p*r*is.

[4] si en laissent m*ou*lt de mors et de naures.

[5] uassal ochis et decopes dont il fu g*ra*nt duel.

[6] Illuec firent m*er*ueilles li ch*eualier* de la table reonde.

[7] et auoec els estoit lirois art*us*.

[8] qui faisoit les rens esclairier par tout lo il aloit.

[9] et fisent tant p*ar* lor proece quil les ont romp*us* et iete de place a fine force ou il uolsisse*n*t ou non.

[10] deuant quil uindrent.

*And whan these com on ther was so grete toile and romour of noyse that wonder it was to heere, and ther-with a-roos so grete a duste, that the cleir sky wax all derk, and Kay hem pursude with the dragon in honde that Merlin hadde take hym to kepe, and hit caste oute of his throte many tymes so grete flames of fiere up in to the heire so horible that alle theire hertes trembled of hem that neuer hadde seyn it be-fore, and seide oon to a-nother that the worlde was nygh at an ende; and, neuertheles, the dragon had grete significacion in hym-self, ffor it be-tokened the kynge Arthur and his power; and the flame of fiere that com oute of the throte be-tokened the grete martire of peple that sholde be in his tyme, and the taile that was so tortuouse be-tokened the grete treson of the peple, be whom he was after be-traied that dide a-rise a-gein hym by mordred his sone that he be-gat on his suster, the wif of kynge loot as ye haue herde rehersed be-fore, ffor whan Arthur after passed ouer see to fight with the Emperour of Rome, and to take the reame of Gannes and of Benoyk for the wratthe of launcelot, that hadde hym lefte for a maltalent that was be-twene hem two for his wif, the quene Gonnere, that he was so moche with a-queynted as the tale shall declare here-after; but of alle these maters we shull cesse at this tyme till that the mater falle ther-to here-after that it shall clerly be expounded.

*[Fol. 139*a*.]

Kay pursues them with the dragon,

which is horrible to see;

the flame from its throat betokens the martyrdom of people, the tail betokens the treason of the people,

as the story will declare hereafter.

Now seith the boke that grete was the bataile be-fore the Castell of Trebes of the peple of Randolf, and the meyne of kynge Arthur. But Randolf*es* men haue for-sake place, and were driven vpon the peple of Pounce and Antonye that full short hilde the kynge Bohors and his men that grete nede hadde of socour; and whan Pounce and Antonye sangh come theym that fledden, he com hem a-geins and cried his ensigne, and returned and ran firste upon the men of kynge Bohors; and whan these saugh hem comynge thei relien and closed hem to-geder, and lete renne at the meyne of Pounce Antonye; and the kynge Bohors was so ouercharged that he was nygh discounfited and dryven oute of the felde. But as Kay com that moche hem counforted, and tho be-gan a stronge stour and mortall, and many were ther

The battle is great before Trebes.

Randolf's men forsake the place.

Pounce runs upon the men of Bohors,

who were nearly discomfited. Kay succours them.

deed on bothe sides; and than thei hilde hem somwhat *per*ingall; and also on that other side faught sir Gawein and ffrolle of Almayne that he made hem resorte vpon the kynge Claudas that faught a-gein the kynge Ban of Benoyk, that was at grete myschef; and whan these foure batailes were come to-geder that oon sustened longe that other, and grete was the martire and the noise of strokes of suerdes and gleives vpon helmes. But ther dide Gawein wondirfull dedis with his handes, ffor neuer had eny man seyn be-fore oo man a-lone do soche merveiles as he dide that day; and the storie seith that it was passed myd-day, and it fill that Gawein mette with the kynge Claudas that faught with the kynge Ban, he and a hundred with hym, and the kynge Ban hadde* no moo with hym but xix, and ther-fore was he at grete myschef; and whan Gawein com he made alle the renges to tremble and fremyssh; and whan he saugh the kynge Ban in soche distresse he rode in a-monge hem, with his suerde in hande, that was of grete bounte; and it happed that he mette firste with Claudas that sore hym peyned to greve the kynge Ban and his peple, and Sir Gawein lifte vp his swerde for to smyte the king Claudas vpon the helme, and he hym couered with his shelde; and Gawein hym smote so harde that he made it to fle in two parties, and the suerde descended upon the hynder arson of his sadell and slitte the horse a-sonder, that bothe fill to grounde, the horse and his maister; and so he rode forth and no lenger hym a-bode for that he knewe hym not, and mette so with Mysteres, that was a knyght of Claudas, and he smote hym on the shulder that he slitte hy[m] to the breste; and than he smote Antorilas that the heed fill in to the felde; and after he leide oute grete strokes on euery side, so harde that xx of hem hath he slayn be-fore the feet of kynge Claudas, and so he hym stired that noon durst hym a-bide a stroke.

Gawein does wonderful deeds.

He meets King Claudas,

*[Fol. 139*b*.]

and smites him

to the ground.

He meets Mysteres and smites him and Antorilas.

Whan the kynge Ban saugh the socour that god hadde hym sente, and he saugh the merveile of the yonge knyght; he thonked and worshiped oure lorde, and than he com to hym and seide, "Gawein, swete frende, ye be welcome at this grete nede, ffor, so helpe me god, the kynge Arthur hath well be-sette

Ban thanks God for the succour, and comes to Gawein, the lordship that he hath yow yoven to lede and gouerne his peple, ffor to a better than to yow myght he not haue yoven in all this worlde to olde ne yonge; and I praye yow that ye wolde graunte me youre companye this day fro hens-forth." "Sir," quod Gawein debonerly, "I graunte it yow with gode herte, and I thanke yow of youre requeste. But me be-houeth to seche my brethern and my cosins, for I wote not where thei be by-come and ther-fore displese yow nothinge, for as soone as I haue hem founde, I shall to yow a-gein repaire." "Sir," seide the kynge Ban, "I will gladly go with yow and peyne me to ben a-venged of myn enmy that ye dide vn-horse; and than were the werre at an ende yef he myght be deed or taken." Than seide Gawein "whiche is he." "Lo," quod the kynge Ban, "yende is he in the blake armes flortee of siluer, and hath that shelde de-parted of vert and gowles, and ther-ynne a rampaunt lion of siluer, and he is now remounted while we haue thus spoken." "Sir," seide Gawein, "yet may we well come to poynte this same day yef god will." "Now lete vs yeve hem oon assaute, ffor lo me here all redy, for I desire nothinge more than to do hym damage," quod the kynge Ban, "ffor by hym haue I all my harme that I haue, and that we alle be with I-greved." "What is he?" said Gawein. "Hit is Claudas de la desert," seide the kynge Ban, "that this day so sore hath me greved." "How," seide Gawein, "is this he that maketh alle these peple here assemble." "Ye, sir, with-oute faile," quod the kynge Ban; with that thei spored *theire horse that wey that thei saugh Claudas; and as soone as he saugh hem comynge, he com a-gein hem boldely, and be-gan the bateile stronge and crewell, and the kynge Ban, and Gawein, and the xx knyghtes a-gein the kynge Claudas, that hadde mo than an hundred; but thei were discounfited and chaced oute of the place thourgh the prowesse of the two noble men; and whan the kynge Claudas saugh the damage turne vpon hym, he rode in to the medle, where he saw thikkest, for sore he douted to mete with hem that manaced hym of nothinge but to smyten of his hede; and whan Gawein and the kynge Ban saugh hym

and prays him to give him his company.

Gawein wishes to seek his brethren and cousins.

Ban will go with him, and be avenged of his enemy.

Gawein wishes to assault him;

he asks who he is. Ban says it is Claudas;

*[Fol. 140a.

the battle begins.

Claudas rides into the thickest of the fight.

Gawein and Ban follow him.

Gawein sees Agravain, Gueheret, and Galashin.

Segramor, Gaheries, and the forty fellows.

Gawein goes to the succour of his brethren and friends.

Agravain and Gueheret are down;

they leap up

go, thei preked after, and he rode here and there thourgh the bateile, and thei after, that for nothinge wolde hym haue lefte, saf for oon a-uenture that thei founde in the bataile he ne hadd neuer ascaped while that Sir Gawein and the kyne Ban entended to the bataile, and to Claudas that thei enchaced. Gawein saugh Agrauain his brother ly on the grounde, and his horse vpon him; and Gueheret was on foote, with his swerde in honde; and also he saugh Galashin, his cosin, that ffrolle the Duke of Almayne helde be the nasell of his helme, and hadde in his companye moo than two thousande men that dide hym helpe, and longe tyme past thei sholde hym haue slayn ne hadde be Segramor of Costantynnoble, and Gaheries and sir Ewein the sone of kynge Vrien, and Ewein avoutres, and Ewein de lionell, and Ewein white hande, and Ewein Esclains, and Dodinell the sauage, and kay destranx and kehedin the litill, and the xl felowes that were in Carmelide with the kynge Arthur; these sustened all the bataile a-gein the two thousande that thei myght not take the thre knyghtes that weren down on foote, and often thei hem be-raften by fyn force; but now thei ben moche at the werse for thei ben wery and mate for trauaile; and whan Gawein saugh the myschef and the pereile of his brethern and his frendes, he seide to the kynge Ban that he be not displesed, for I se yonder my brother that I moste go for to socour and to helpe, for I owe not hym to faile for no drede of deth; and than he shewde to hym theym that were at grete myschef; and than seide the kynge Ban, "Sir, ride forth, for this may not be taried;" and tho thei rode as faste as the horse myght hem bere that thei made the renges to sparble a-brode, and smyten so tweyne the firste that thei mette, that thei were deed with-oute respite; and than thei com ther as Agrauain and Gueheret weren down, and slough hem faste that thei myght a-reche with a full stroke so that noon durste hem a-bide, but made hem place the moste hardy and the moste vigerous, ffor soone were thei knowen for worthy men and gode knyghtes. Whan Agrauain and Gueheret saugh the socour thei lept vp lightly, and eche of hem hente and horse, and a shelde aboute her nekke, for I-nowe thei fonde a-boute hem; and whan thei were vp on horse-bak thei be-gonne a stronge stour, but Galashin was not all at his ese, ffor he was yet a-monge the horse feet, and that for thought sore to Gawein; and he hente a stronge spere and rode thider as Galashin* was at soche myschef, and smote in to the presse so harde that he caste down vij er he myght come ther as he was, and than he lowed his spere and smote ffrolle so harde thourgh the shelde that the spere hede stynte at the hauberke of maile. But he shof ther on so harde that he bar hym to the erthe vp-right so rudely that sore he was hurt in the fallinge; and than he hente the horse by the reynes, and anoon made Galashin lepe ther-on, that ther-to hadde grete myster and hadde gode corage, and gode will to be a-venged of his damage yef he myght come in place; and so he dide withynne short tyme after; ffor as soone as he was vpon horse he smote in to the stour amonge his enmyes, wher he saugh the Duke ffrolle a-gein sette on horse a-monge his knyghtes and his men; and he ouer-threwe hym a-gein a-monge her hande dispitously, and rode ouer hym on horsebak vj or vij tymes er he myght haue eny socour of his men; and at eche tyme that he didde releve, he smote hym with his swerde to grounde that his men wende wele that he hadde be deed.

when they see the succour.

Galashin is among the horse's feet.

*[Fol. 140b.]

Gawein smites down seven men;

he bears down Frolle,

and makes Galashin leap on his horse.

Galashin overthrows Frolle, who had been set on his horse again by his knights.

In this manere dide Galashin ouer-throwe the Duke ffrolle and hym diffouled er than his men myght come to voide hym oute of the place were thei neuer so woth for his anoye or his damage; all that Galashin dide to Duke ffrolle, Gawein shewde to the kynge Ban, and seide, "Sir, se Galashin, my cosin, how vigerously he hym conteneth, and boldly a-gein his enmyes." "Certes," seide the kynge, "who, that hath this Galashin in his companye may a-vaunte hym-self that he hath oon of the beste knyghtes of the worlde." At this worde that the kynge Ban spake, saugh thei alle the bateiles remeve; and that oo peple smyte thourgh the tother all pelley melley full desirouse eche other to a-paire and to damage with all her power, ffor the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and

Gawein shows Ban what his cousin had done.

Ban says Galashin is one of the best knights in the world.

Ban, Bohors,

and Arthur drive the people of Pounce and Claudas upon those of Frolle.

the kynge Arthur, and the knyghtes of the rounde table haue so do in the bataile that be fin force thei made the peple of Pounce Antonye, and Claudas men to resorte vpon the meyne of the kynge of Gaule and vpon ffrolle of Almayne, and these hem receyved well as noble men and gode knyghtes that weren full bolde and hardy and coraiouse in armes. Ther was grete entassement of men and of horse vpon hepes; and grete and huge was the duste that a-roos, that troubled sore theire sightes, and whan the foure wardes were to-geder assembled, as ye haue herde, ther was so grete foison of men and horse that wonder it was to haue seyn; and than thei closed hem to-geder straite eche to other. But sore were the peple of Claudas, a-baisshed of the perilouse metinges that thei hadde sein; and whan that the kynge Arthur saugh that these were so ascaped and medled a-monge the tother, he pressed after hem full vigerously; and than ther was grete bataile and stronge fight, ffor ther hadde the coward avauntour no nede to sitte by the chymnyes and a-vaunte that thei hadde nother herte ne hardynesse to be-holde hem and the prowesses of tho that hadde lefte londe and rentes to seche and conquere pris and worthinesse. *But lete vs speke of the two queenes that ben in the Castell of Trebes.

The four wards assembled together.

The people of Claudas are abashed.

Arthur presses after them.

*[Fol. 141a.]

The prowess of Arthur.

Full grete prowesse dide Arthur and his companye of the rounde table; and the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors were nothinge at soiour, ne sir Gawein and his felowes, but dide soche occision of peple that alle the felde were couered of deed peple and wounded; and ther was so grete noyse, and so grete cry, that foure myle oon myght here the sound of hornes and trumpes; and whan thei of Trebes herde the cry and the shoute of peple, thei merveiled sore what it myght be, and wente vpon the walles for to se the merveiles; and the tidinges ther-of com to the two queenes that thei also become to the walles of the tower and be-helden oute of the wyndowes on high down in to the meedes and saugh the gretteste nombre of peple that euer thei hadde seyn; and sye the dragon that Kay bare, that caste thourgh his mouthe so grete flames of

The field is covered with dead.

The people of Trebes wonder at the shout.

The two queens come on the walls;

they see the dragon,

fire that all the heire that was so thikke of duste wax all reade ther as the dragon wente; and whan the ladyes and the peple of the town saugh that baner that neuer thei hadde seyen beforn; thei hem blesseden for the wonder that thei hadden, and than thei dide enquere, and asked what peple thei were, and to whom that baner be-longed, and whan the messager com to the bataile he mette with a knyght of the reame of logres that dide of his helme for to take a-newe, for his was all to rente, and the knyghtes name was Bretell; and the squyer com to hym and hym salude, and Bretell him ansuerde a-gein full debonerly. "Sir," seide the squyer, "I praye yow entirely that ye will telle me what peple ye be, that fight so with the peple of this hoste, yef it yow not displese for to telle;" "ffeire frende," seide Bretell, "now maist thow sey to hem ther with-ynne the Castell that yow haue hider sente. That is the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors of Gannes that haue brought the kynge Arthur of the grete Breteigne for to rescewe their londes and theire contreyes from theire enmyes, that with wronge and synne be entred; but now is come the terme that thei shull be quyte of her merite, yef god kepe the force and the power of kynge Arthur, and lo ther is his baner with the dragon that the stiwarde bereth;" and whan the squyer vnderstode this, he comaunded hym to god, and thanked hym of that he hadde hym seide, and returned glad and myry for the tidinges that he hadde herde, and thought longe till he hadde it tolde the two queenes that were sustres, and rode as faste as the horse myght hym bere, till he com to the castell; but for no askinge that eny man cowde hym demaunde wolde he nothinge telle, saf that he seide who that will ought wite, lete hym come to the paleyse, and thus he passed forth; and whan the ladies saugh hym come, thei com agains hym for the grete plente of peple that thei saugh him folowinge, and whan he com be-fore the ladies, he tolde hem the tidinges so lowde, that alle that hym suwed myght it well vndirstonde, and hem tolde like as Bretell hadde hym *seide; and whan the ladies herde these tidinges, and thei that were with-ynne the place wiste it was

and wonder at it;

they send a messenger, who meets Bretell.

Bretell tells him who have come to assist them.

The messenger returns glad;

he will tell nothing till he comes to the palace;

he tells the tidings to the ladies so loud that all may hear;

*[Fol. 141b.]

the ladies are full of joy, and go to the walls to see the battle;

they see four banners come out of the forest of Brioke;

they are full glad.

Ban shows them to Gawein,

and says that their enemies will soon be put back.

the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors that hadden brought the kynge Arthur, theire lorde; thei were full of ioye and yeden vp to the walles for to se the grettest bataile that euer thei hadde seyn be-forn, and thei foughten longe that thei weren wery for *tra*ueile bothe oon a[nd] other. But thei of the Castell hadde but litill while be-holden the bateile, whan thei saugh come oute of the foreste of brioke foure baners that com full softe oon after another the space of a bowe draught, and whan the baners approched ner, thei knewe the baner of Antyaume the senescall of Benoyk; and the seconde, Grascien of Trebes; and the thridde, Pharien; and the fourthe, Leonce of Paerne; and whan thei of the Castell saugh hem thei weren full gladde, and fayn wolde haue issed oute yef thei myght haue hadde licence; ffor ther-ynne were gode knyghtes and worthi men; but it was hem deffended as dere as thei loved theire lyves, and Antyaume approched faste; and the kynge Ban be-helde and saugh comynge these batailes, and knewe hem well, and shewde hem to sir Gawein. "Sir," quod he, "nowe in shorte tyme shull oure enmyes be put bakke, and fayn to take flight for I se ther my baners that brynge vs riche socour, and thei be moche to alowe;" "and where ben thei?" seide Gawein. "Sir," seide the kynge Ban, "lo hem yonder," and shewde hym with his swerde, and whan that hem saugh he knewe well ther was gret strength of peple.

Gawein desires to withdraw and seek his friends,

that the Romans may say they did not meet with cowards;

Than seide Gawein, "sir, now lete vs with-drawe a litill a-bakke, and seche out oure frendes and felowes, till that we haue hem founden, and assembled; ffor it may not faile but that ther shall be grete diffoulinge of oure enmyes whan we be alle to-geder; and lete vs be all be-forn ther as ye suppose, whiche wey thei will turne, and wite ye why I sey it; ffor whan thei com ther as we be enbusshed that than thei may be sore chastised, that whan the Romanys come in to theire contre that thei may say and recorde that thei haue nother mette with ribaudes ne cowardes; and a-nother tyme to be well ware for to entre in to oure londes, and in to the fees of kynge Arthur, of grete Breteyne, and lete hem well wite that in the fin thei shull it not reioyse." "Sir," seide the kynge, "I will it be at youre volunte," and with that thei departed and drowgh a-side oute of the bataile, and the knyghtes of the rounde table alther firste, and the kynge Arthur, and the kynge Bohors, and after the xl knyghtes that were sowdiours in Carmelide; and after the xvj newe knyghtes, and whan thei were assembled, thei were thre hundred knyghtes that weren full noble, and worthi men, ffor thei were the flour of the hoste, and in the while that thei were thus disseuered, so be hem-self Antyaume, the senescall, smote in to the bataile with as grete randon as horse myght renne, and ther was many a spere spent, and many a sore stroke of suerdes. *Ther was the signe cried lowde of the kynge Ban, and of the kynge Bohors of Gannes, and ther was many leide deed to the grounde of men and of horse, whan that Grascien com so harde vpon hem that thei moste nede forsake place and spredde a-brode in the felde, and than be-gan the bataile so fell mortall that many a fre modres childe lay stiked, and slayn that litill hadde it deserued, where-of holy cherche was lessed full sore of xx^{ti} thousande peple that ther was slain of oon, and other and all that was for the vntrouthe of the kynge Claudas, that after er he dyed he hadde euell myschef; ffor he starf in grete age disherited as the story witnesseth; that Bohors toke so grete vengaunce after that Launcelot hadde the reame of Logres in hande, after the deth of kynge Ban, and the deth of kynge Arthur; ffor he toke the heed all white hoor in the foreste of Darmauntes, where he mette hym in gise of a palmer; ffor he was departed oute of the reame with-oute knowinge of eny man with thre knyves wher-with he wolde haue morthered in treson, Bohors, and Lyonell, his brother, that were so noble and hardy, as the tale shall shewe yow heere-after; and ye shull here how thei were kept and norisshed by Nymyane, the lady de lak that Launcelot brought vp tenderly till he was a knyght. But now of these maters cesseth at this tyme, and repeire to speke of the bateile, how the hostes fighten in the playn felde be-fore the castell of Trebes.

they draw aside.

Antyaume smites into the battle;

*[Fol. 142*a*.]

many men and horses are laid dead.

The end of Claudas,

and how Bohors takes vengeance on him after the death of Ban and Arthur,

as the tale will show hereafter.

Full grete was the bataile and the stour mortall, where as these wardes of Benoyk were entred, and medled with theire enmyes a-gein the peple of ffrolle, Duke of Almayne, and agein the peple of Pounce Antonye, that alle were entermedled *with* the peple of Arthur, that foughten full harde on that oo part and the tother; but whan thei were spradde a-brode in the felde oon cowde not well sey who hadde the better, ffor[1] thei on Claudas side were yet xxxv^{Ml} of fightinge men, and thei on kynge Arthurs side were xxviij^{Ml}, and so thei helde hem som-what peringall; ffor the thre hundred knyghtes were drawen oute on a part, and a-mended theire helmes, and refresshed theire bodyes, and as soone as thei were departed the peple of Claudas recouered, and drof hem bakke of the reame of Logres more than thre bowe shote fro the castell, and of fin force made hem forsake place, and the tentes and paviLou*n*s that thei hadden take, and sesed; but in short tyme after the dedes wente all other wise, while that the Romayns, and the Almaynes, and the peple of Gaule, and of la desert peyned hem to discounfite[2] theym of the reame of logres and of litill Bretayne, that moche hadde I-hadde the worse, and all day be-fore hadde the better. Thei merveiled sore where theire prowesse wer*e* be-come; but thei were not ther that hadde don the merveiles in armes all the day *be-fore, and therfore were thei gretly discounforted; ffor thei knewe of hem no tidinges, and eche man hy[m] peyned sore to diffende his body, for well thei wende that thei hadde be deed that were wonte in euery nede hem to recouer, and while thei were in this turment Com Pharien of Gannes, with v^{Ml} men of armes, and whan Claudas saugh hem come, he knewe hem wele be the baner that ofte hadde hym greved in many dedes. Than he seuered a part of his peple, and seide to Pounce Antonye and to ffrolle that thei sholde haue mynde to do well, and breke her enmyes; "and I shall go a-geins hem that I se newe comen, and yef I may do so moche that I may putte hem to flight, we shall delyuer vs wele of the surpluys; and I do yow to wite that it is the

The wards of Benoyk enter.

The 300 knights refresh themselves.

The people of Claudas recover;

but the Romans, the Almaynes, and the people of Gaule are discomfited.

*[Fol. 142b].

Pharien comes with 5,000 men.

Claudas tells Pounce and Frolle that he will go against the new comers;

---

[1] The word "ffor" is repeated in the MS.

[2] The word "the" is inserted in the MS.

man that moste in this worlde hath me greved that hem doth gyde, and yef it myght so be that he were take or slayn, thei hadde loste oon of her beste membres." With that departed the kynge Claudas with x^{Ml} men of armes, and rode agein Pharien with her sheldes be-fore her brestes, with speres in fewtre and helmes enclyned; and Pharien com ageins hem boldely as he that was vigerouse, and of grete herte, and a wise werreour, and also a trewe knyght and moche of stature; and whan thei approched nygh thei lete renne to-geder as faste as horse myght hem beren, and at that metynge were many throwe to the grounde that neuer roos after; but at grete myschef were the peple of pharien; ffor Claudas hadde x^{Ml}, and he hadde but v^{Ml}; but yet ther was stronge bataile, and sore fightinge; ffor Phariens men were newe comen, and Claudas men were somewhat trauayled, so that thei loste more than dide Pharie*n*, and yef thei hadde not be so many thei hadden alle be slain or discounfited; but in the ende Pharien be-houed to drawe bakke towarde the foreste fro whens he was comen, and whan Claudas saugh hem goinge he wende well all hadde ben venquysed, and kepte hem so short that thei hadde no power to recouer; and that made Pharien so wo that ner he yede oute of witte, and he cried, Gannes ofte, and many tymes the signe of kynge Bohors; but it a-vayled nought, but the preised knyghtes wente gentilma*n*ly, of whom he hadde plente; ffor thei a-bode with Pharien be-hynde hem that fledden, and yaf many grete strokes that oon for the tother, but in the fin were thei euell ledde, till that leonce the lorde of Paerne hem socoured right vigerousely; and Claudas and his men were so anguysshous vpon hem that thei desired for to discounfite, that er thei wiste Leonce smote in a-monge hem so harde that mo than a thousande he threwe to grounde, that fewe of hem a-roos after, for many of hem were deth wounded, and than thei that fledde recouered a-gein vigerously, as thei hadde not smyten no stroke of all the day. Ther was the bataile crewell and mortall on bothe sides, and on that othir side full harde foughten the peple of the reame of logres a-gein the thre princes, and grete slaughter ther

he rides against Pharien with 10,000 men. Pharien comes to him.

There is sore fighting.

Claudas loses more men than Pharien,

but Pharien is obliged to draw back to the forest.

He cries out.

Leonce succours him,

and throws down a thousand of the men of Claudas.

The people of Logres

fight hard against the three princes.

*[Fol. 143a.]

was on bothe parties; but sore were thei of the reame of logres discounfited, whan thei saugh not hem that sholde hem gouerne, and gyde, and yef ther hadde not ben *many goode and worthy men alle hadde thei be discounfited, and driven oute of the felde; and Merlin that all this knewe wiste that thei were thus entirprised, he com thider as the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and sir Gawein and his felowes were enbusshed, and to hem he seide, "What, sirs, be ye come in to this countre to be-holde the turmentis, and the prowesses of the knyghtes of this cuntrey. Now trewly ye be worthy to haue grete blame for youre peple haue moche losse hadde seth ye wente from the bataile, and sore thei ben affraide that thei may not yow seen ne here of no tidinges, and for goddes love loke youre soiour be so dere to hem yolden that thei that ascape from youre handes may sey that thei of the reame of logres be nother knaues ne harlottes, but worthi men and goode knyghtes; and ye, sir," quod he to kynge Arthur and to kynge Bohors, "is this the werre and the helpe, that ye do to youre frendes that haue putte hem-self in a-uenture of deth for youre sake in many a nede, as ye well knowe ther as alle other haue yow failed, and ye be come hider to hide yow for cowardise; and wite it well it shall be to yow grete reprof of moche peple, and of yowre love more than eny other, that is, of Gonnore, the doughter of kynge Leodogon of Carmelide, whan she knoweth how ye haue spedde."

Merlin comes to Ban, Bohors, and Gawein, who were in ambush, and reproves them;

he tells Arthur and Bohors that they have come to hide their cowardice.

He bows down his head for shame.

Whan the kynge vndirstode the worde of Merlin, he bowed down the heed for shame; but he spakke no worde er he hadde yoven a grete sigh, and he hadde grete drede lest Merlin were toward hym wroth. After that, Merlin yede to Gawein, and his felowes, and seide, "Sirs, where be now the grete prowesses that ye were wonte to atise oon to another er ye were knyghtes, and than afterwarde ye seiden ye wolde come turney with youre enmyes, and se how thei cowde bere armes; and now ye seyn hem goode knyghtes and sure, and for the drede that ye haue of hem be ye come hider yow to hiden, and ye ne haue nother herte ne hardynesse

Merlin reproves Gawein and his fellows,

hem to a-bide." And than he seide to kynge Ban and his brother, "And ye lordynges what be ye come to seche in this contrey that sholde be wise and goode knyghtes and hardy; and well ye haue it proved that men knewe well I-nough longe tyme past, but whi haue ye trowed these cowardes that ben here that haue made yow here to hiden, whan ye sholde delyuer hem that for yow ben in a-venture of deth, for to helpe delyuer youre londe of youre enmyes; ffor thei may well sey whan thei come in to her contrey, that thei haue be in sory seruise whan ye haue hem lefte in her moste nede that thei hadde of yowe." "Trewly, sir," seide the kynge Ban, "we ne did it but for good." Quod Merlin, "How-so-euer ye do, euell haue ye wrought, and therfore loke that the damage that thei yow haue don be right, dere I solde that thei that yow ascape haue no cause for to a-vaunten." "Certes, sir," seide Gawein, "as for me, I knowe well I haue don right euell, not for than I shall lete hem well wite that I am not hidde, yef in me be so moche valoure, though I sholde be deed or all to hewen, and er I departe that shall thei knowe bothe the more and the lesse. Ne neuer cowardise that I shall do shall neuer the kynge Arthur, myn oncle, be repreved, *yef god will while that I lyve, and therfore my frendes and my felowes and my bretheren, yef ye will be putte oute of blame seweth me; ffor soone shall be shewed that for cowardise I am neyther rested ne hidde."

and then censures Ban and his brother.

Ban says they hid to do good.

Gawein acknowledges he has done evil,

*[Fol. 143*b*.]

and asks his friends to follow him.

Than gan Merlin to laugh, and rode to Kay, the stiwarde, and hente the dragon oute of his hande, and seide he was not worthy to bere it; ffor the baner of a kynge sholde not ben hidde, and namly in bataile, but to be born in the formest fronte; and than Merlin rode, forth and cried with lowde voyse, "Now lete se who shall me sewen, ffor soone shall be shewed who is a knyght." And whan the kynge Ban saugh hym go, he seide to kynge Bohors, his brother, that Merlin hath be a full noble man, and thus seide many of hem, and with-oute faile he was full of merveilouse prowesse and strengthe of body, and grete, and longe of stature; but broun he

Merlin laughs and rides to Kay; he takes the banner out of his hand.

The strength and prowess of Merlin;

was, and lene, and rough of heer, more than a-nother man; but he was full well furnysshed of body and of membres, and a grete gentilman on his moder be-halue; but of hys fader I sey yow no more, for I-nough ye haue herde; but we finde not that euer he leyde honde on eny man for to do harme; but ofte whan he was in prees of peple, and bar the baner, with the breste of his horse he bar down, bothe men and horse. Whan Merlin hadde take the dragon out of Kayes hande he rode formeste vpon a blakke horse that was stronge and swyfte, and whan he approched nygh the bateile he drof in a-monge hem so harde, that alle thei fremysshed and brunt ther as Pounce Antony faught, that sore hym peyned for to discounfite hem of Logres, and well he wende that alle the beste knyghtes hadde be slain, and therfore were thei full of hevynesse in the castell of Tebres, and ronne to armes moo than xxvii squyers, and issed oute alle on horsbakke, and Banyns hem ledde that was godsone to kynge Ban, and sone to Grascien of Trebes, and he was yet but xx^{ti} yere of age, and was of grete hardynesse, and a-noon smyten in to the bataile and dide right well as of squyers for knyghtes were ther noon, and yef that thei hadde not come so soone the other were euen at discounfiture.

he never laid hands on any man to do harm;

he rides on a black horse into the battle.

Twenty-eight squires come out of Trebes, led by Banyns.

Than com Merlin and his companye, that were mo than a thousande, what oon and other, and he bar the dragon in his hande that yaf thourgh his throte so grete braundon of fier that the eir that was blakke of the duste and powder be com all reade; and thei that neuer hadde it sein be-fore seide it shewde well that oure lorde was wroth with hem whan he made soche a signe to a-pere, and than gan the chaunce to chau*n*ge fro hem that hadde the better; ffor as soone as thei were comen, thei dide soche maistries of armes, that alle were a-basshed that weren hem a-geins, ffor ther dide the kynge Arthur wondres, for he caste his shelde at his bakke, and hilde his swerde in bothe hondes that was of grete bounte, and slough so many that noon myght a-gein hym endure; and the boke seith *that he slough mo than two hundred, where-of was grete harme to cristin that ther were so many deed, and all that

Merlin's company is more than a thousand. The dragon vomits fire.

Arthur slays more than two hundred.

*[Fol. 144*a*.]

was for the reprof that Merlin hym yaf, and he hilde the reyne of his bridill in his lefte arme, and lete hym go ther as he wolde, and also the kynge Ban and the Bohors dide merveiles; ffor sore thei hem peyned to be a-venged of her enmyes, and were goode knyghtes and hardy, and euer hadde be a-bove alle the knyghtes that hadde I-ben in theire tyme.

Ban and Bohors do marvels.

Now seith the booke that the kynge Arthur was so depe paste in to the bateile, that they wiste not where he was be-come, and so was the kynge Ban and his brother, and whan the knyghtes of the rounde table it wisten thei gan make soche a disray a-monge hem that noon a-bode other, and so dide the xl knyghtes that ye haue herde rehersed, and the xvij yonge knyghtes, and be-gonne so sharpe medle, eche for other, that noon wiste which wey that thei turned, and ofte eche of hem loste other that day, and many tymes thei metten agein; at that returne dide Segramor wondres a-monge his enmyes, for the storye seith that he was oon of the beste knyghtes of the hoste; and so dide Galashin that often was he shewed, and mustred with the fynger on bothe sides, and so dide Ewein that no man nede sech a beter knyght, and the thre brethern of Gawein that all day helde to-geder that for nothinge wolde departe, and wonderly well were thei preised; and on that other side foughten the knyghtes of the rounde table that noon myght haue don better, and Adragain and Nascien and Hervy de revill made the renges to tremble ther as thei wente and com; but ouer alle other dide sir Gawein well that was so depe in a-monge his enmyes that noon cowde sey where he was seth he from hem departed; and thei sought hym sore vp and down on euery side, and Gawein serched so the renges that he mette Randolf the Senescall of Gaule, that a-noon he ran vpon hym, for he was a goode knyght and hardy, and Gawein hym smote in entirpassinge thourgh the helme to the sculle, and the horse bar hym forth and the suerde descended on the horse chyne, and kutte it a-sonder, that bothe fill on oon hepe; and than happed he mette Dodinell the sauage, and Kehedin the litill, in his wey that were smyten down of

Arthur, Ban, and Bohors go deep into the battle.

Segramor does wonders;

so does Galashin and Ewein, and three brethren of Gawein,—

Adragain, Nascien, and Hervy de Revill; Gawein is above all;

he meets Randolf,

and smites him to the skull;

he meets Dodinell, Kehedin, and Pounce.

her horse, and Pounce Antony kepte hem right short, and whan Gawein saugh hem at soche myschef he turned that wey, and made soche stightlynge a-monge hem that alle dide resorte bakke wheder thei wolde or noon, and these lept lightly to theire horse, ffor thei fonde I-nowe in the place, and than thei helde hem a-boute Gawein as longe as thei myght; but soone thei haue hym loste that thei ne wiste where he was be-come.

The knights of the Round table do great deeds as they seek Arthur,

Grete was the stour and harde bataile be-fore the castell of Trebes, for the knyghtes of the rounde table dide maistres as thei yede sechinge the kynge Arthur thourgh the bateile, but thei cowde hym not fynde for he was so fer from hem meddelinge with *ffrolle and Pounce Antony, that hadde in her companye vij^c knyghtes of the beste of her hoste, and ther the kynge Arthur hadde with hem sharp*e* medle; but noon ne durste abide his strokes, and yet he was with-outen shelde, and he griped his suerde in bothe hondes, and whom that he raught a full stroke was so harde smyten that noon armure was his warante fro deth, and whan Pounce Antony and ffrolle hym sien, a-noon thei ronne vpon hym, and he faught with hem full harde, and many he slough and maymed a-boute hy*m*, and than fill that Gawein com that way with suerde in honde, and thei than fledde on euery side, for his strokes durste not thei abide were thei neuer so hardy, and whan he saugh Arthur, his oncle, that faught with Pounce and ffrolle, and with hem xx knyghtes, and ffrolle hadde hy*m* smyten with a spere be-twene the shuldres that he made hym to enclyne on his horse nekke, and yef the spere hadde holden he hadde fallen to grounde; and whan Gawein saugh the stroke that he hadde yoven his vncle he was ny wode for ire, than he putte vp his suerde and spronge in a-monge the Almaynes, and raced a spere from a knyghtes hondes so felly that he fill to grounde, and ther-with rode to ffrolle, and whan he saugh hym come he glenched for the stroke and girde in to the thikkest presse, and Gawein hym chaced that lightly wolde not hym leve; but ffrolles knyghtes smote be-twene hem two, but Gawein hym smot so rudely thourgh the shelde and the

who is fighting with Frolle and Pounce. *[Fol. 144*b*.]

Gawein comes with his sword in his hand.

Frolle smites Arthur.

Gawein is angry,

and snatches a spear from a man's hand,

and smites Frolle,

hauberke a-gein the lifte shulder that the heed and the shafte shewed on that other side, and he swowned for peyne that he felte, and his men assembled a-boute hym, and grete doell made, for well thei wende he were deed delyuered.

so that he swoons.

Whan ffrolle was vp of swownynge he made the tronchon to be pulde oute, and to bynde his wounde that sore bledde, and lept on his horse as well as he myght for sore it hym greved, and as soone as Gawein saugh hym falle he returned to his vncle that full harde faught with Pounce Antony, and with the peple of Randolf, that was remounted; and Randolf peyned to a-venge the stroke that he hadde of Gawein. Ther-with com Gawein in a-monge hem, and smote a-boute hym on bothe sides, that he hath delyuered his vncle and dide soche maistres that noon durste his strokes a-bide, ne holde place a-gein hem two; than fill that Gawein mette Pounce Antony, and hym soche a stroke on the sholder that the swerde kutte the boon, and in the ffallinge he hurte hym sore, and than he smote Randolf thourgh the helme in to the flesshe that he fill to grounde all blody, that alle men wende he hadde ben deed; and than the batailes ruseden and were driven vpon the bataile of kynge Claudas that faught with leonce of Paerne and Pharien, and whan alle these baners and alle these bateiles were assembled, thei smyte thourgh the bateile of Arthur alle entermedled; and ther than was grete harme on bothe sides, ffor thei that fledden stynted at the bataile of Claudas, and whan Arthur saugh hem thus go he cleped Gawein, and seide, "feire nevew, holde yow a-boute me, *ffor me semeth that thei be goynge, and therfore kepe yow with me." "Sir," seide Gawein, "thei haue right to go, for the abidinge here for hem is not goode. But lete vs go faste after and helpe thei were discounfited." "In all haste than," seide the kynge; and while thei helde this talkynge, the Ban and the kynge Bohors com on with swerdes naked in her handes, all blody, and chaced and slough all that thei myght a-reche before hem; and of this happed well to Randolf and to Pounce, that thei were horsed a-gein er the chace was be-gonne; and

Frolle's wound is bound up and he leaps on his horse.

Gawein returns to his uncle;

he smites on both sides of him;

he fells Pounce Antony

and Randolf.

Claudas fights with Leonce and Pharien.

Arthur tells Gawein to stay with him.

*[Fol. 145a.]

Ban and Bohors come with their sword in their hands.

The four are joyful at their meeting; they meet Nascien, Adragain, and Hervy.

whan these foure frendes were mette thei made grete ioye, and than be-gan the chace after the other that fledden, and hem fill than a-uenture that thei mette thre of her felowes of the rounde table that well hadde don all the day, and that oon was Nascien, and that other Adragain, and the thridde hervy de Rivell, and than were thei vij full noble knyghtes and hardy; and it was past noone, and the sonne was high and hoot whan the chace be-gan, and kay fonde the kynges shelde on the grounde liggynge, and he it saugh he hadde grete drede that the kynge were deed, and made a squyer take the shelde, and badde hym folowe after hym, for he wolde loke yef he cowde finde kynge Arthur.

Kay finds the king's shield and fears he is dead;

he follows the chase till he comes to the battle of Claudas.

And euer he folowed the chace a-monge other that stynte, neuer till thei come vpon the bateile of Claudas ther thei stynte longe, ffor thei were moche peple, and kay folowed so the chace till he fonde the kynge Arthur and the kynge Ban and his brother, and he was right gladde that he hadde hem so founden, and yede to hange his shelde aboute his nekke; and than com Merlin with the dragon, and cried, "Now on hem, gentill knyghtes, for alle be thei discounfited." And Gawein hadde hente a spere, and spronge be-fore and smote the kynge Claudas, that he perced the shelde and hauberke, and thourgh the lifte flanke, and shof ther-on so harde that he bar hym to grounde vpright, and rode ouer hym on horse-bak, that Claudas swowned for sorowe; and Gawein leide honde to his swerde and smote in to the thikkest of the presse, and passed thourgh the stour as thikke as thei weren entassed, and his felowes spake moche of the prowesse that thei saugh hym do; and Claudas men ronne for to rescowe theire lorde the more and the lesse, and drough hym oute of the presse with grete peyne, and sette hym on horse, and ther-with com Agrauain, and Gueheret, and Gaheries, that wonderly well hadde don all the day, and whan thei saugh Claudas men assembled thei smote on hem so harde that thei made hem remeve place. Ther was the kynge Claudas a-gein born to grounde, and wounded in thre places with-oute the wounde he hadde of Gawein that

Merlin comes with the dragon.

Gawein smites Claudas so that he swoons.

The men of Claudas run to succour their lord. Agravain, Gueheret, and Gaheries do well all day.

Claudas is wounded again;

ner he was the deth, and was foule diffouled a-monge the horse feet; but yet his men haue rescowed hym, but firste hadde thei grete losse.

Grete was the bateile in the medowes be-fore Trebes ther as Claudas was vn-horsed, and remounted a-gein, and than fill that her bateiles sparbled a-brode, and that oon smote in a-monge that other, and tho departed Pounce Antony, and ffrolle the Duke of *Almayne, and Randolf of Gaule, and the kynge Claudas so euyll araied, that vn-nethe myght thei ride, and the other were not alle in hele, and whan thei saugh the losse and the damage vpon hem so grete thei were nygh wood for anger, and asked what wey thei sholden goo. "Sirs," seide Claudas, "I rede we go to the desert, for that is the beste repeire that we haue; and the nexte, and we shull go by the foreste in the shadowe vndir molait, and olde wey that I knowe; but I am so euell a-raied that euell may I endure to ride," and while thei spake thus com alle the bateiles to-broken that oon vpon the tother. Than be-gan the chace so grete, and the duste to a-rise, that thei knewe not whiche wey to turne; and the kynge Bans men ouer-threwe and slough so many, that all the felde was strowed full of deed bodyes and wounded. And the kynge Bohors men wente be-fore to the passages, that thei knewe as soone as thei saugh this discounfiture, and Arthurs men hem enchaced full harde and strayte and slowgh, and toke whom thei wolden, and ther the chace endured in this maner all the day till nyght; and ther thei hadde prisoners grete plente, and the kynge Claudas, and Pounce Antony, and Randolf, and ffrolle kepte hem-self as well as thei cowde; but litill peple thei ledde, ffor the booke seith that of lx^{Ml} that thei were at the bygynnynge ne ascaped not the haluendell, ne thei ledde not x^{Ml}, but fledde thourgh the wilde foreste to saue theire lyves.

the battle is great.

Pounce, Frolle, Randolf, and Claudas.

*[Fol. 145b.]

Claudas says they should go to the desert.

The chase begins to be great.

Ban's men overthrow many.

Bohors' men go to the passages;

the chase endures till night.

Claudas and the others save themselves, but not half of their people escape.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DREAM OF THE WIFE OF KING BAN; THE DREAM OF JULIUS CESAR, EMPEROR OF ROME.

The four princes are discomfited.

There is joy and feast all night.

Pharien and Grascien watch.

Ban, Bohors, Arthur, Gawein, and the knights go into the castle.

Thus were the foure princes discounfited, as ye haue herde be the witte of Merlin, and whan thei hadde chaced hem to the nyght, thei returned with grete plente of prisoners, and com be-fore the castell of Trebes, where thei were loigged in tentes and pavilouns of thiers that were discounfited, and made grete ioye and feste all the nyght, for thei fonde the loigginges well stuffed of all that neded to man, that nothinge failed, and whan thei were herberowed that nyght wacched the hoste Pharien and Grascien, that thei were not assailled of somme maner peple, and the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors ledde the kynge Arthur and sir Gawein and the knyghtes of the rounde table, and the xl knyghtes that ye haue herde named, and the newe knyghtes in to the castell of Trebes where he made to hem grete ioye and feste, and were well iij^{c} knyghtes of the contrey; and that nyght were thei well serued of all that be-hoved. But who that was gladde or noon ther was noon like to the ioye of the two queenes that were sustres, whan thei saugh theire two lordes that thei hadde so longe desired for to seen, and thei were yonge ladyes, and of grete bewte; and gretly thei hem peyned to honour the kynge Arthur, and alle his companye, wher-to sholde I tarie to reherse theire seruise and the ese of softe beddes that thei hadde that nyght, ffor thei were serued richely as worthi men, and after soper thei wente to reste for ther-to hadde thei nede, ffor thei were wery for trauaile that thei hadde that day suffred; and Arthur and Gawein, and Segramor, and Ewein, and Dodinell, and Kay, and Antor lay in a feire chamber by hem-self, and with hem

The two queens are very glad.

They do honour to Arthur and his company.

Arthur and his fellows, with Merlin, are in a chamber by themselves.

*was Merlin that from hem that nyght wolde not departe; and the knyghtes of the rounde table, and the newe knyghtes, and the xl felowes layn in other chambers. And whan the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors hadde hem loigged at ese thei wente to bedde with their wiffes, and lefte grete torches brennynge be-fore hem in chambres. That nyght shewed the two kynges grete love to theire wiffes. That nyght the queene Heleyne conceyved a childe by her lorde the kynge Ban, and whan thei were on slepe the wiff of kynge Ban fill in to a merveilouse drem that longe endured, that sore she was a-feerde whan she dide a-wake, ffor she semed that she was on a high mou*n*tayn, and saugh a-boute her grete plente of bestes of all maner kendes, that were in a feire pasture of grene grasse; and whan thei hadde longe tyme fedde hem on the herbes, ther roos a-monge hem a grete noyse, that thei ronne that oon vpon the tother to dryve oute of the pasture, and thei turned in to two pastures; and the two partes wente on oon side and hem ledde a grete lyon full huge and merveillouse, and on that other side where as were not so many by the haluendell was a grete crowned lyon maister leder, but he was not so grete as the tother. This lyon crowned hadde in his companye xviij lyonsewes crowned, whereof eche of hem hadde lordship*pe* and domynacion ouer the tother bestes that were turned to the lyon crowned; and that other lyon that was not crowned hadde with hym xxx^{ti} lyonsewes that alle were crowned, wherof eche of hem hadde domynacion of a parte of the bestes that were drawe toward the lyon that was vncrowned, and whan these beestes were thus disseuered and departed, she loked toward the crowned lyon, and saugh iiij^{c} boles that alle were teyed be the nekkes be-fore a grove, and ete at a rakke small grasse and herbes that was newe mowen; and for the lyon vn-crowned semed thei hadde better pasture with the crowned lyon than hadde he, he ran upon hym for envye for to be-reve hym his pasture, and toke a partie of his bestes that he made thre grete hepes, and thei lepe to fight with the crowned lyon that hadde his bestes departed in to xviij mou*n*cels, and

*[Fol. 146*a*.]

Ban and Bohors go to bed with their wives.

The wife of King Ban has a marvellous dream.

She seems on a high mountain, and sees great numbers of beasts.

One side is led by a great lion,

the other by a crowned lion.

400 bulls are with the uncrowned lion;

the crowned lion takes away some of his beasts;

they fight.

The beasts with the crowned lion turn back.

A great leopard comes out of the lady's thigh.

*[Fol. 146*b*.]

The crowned lion has much the worst of the fight.

The leopard helps him.

The uncrowned lion gets the leopard on his side.

The crowned lion cries for mercy.

Peace is made between the lions.

in eche mou*n*cell was a lyonsewe that hadde lordship*pe* ouer hem to gouerne hem and gide, and the iij^c boles that weren full fierce and full prowde and the xviij mou*n*cels were with the crowned lyon, and smote be-twene hem the grettest bateile that she euer hadde seyn or herde speke; but in the fyn the bestes with the crowned lyon be-houed to turne bakke, and the crowned lyon was sore a-dredde to lese his pasture; and while these beestes fought thus, as ye haue herde, the lady semed that a grete leopart full fierce and the moste prowde that euer was seyn, com oute of hir right thigh, and wente through a grete valey that was right depe, and whan he was entred in to the valey, the lady semed that a grete blaste toke a-wey her sight that she wiste not where he was be-come; and whan she *hadde hym loste he turned toward the beestes that yet were fightinge, and saugh that the crowned lyon and his bestes hadde moche the werse, and whan the leopart com oute of a grete foreste that was sauage, he be-hilde the bataile of the beestes full longe; and whan he saugh the crowned lyon hadde the werse, he yede to helpe hym, and ran vpon the beestes of the lyon vn-crowned that faught with hem so fiercely, that he made hem resorte bakke, and as longe as he was a-gein hem myght thei neuer haue the better of the bataile, and whan the lyon that was vn-crowned saugh he myght not haue the better while he was a-gein hym, he made departe the bataile and a-queynte hym with the leopart, till he drough hym on his partye, and ledde hym with hym. And the thridde day be-gan a-gein the bateile of the beestes as it hadde be by-forn, and the leopart was with the lyon that was vn-crowned; and the beestes fought so to-geder, that the crowned lyon turned to discounfiture, and he made signe to the lyon with-oute crowne that he sholde go crye mercy, and he so dide, and so was made the pees be-twene the two lyou*n*s in soche maner that neuer after were in no wratthe to-geder; and than the lady be-hilde the leopart to wite yef she cowde hym knowe be eny wey, and at the laste hir thought it was the same that com oute of hir thigh that was so woxen and a-mended, and hir thought that alle the beestes of the bloy Breteyne to hym enclyned, and all thei of Gannes and of Benoyk, and whan he hadde alle the lordship of these beestes she knewe not where he was be-comen.

The leopard has lordship over all the beasts.

Thus she a-boode all nyght in this a-vision till it was day, and than she a-woke all affraied of the merveile of hir dreme; and when the kynge Ban saugh hir so affraied he asked hir what her eyled. And she tolde hym hir dreme as she hadde seyn in hir slepe, and whan she hadde all tolde, the kynge seide ther-of sholde come but goode with goddes grace. Than thei a-roos and wente to the firste masse bothe the kynge and his wif as erly as thei myght; but thei wolde not a-wake the kynge Arthur so erly, ne his companye that slepten sanourly for the grete trauaile that thei hadde the day be-fore, and the kynge Ban praied oure lorde with goode herte that he wolde yeve hym the deth soche tyme as he wolde it aske. And this prayour made he many tymes, till on a nyght in his slepe a voyse seide that his prayour sholde be trewe, and that he sholde haue the deth as soone as he wolde it aske the same day; but ones be-fore sholde he synne dedly in a-voutre er he dyed, but ther-of no to be dismayed, for he sholde ther-of well a-corde with oure lorde, and he was right a goode man in his feith and creaunce.

The queen awakes.

She tells her dream to King Ban.

They go to the first mass.

Ban prays.

A voice speaks to him in his sleep.

In this dreme that the kynge Ban was, hym thought whan the voyse departed that it caste soche a crye as it hadde ben a thunder the grettest and merveillouse that euer he hadde herde, and he sprange ther-with so sore ther as he hilde the queene *in his armes, that nere he hadde fallen oute of the bedde that was grete and large; and the queene was ther-with so affraied that she myght speke no worde in a longe while, and the kynge hym-self so that he wiste not where he was. And whan the kynge was come a-gein in to his memorie, he a-roos and wente to cherche and was shriven, and than herde the servyse of oure lorde, and euer after as longe as he lyved was he confessed euery viij dayes, and was hoseled with the blissed sacrement, and so dide the kynge Bohors, his brother,

He hears a cry like thunder,

and wakes, nearly falling out of bed.

*[Fol. 147*a*.]

He and the queen are much afraid.

The king goes to church.

He confesses every eight days.

Arthur and his men overrun the lands of Claudas, but afterwards, with the help of Pounce, Claudas defeats Bohors and Ban, and their wives are obliged to become nuns; but afterwards Arthur drives Claudas out of the land.

that was a full goode man, and of holy lyvinge. Thus was the kynge Arthur in the reame of Benoyk, he and his men a moneth, and ronne euery day in to Claudas londes, and wasted it so that longe tyme after myght he haue no power to a-rise vpon the kynge Ban; but after he a-roos a-geins hym by the force of Pounce Antony, and by the force of the kynge of Gaule, as ye shull heren here-after, and turmented so these two brethern that he lefte hem noo foote londe, that thei died in pouerte vpon the grounde, and theire yonge wiffes lefte with-oute comfort that after were nonnes veilled in the abbey of the royall mynster for drede of Claudas. Ne neuer after myght thei haue socour of the kynge Arthur, for he hadde so moche to done in his contrey that he myght not come at that tyme, and so the heires that thei be-gat were longe tyme after disherited. But in the ende kynge Arthur hem ther-to restored, and drof Claudas oute of the londe, and yaf hem the reame of Gaule, as the booke shall reherse. But now we shall reste to speke these thinges till tyme com ther-to and returne to telle how Merlin departed from the kynge Arthur, and how he certified the kynge Ban and his wif of dyuers dremes that thei hadden mette.

Ban asks Merlin for an explanation of his wife's dreams and his own. Merlin says they are of great signification, and tells them the dreams. They marvel, and ask for an explanation.

Upon a day com the kynge Ban to Merlin, and seide, "Sir, I am gretly in dispeir of a vision that is be-falle to me and to my wif, wherefore I haue grete nede of counseile; and ye be the wisest man that now liveth, and ther-fore yef it plese yow telle me what it be-tokeneth." "Certes, sir," seid Merlin, "in these two a-visions there is grete significacion, and it is no wonder though ye therof be dredfull." Than asked the kynge Arthur what a-visiou*n*s ben thei, and Merlin hym tolde euen as the kynge hadde mette in his dreme, that the kynge hym-self knewe well he seide trouthe. Whan the kynge Arthur and the kynge Bohors and sir Gawein herde the fierce wordes that Merlin hadde seide, thei merveiled sore what hit myght signyfie, and thoughten I-nough of many thinges, and than seide the kynge Arthur, "ye haue tolde what were the dremes. Now, yef it plese yow, telle vs the be-tokenynges, for it is a thinge that I wolde fayn knowe." "Sir," seide Merlin, "of all will I not to yow declare; ne I ought not to do. But I shall telle yow a partye that to yow apendeth," and than he gan to sey,

Merlin will tell a part.

"Kynge Ban," quod Merlin, "hit is trouthe that the lyon that is not crowned be-tokeneth a prince that is right riche and mighty of londes, and of frendes that shall *conquere xxix reames by force, and make come in his companye alle these xxix kynges crowned; and that other lyon that she saugh I-crowned that hadde the xviij lyonsewes signyfieth a kinge that is right myghty that shall have xviij kynges vnder hym, that alle shall be his liege me*n*; and the iiij^{c} booles that she saugh be-tokeneth iiij^{c} knyghtes, that alle shull be assured that oon to the tother eche of hem to helpe, and not faile for no drede of deth, and alle shull thei be the kynges men, and this prince that I spake of firste shall come vpon this kynge for to conquere his londe. But he shall hym diffende as longe as he may, and whan this prince hath the better of this kynge, than shall come a knyght vn-knowen that longe hath be loste and helpe this kynge that the prince may not hym chace oute of the felde ne discounfite; and this leopart signyfieth this knyght, ffor like as the leopart fierce and prowde a-bove alle other bestes, so shall he be the beste knyght that shall be in hys tyme, and by that knyght shall the pees be made be-twene the prince and the kynge that so sore shull haue foughten. Now," quod Merlin, "haue ye herde your a-vision and the tokenynge, and now I moste departe for moche haue I to do in other places," and whan thei hadde I-herde the merveile of the dreme that Merlin hadde tolde, thei were more a-baisshed and more pensef than thei were be-fore; and than Arthur asked yef he wolde declare eny othir wise to theire vndirstondinge, and he seide, "Nay."

The un-crowned lion betokens a rich prince.
*[Fol. 147*b*.]

The crowned lion is a mighty king.

The 400 bulls are 400 knights.

The leopard signifies an unknown knight,

by whom peace will be made between the king and prince.

Merlin will not explain any more.

With that departed Merlin oute of the kynge Bans house, where-as the kynge Arthur was with grete companye of knyghtes, and this was on the feeste of seynt John; and Merlin wente to his love that a-boode hym at the welle, for to holde

He leaves Ban's house

and goes to his love,

the couenaunt that she hadde with hym I-made, and whan she hym saugh she made to hym grete chere, and ledde hym in to the chambres so prively that he was not a-perceyved of no man; and she asked and enquered hym of many thinges, and he her taught all her askynge for the grete love that he hadde to hir; and whan she saugh he loved hir so wele, she asked hym how she myght make a frende for to slepe and not to a-wake till that she wolde, and Merlin knewe well all hir thought, and neuertheles he asked her whi she enquered and ye he wiste it wele I-nough. Quod she, "for I wolde make my fader a-slepe alle the tymes that I wolde speke with yow, whos name is Dionas, and my moder, that thei aparceyve neuer of yow ne me, ffor witeth it well thei wolden me sle yef thei parceyved of vs two ought." These wordes seide the mayden ofte to Merlin, and it fill on a day that thei were in a gardin by the fountayne hem to disporte, and were sette vpon an ympe, and the mayden made hym to slepe in hir lappe, and hilde her so with hym that Merlyn loved hir merveillously wele. Than the maiden required hym so that he taught hir to make oon slepe, and he knewe hir menynge right wele; but neuertheles he it hir taught, bothe that and many other thinges *ffor so wolde oure lorde; and he taught hir iij names that she wrote for to helpe hir-self at alle tymes whan she sholde with hym ly, that were full of grete force, ffor neuer as longe as thei were vpon hir, ne myght neuer man touche her flessly; and fro thens-forth she tysed euer Merlin to come speke with hir, for he ne hadde no power to dele with hir a-gein her will, and ther-fore it is seide that woman hath an art more than the deuell. Thus Merlin a-bode viij dayes full with the damesell; but we fynde not in no writinge that euer he required eny vilonye of hir ne of noon other; but she it douted sore whan she knewe what he was, and ther-fore she garnysshed hir*e* so a-gein hym; and in tho viij dayes he taught hir many wonderfull thinges that eny mortall herte cowde thinke of, thinges paste and of thinges that were don and seide, and a partye of that was to come; and she putte hem in writinge, and than Merlin departed from hire and com to

who asks him of many things.

She wishes to make her father and mother sleep while Merlin is with her.

He teaches her how to do it.

*[Fol. 148*a*.]

He also teaches her three names.

He remains with her eight days,

and teaches her many wonderful things.

Merlin leaves

Benoyk, where the kynge Arthur rested, that gladde were whan thei saugh Merlin.

ber and goes to Benoyk.

After that Merlin was repeired fro Benoyk as ye haue herde, Gawein with a grete companye of knyghtes and men of armes rode in to Claudas londes, and brake the bourghes and townes, and sette fire all a-boute, that alle the mene peple fledde the contrey, and these ronne be-fore the yates of de la desert and distroyed alle that thei myght fynde, and Claudas ne noon of hys companye ne durste not meve, and than departed from Claudas, Pounce Antonye, and ffrolle of Almayne, and Randolf the senescall of Gaule sory and wroth for the losse and damage that thei hadden, and swore that neuer sholde thei love the kynge Ban; and as soone as thei myght be a-venged thei sholde yelde hym his guerdon as for soche seruise. But some weneth to a-venge hym of his shame, and he doth it encrece. Thus lefte Claudas pore in the Citee de la desert, ffor he cowde not haue iij^{Ml} men on horsbak, but after he recouerd all his londe and was riche, as the storye shall declare here-after, be the helpe of the kynge of Gaule and of Pounce Antonye, that repeired from Rome with grete power; but it was in euell hour, for he was slayn by the handes of kynge Ban be-fore Trebes. But Claudas hadde so moche peple that he leide sege be-fore the Castell as ye shull here afterward, whan tyme cometh ther-to.

Gawein goes into the lands of Claudas, and burns the towns.

Pounce, Frolle, and Randolf leave Claudas. They swear to avenge him.

Claudas becomes rich afterwards.

Whan Gawein and his companye hadde wasted the londe and the contrey, and taken alle the richesse, he returned to Benoyk to his vncle; and Merlin was come from his love and boode after Gawein, and whan he was come thei were gladde whan thei hym syen, and for the grete richesse that thei broughten, and ioyfull weren of the victorie that thei hadden; and on the morowen thei toke theire wey towarde Gannes, a Citee plentevouse of all goodes, and ther thei were right well come, for it was right, and the kynge Bohors peyned hym to do hem honour and well to serue, as he that full well cowde *it do; and ther thei soiourned two dayes, and the thridde day thei rode forth to the Rochell, and ther entred the see. Whan the

When Gawein had wasted the land he returns to Benoyk.

They go to Gannes.

*[Fol. 148b.]

They ride to the Rochell and go to sea.

kynge Arthur, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and sir Gawein sholde entre in to the shippes thei toke Merlin in counseile, and Merlin hem comaunded that as soone as thei were a-rived at the porte, in no wise that thei tarye not but two dayes. But hastely go theire wey in to the reame of Carmelide, and lede with hem but thre thousande men of armes, and that thei be chosen of the beste of the hoste. "Ffeire frende," quod Arthur, "shull ye not come with vs; thenke ye not to be at oure mariage." "Sir," seide Merlin, "I haue a thinge for to do that I moste nede performe er I come in to the bloy Breteyne. But ye shull but litill space be in the reame of Carmelide, er I shall be with yow;" with that departed that oon from that other, and Arthur and hys companye wente towarde the see, but ther-of moste we reste a-while, and speke of Merlin and his auenturis.

Merlin tells them to go on to Carmelide.

He says he has something to do before he comes into the Bloy Breteyne.

As soone as Merlin was departed from Arthur, he wente in to the forestes of Rome that were thikke and depe, and in that tyme Julyus Cesar was Emperour; but it was not that Julyus Cesar that the deed knyght slough in his pavilion of Perce. But it was that Julius that Gawein, the nevew of kynge Arthur, slough in bateile vnder logres at the grete disconfiture that after was be-twene hym and the kynge Arthur that hym diffied, and what the cause was that Merlin[1] wente that wey, it is reson it be declared. This is[2] throuthe that this Julyus cezar hadde a wif that was of grete bewte, and she hadde with hir xij yonge men araied in gise of wymen, with whom she lay at alle tymes that the Emperour was oute of hir companye, ffor she was the most lecherouse woman of all Rome; and for the dredde that theire beerdes sholde growe she lete a-noynte her chynnes with certeyn oynementes made for the nones, and thei were clothed in longe traylinge robes, and theire heer longe waxen, in gise of maydenes and tressed at theire bakkes, that alle that hem saugh wende wele thei were wymen; and longe thei endured with the Empresse vn-knowen. In

He goes to the forests of Rome, where Julius Cesar is emperor, who Gawein afterwards slew.

Julius Cesar's wife has twelve young men disguised as women to attend her.

---

[1] The words "that Merlin" are repeated in the MS.

[2] "it" in the MS.

this tyme that the Emperesse ledde this lif, it fill that a mayden com to the Emp*er*ours court that was the doughter of a prince, and the name of this prince was matan, Duke of Almayne; this mayden com in semblannce of a squyer, and this matan the Duke ffrolle hadde disherited and driven out of his londe, and she com to serue the Emperour, ffor she wiste not where her fader ne moder were be comen, and she was moche and semly, and well shapen and demened hir well in all maners that a man ought, saf only eny vylonye, and neuer was she knowen but for a man by no semblante, and so a-boode with the Emperour, and was of grete prowesse, and peyned tendirly to serue well the Emperour and plesed hym so well that she was lorde and gouernour of hym and his housolde; and the Emperour hir loved so well that he made hir knyght atte a feeste of seint John with other yonge *squyers, wher-of were mo than CC, and after made hir stiward of all his londe. Than the newe knyghtes reised a quyntayne in the mede of noiron, and be-gonne the bourdinge grete and huge, and many ther were that dide right wele, but noon so well as dide Grisandoll, for so she lete hir be cleped; but in bapteme her name was Anable. This bourdinge endured all day on ende till euesonge that thei departed, and Grisandols bar a-wey the pris a-monge alle other, and whan the Emperour saugh Grisandoll of so grete prowesse, he made hym stiward of all his londe and comaunder a-bove alle that ther weren, and Grisandols was well beloved of riche and pore. And vpon a nyght after it fill that the Emperour lay in his chamber with the Emperesse; and whan he was a-slepe he hadde a vision that hym thought he saugh a sowe in his court that was right grete be-fore his paleys, and he hadde neuer seyn noon so grete ne so huge, and she hadde so grete bristelis on her bakke that it trayled on the grounde a fadome large, and hadde vpon hir heed a cercle that semed of fyn golde, and whan the Emperour a-vised hym wele hym thought that he hadde seyn hir other tymes, and that he hadde hir norisshed vp; but he durste not sey of trouthe that she were hys, and while he entended to a-vise hym on this thinge he saugh come oute of his chamber xij lyonsewes, and

A maiden comes to the court disguised as a squire.

She is well shapen,

and of great prowess.

The emperor makes her a knight.

*[Fol. 149a.]

Her name is Grisandol.

She bears away the prize.

The emperor makes her his steward.

The emperor has a dream. He sees a great sow,

with a circle of gold on her head.

Twelve lionsewes come to the sow.

The barons say that all of them should be burnt.

The emperor awakes.

He does not tell his dream, but goes to the minster to hear mass.

He and his barons sit down to meat.

He is pensive.

com in to the courte to the sowe, and assailed hir oon after a-nother, whan the Emperour saugh this merveile he asked his Barou*ns* what sholde he do with this sowe by whom these lyonsewes hadde thus leyn, and thei seide she was not worthi to be conuersaunt a-monge peple, ne that no man sholde ete nothinge that of hir come, and Iuged hir to be brente, and also the lyonsewes to-geder; and than a-wooke the Emperour sore affraied and pensif of this a-vision. Ne neuer to man ne to wif wolde he it telle, for he was full of grete wisdom. On the morowe as soone as he myght se the day, he a-roos and yede to the mynster to here messe, and whan he was come a-gein he fonde the barou*ns* assembled, and hadde herde messe at the mynster and the mete was all redy; and whan thei hadde waisshen thei satte to mete, and were well serued. Than fill that the Emperour fill in to a grete stodye, wher-fore all the courte was pensif and stille, and ther was noon that durste sey a worde for sore thei dredde for to wrathe the Emperour. But now we moste turne a litill to Merlin that was come in to the foreste of Romayne to certefie these thinges and these a-visiou*ns*.

Merlin comes to Rome and casts an enchantment.

He becomes a great hart, and runs through Rome.

*[Fol. 149*b*.]

The people get staves and chase him to the palace.

He runs into the palace and tumbles over the meat and drink.

While that the Emperour satte at his mete a-monge his Barou*ns* thus pensif, Merlin come in to the entre of Rome and caste an enchauntement merveilouse, ffor he be-com an herte the gretteste and the moste merveilouse that eny man hadde seyn, and hadde oon of his feet be-fore white, and hadde v braunches in the top, the grettest that euer hadde be seyn, and than he ran thourgh Rome so faste as all the worlde hadde hym chaced, and whan the peple saugh hym so renne, and saugh how it was an herte the noyse a-roos, and *the cry on alle partyes, and ronne after grete and small with staves and axes, and other wepen, and chaced hym thourgh the town, and he com to the maister gate of the paleys where-as the Emperour satte at his mete, and whan thei that serued herde the noyse of the peple, thei ronne to the wyndowes to herkene what it myght be, and a-noon thei saugh come rennynge the herte and all the peple after; and whan the herte com to the maister paleys he drof in at the yate sodeynly, and than he ran thourgh the tables a bandon and tombled mete and drynke all on an hepe, and be-gan ther-in a grete trouble of pottis and disshes; and whan the herte hadde longe turned ther-ynne he com be-fore the Emperour, and kneled and seide, "Julius cezar, Emperour of Rome, wheron thinkest thow, lete be thi stodyinge for it a-vaileth nought, ffor neuer of thyne a-vision shalt thow not knowe the trouthe be-fore that man that is sauage the certefie, and for nought is it that thow stodyest ther-on eny more." Than the herte hym dressed and saugh the yate of the paleyse cloos, and he caste his enchauntement that alle the dores and yates of the paleise opened so rudely that thei fly alle in peces, and the herte lept oute and fledde thourgh the town, and the chace be-gan a-gein after hym longe till that he com oute in to the playn feeldes; and than he dide vanysshe that noon sey where he be-com, and than thei returned a-gein, and whan the Emperour wiste the herte was ascaped he was wroth and lete crye thourgh the londe that who that myght brynge the sauage man or the herte sholde haue his feire doughter to wif, and half his reame, yef that he were gentill of birthe, and after his deth haue all; and lepe to horse many a vailaunt knyght and squyer of pris, and serched and sought thourgh many contrees, but all was for nought, ffor neuer cowde thei heere no tidinges of that thei sought, and whan thei myght no more do thei returned a-gein. But euer Grisandols serched thourgh the forestes, oon hour foreward, another bakke that so endured viij dayes full; and on a day as Grisandol was a-light vnder an oke for to praye oure lorde to helpe and to spede for to fynde that he sought, and as he was in his prayours the herte that hadde ben at Rome com be-fore hym and seide, "Auenable, thow chacest folye, ffor thow maist not spede of thy queste in no maner, but I shall telle the what thow shalt do. Purchese flessh newe and salt, and mylke and hony, and hoot breed newe bake, and bringe with the foure felowes, and a boy to turne the spite till it be I-nough rosted, and com in to this foreste by the moste vn-couthe weyes that thow canste fynde, and sette a table by the fier, and the breed, and the mylke, and the hony vpon the table,

He kneels before the emperor and tells him a savage man will explain his dream.

He then makes all the doors and gates fly open, and runs out through the town.

When he gets to the fields he vanishes. The emperor is angry; he says whoever brings the savage man or the hart shall marry his daughter. Many knights and squires seek through many countries.

Grisandol seeks through the forests; she prays for help.

The hart comes to her, and tells her what to do.

and hide the and thi companye a litile thens, and doute the nought that the sauage man will come."

Than ran the herte a-grete walope thourgh the foreste, and Grisandol lept to horse and thought well on that the herte hadde seide and thought in his corage that it was som*me* spirituell thinge that by hir right name hadde hir cleped, and thought well that of this *thinge sholde come some merveile; and Grisandol rode forth to a town nygh the foreste vij myle, and toke ther that was myster, and com in to the foreste ther as he hadde spoke with the herte as soone as he myght, and roode in to the deepe of the foreste, where-as he fonde a grett oke full of leves, and the place semed delitable, and he a-light and sette their*e* horse fer thens, and made a grete fier, and sette the flesshe to roste, and the smoke and the sauour spredde thourgh the foreste, that oon myght fele the sauour right fer; and than sette the table be the fier, and whan all was redy thei hidde hem in a bussh. And Merlin that all this knewe and that made all this to be don couertly that he were not knowen drough that wey that he were not knowen with a grete staffe in his nekke smytinge grete strokes from oke to oke, and was blakke and rough for rympled and longe berde, and bar-foote, and clothed in a rough pilche; and so he com to the fier, ther as the flessh was rosted, and whan the boy saugh hym come he was so a-ferde that he fledde nygh oute of his witte; and he this com to the fier and be-gan to chacche and frote a-boute the fier, and saugh the mete and than loked all a-boute hym and be-gan to rore lowde as a man wood oute of mynde, and than be-heilde, and saugh the cloth spredde and soche mete ther-on as ye haue herde, and after he be-heilde towarde the fier, and saugh the flesshe that the knaue hadde rosted that was tho I-nough, and raced it of with his hondes madly, and rente it a-sonder in peces, and wette it in mylke, and after in the hony, and ete as a wood man that nought ther lefte of the flessh; and than he eete of the hoot breed and hony that he was full and swollen grete, and somwhat was it colde, and he lay down by the fier and slepte; and whan Grisandol saugh he was on slepe she and hir felowes

Grisandol leaps to horse,

*[Fol. 150*a*.]

and rides to a town.

She rides to a beautiful part of the forest, and makes a fire, and sets meat to roast.

Merlin comes as a savage man,

and frightens the boy.

He roars when he sees the meat,

and rends it asunder with his hands.

After eating he sleeps. Grisandol

com as softely as thei myght, and stale a-wey his staffe, and than thei bounde hym with a cheyne of Iren streytely a-boute the flankes, and than delyuered hym to oon of the companye by the tother ende of the cheyne; and whan he was so well bounde he a-wooke and lept vp lightly, and made semblaunt to take his staff as a wilde man, and Grisandolus griped hym in his armes right sore and hilde hym stille, and whan he saugh hym so bounde and taken, he hilde hym as shamefaste and mate; and than the horse were brought forth and he was sette vpon oon of hem, and bounden to the sadell with two bondes, and a man sette be-hynde hym that was bounde to hym and enbraced hym by the myddill, and so thei rode forth her wey, and the sauage man loked on Grisandolus that rode by hym, and be-gan to laugh right harde, and whan Grisandolus saugh hym laughe he approched ner and rode side by side, and a-queynted with hym the beste that he myght, and enquered and asked many thinges, but he ne wolde nought ansuere, and Grisandol asked why he lough, but he wolde not telle. Saf that he seide, "Creature formed of nature chaunged in to other forme fro hens-forth be-gilynge alle thinges venimouse as se[r]pent, holde thi pees, for nought will I telle the till that I com be-fore the Emperour*e*."

and her fellows steal away his staff and bind him with a chain of iron.

He wakes.

He is set on a horse.

He looks at Grisandolus and laughs,

but will not tell why he laughs till he comes to the emperor.

*With that the sauage man hilde his pees and spake no more, and rode forth to-geder, and Grisandolus of this that he hadde seide spake to his companye, and thei seide that he was wiser than he shewed, and that som grete merveile sholde falle in the londe. Thus thei ride spekynge of many thinges till thei passede be-fore an abbey, and saugh be-fore the yate moche pore peple a-bidinge almesse, and than the sauage man lowgh right lowde; and than Grisandol com toward hym and swetly praide hym to telle wherefore he lough, and he loked proudly on trauerse, and seide, "Ymage repaired and disnatured fro kynde, holde thy pees, ne enquere no mo thinges for nought will I telle the but be-fore the Emperour;" and whan Grisandolus this vndirstode, he lete hym be at that tyme and no more thinge hym asked, and here-of spake thei in many maners. Thus thei ride forth all day till nyght, and on the morowe till the hour of

*[Fol. 150*b*.]

The savage man speaks no more.

They come to an abbey, and the savage man laughs, but will not tell why.

Grisandolus asks him no more.

They pass a chapel, and find a knight and squire.

The knight marvels when he sees the savage man.

The squire slaps his lord.

The savage man laughs.

Grisandolus marvels.

The squire gives his lord another stroke.

The savage man laughs again.

Grisandolus marvels.

The squire comes a third time, and smites his lord.

He asks Grisandolus who has got bound.

*[Fol. 151*a*.]

prime, and fill that thei passed by-fore a chapell where a preste was toward masse, and fonde a knyght and a squyer heringe the seruyse; and whan Grisandolus saugh this, thei a-light alle the companye, and entred in to here the masse, and whan the knyght that was in the chapell saugh the man bounde with chaynes he hadde merveile what it myght be, and while the knyght be-heilde the man that was sauage, the squyer that was in an angle be-hynde the chapel dore come a-gein his lorde, and lifte vp his hande and yaf hym soche a flap that alle thei in the chapell myght it here, and than returned thider as he com fro all shamefaste of that he hadde don, and whan he was come in to his place he ne rofte no-thinge, for the shame lasted no lenger; but while he was in returnynge, and whan the sauage man saugh this, he be-gan to laugh right harde, and the knyght that was so smyten was so a-baisshed that he wiste not what to sey but suffred; and Grisandolus and the other companye merveiled sore what it myght be. A-noon after the squyer com a-gein to his lorde, and yaf hym soche a-nother stroke as he dide be-fore, and wente a-gein in to his place, and the sauage man hym be-hilde and be-gan to laughe right harde, and yef the knyght be-fore were a-baisshed, he was than moche more, and the squyer that hadde hym smyten returned sorowfull and pensif to the place that he com fro, and hilde hym-self foule disceyved of that he hadde don, and whan he was in his place he rought neuer, and Grisandolus, and the companye merveiled right sore, and herden oute the seruise be leyser, and in the mene while that thei thoughten vpon these thinges that thei hadde seyn, the squyer com the thridde tyme and smote his lorde sorer than he hadde don be-fore, and ther-at lowgh the wilde man sore, and be that was the masse at an ende, and than Grisandolus and alle wente oute of the chapell, and the squyer that hadde smyten his lorde com after and asked Grisandolus what man it was that thei hadde so bounde, and thei seide that thei were with Julius cezar, Emperour of Rome, and ledde to hym that sauage man that thei hadde founded in the foreste, for *to certefie of a vision that was shewed hym slepinge. "But, sir," seide Grisandolus, "tell me wherefore hath this squyer yow smyten thre tymes, and ye ne spake no worde a-gein, haue ye soche a custome," and the knyght ansuerde that he sholde it wite in tyme comynge.

Grisandolus asks the knight why he had said nothing to his squire.

Than the knyght cleped his squyer and asked hym be-fore Grisandolus wherefore he hadde hym smyten, and he was shamefaste, and seide he wiste neuer, but so it fill in his corage, and the knyght hym asked yef he hadde now eny talent hym for to smyte, and the squyer seide he hadde leuer be deed, "but that," quod he, "it fill in my mynde that I myght not kepe me ther-fro," and Grisandolus lough of the merveile. Than seide the knyght that he wolde go to court with hem for to here what the sauage man wolde sey, and with that thei rode forth on her wey, and Grisandolus by the sauage man*n*es side, and whan thei hadde a-while riden, he asked the wilde man wherfore he lough so thre tymes whan the squyer smote his lorde, and he loked on hir a trauerse, and seide, "Ymage repeyred semblaunce of creature wherby men ben slayn and diffouled rasour trenchaunt ffountayne coraunt that neuer is full of no springes holde thy pees, and nothinge of me enquere, but be-fore the Emperour, for nought will I telle the," and whan that Grisandolus vndirstode the fell wordes that he spake, he was all a-baisshed and pensef, and durste not no more enquere, and rode forth till thei come to Rome, and whan thei entred in to the town, and the peple hem parceyved thei wente all a-geins hym for to se the man that was sauage, and the noyse was grete of the peple that folowed, and be-hilde his facion as longe as thei myght, and so thei conveyed hym to the paleise, and whan the Emperour herde the tidinges he com hem a-geins, and mette with hem comynge vpon the greces, and than com Grisandolus be-fore the Emperour, and seide, "Sir, haue here the man that is sauage that I to yow here yelde, and kepe ye hym fro hens-forth for moche peyne haue I hadde with hym," and the Emperour seide he wolde hem well guerdon, and the man sholde be well kepte, and than he sente to seche a smyth to bynde hym in chaynes and feteres, and the sauage man badde hym ther-of not to entermete, "ffor wite it

The knight asks his squire why he smote him.

He says he could not keep himself from doing so.

The knight says he will go to court to hear what the savage man has to say.

The savage tells Grisandolus to hold his peace.

They enter Rome,

and the people follow them to the palace.

The emperor meets them. Grisandolus gives the savage to the emperor, who sends for a smith to bind him in chains.

right well," quod he, "I will not go with-oute youre leve," and the Emperour hym asked how he ther-of sholde be sure, and he seide he wolde hym asure by his cristyndome. Quod the Emperour, "Art thow than cristin?" and he seide, "Ye with-oute faile." "How were thow than baptized," seide the Emperour, "whan thow art so wilde." "That shall I telle yow," quod he, "This is the trouthe that my moder on a day com from the market of a town, and it was late whan she entred in to the foreste of brocheland, and wente oute her way so fer that the same nyght be-hoved hir to lye in the foreste, and whan she saugh she was so a-lone be hir-self she was a-feerde *and lay down vnder an oke and fill a-slepe, and than com a sauage man oute of the foreste and by hir lay, be-cause she was sool by hir-self. Durste she not hym diffende, ffor a woman a-loone is feerfull, and that nyght was I be-geten on my moder, and whan she was repeired hom, she was full pensif longe tyme, till that she knewe verily that she was with childe, and bar me so till I was born in to this worlde and was baptised in a fonte, and dide me norishe till I was grete, and as soone as I cowde lyve with-outen hir, I wente in to the grete forestes for by the nature of my fader be-houeth me thider to repeire, and for that he was sauage I am thus wilde. Now haue ye herde what I am." "So god me helpe," seide the Emperour, "neuer for me shalt thow be putte in feteres ne in Irenes seth thow wilt me graunte that thow will not go with-oute my leve." Than tolde Grisandolus how he dide laugh be-fore the abbey and in the chapell, for the squyer that hadde smyten his *maister*, and the dyuerse wordes that he hadde spoken, whan he asked where-fore he dide laugh, and he seide that neuer wolde he nought sey till he com be-fore yow, and now is he here, and therfore aske hym why he hath so often laughed by the wey, and than the Emperour hym asked, and he seide he sholde it knowe all in tyme, but sendeth first for all youre barouns and than shall I telle yow that and other thinges, with that entred the Emperour in to his chamber and the sauage man and his prive counseile, and ther thei rested and disported, and spake of

The savage says that he is a Christian.

His mother lost her way in the forest of Brocheland,

*[Fol. 151*b*.]

and a savage man came to her.

She bore a child, who was baptized.

When he was old enough to live without her he went to the forest.

Grisandolus tells the emperor how the savage man laughed.

The emperor asks him why he laughed. He says he will tell in time.

many thinges, and on the morowe the Emperour sente to seche his barou*n*s hem that he supposed sonest to fynde, and than thei come a-noon bothe oon and other from alle partyes.

On the morrow the emperor sends for his barons.

On the fourthe day after the sauage man was comen, where that the lordes were assembled in the maister paleise, and the Emperour [brought in] this sauage man and made hym to sitte down by hym, and whan the barou*n*s hadde I-nough hym beholden thei asked why he hadde for hem sente, and he tolde hem for a vision that hym be-fill in his slepynge, "ffor I will that it be expowned be-fore yow," and thei seide that the significacion wolde thei gladly heren. Than the Emperour comaunded this man to telle the cause why that he was sought, and he ansuerde and seide that he wolde nothinge telle till that the Emperesse and hir xij maydones were comen, and she com a-noon with gladde semblaunce as she that yaf no force of nothinge that myght be-falle, whan the Emperesse and hir xij maydones were come a-monge the barou*n*s, the lordes roos a-gein hir and dide hir reuerence, and as soone as the sauage man hir saugh comynge he turned his heed in trauerse and be-gan to laughe as in scorne, and whan he hadde a-while laughed he loked on the Emp*er*our stadfastly, *and than on Grisandolus, and than on the Emperesse, and than on hir xij Maydenys that weren with hir, and than he turned toward the barou*n*s, and be-gan to laughe right lowde as it were in dispite, whan the Emperour saugh hym so laughe he preied hym to telle that he hadde in couenaunt, and whi that he lough now and other tymes, *with* that he stode vp and seide to the Emperour so lowde that all myght it heren. "Sir, yef ye me graunte as trewe Emperour be-fore youre barou*n*s that ben here that I shall not be the werse ne no harme to me therfore shall come, and that ye will yeve me leve as soone as I haue yow certefied of youre a-vision I shall telle yow the trewe significacion," and the Emperour hym ansuerde and graunted that noon harme ne an*n*oye to hym sholde be don, ne that he sholde come hym no magre to telle hym that he was so desirouse for to heren, and that he sholde haue leve to go whan hym liste. "But I p*ra*ye the telle me myn a-vision

On the fourth day the lords are assembled in the palace.

The emperor tells the man to expound his dream; but he will not till the empress and her maidens have come.

The lords rise when they enter.

The savage man laughs.

*[Fol. 152*a*.]

The emperor prays him to tell why he laughs.

The savage stands up,

and says he will tell the vision and its signification, if no harm is done to him.

The emperor

prays him to tell.

in audience of alle my barou*n*s what it was, and than shall I the better be-leve the significacion whan thow haste me tolde, of that I neuer spake to no creature," and he ansuerde as for that sholde hym not greve, and ther-fore wolde he not lette and than he be-gan the a-vision.

The savage tells the dream.

"Sir," seide the sauage man to the Emperour, "it fill on a nyght that ye lay by youre wif that is here, and whan ye were a-slepe ye thought ye saugh be-fore yow a sowe that was feire and smothe, and the heer that she hadde on her bakke was so longe that it trailed to grounde more than a fadome, and on hir heed she hadde a cercle of goolde bright shynynge, and yow semed that ye hadde norisshed that sowe in youre house, but ye cowde it not verily knowe, and ther-with yow semed that ye hadde hir othir tymes sein, and whan ye hadde longe thought on this thinge ye saugh come oute of youre chamber xij lyonsewes full feire and smothe; and thei com by the halle thourgh the courte to the sowe and lay by hir oon after a-nother, and whan thei hadde do that thei wolde thei wente a-gein in to youre chamber; than com ye to youre barou*n*s and hem asked what sholde be do with this sowe, that ye saugh thus demened, and the barou*n*s and alle the peple seide she was nothinge trewe, and thei Iuged to be brent, bothe the sowe and the xij lyonsewes, and than was the fier made redy grete and merveillouse in this courte, and ther-ynne was the sowe brente and the xij lyonsewes. Now haue ye herde youre sweuene in the same forme as ye it saugh in your slepinge, and yef ye se that I haue eny thinge mys-taken, sey it be-fore your barou*n*s." And the Emperour seide he hadde of nothinge failed.

Merlin asks the emperor if he has mistaken anything.

The barons ask for the signification of the dream.

*[Fol. 152*b*.]

"Sir Emperour," seide the barou*n*s, "seth that he hath seide what was youre a-vision, hit is to be-leve the significacion yef he will it telle, and it is a thinge that *wolde gladly heren." "Certes," seide the man, "I shall it declare to yow so openly that ye may it se, and knowe a-pertly that I yow shall sey. The grete sowe that ye saugh signifieth my lady the Emperesse, youre wif, that is ther; and the longe heer that she hadde on hir bakke betokeneth the longe robes that she is ynne

Merlin declares it.

The great sow signifies the empress.

I-clothed; and the sercle that ye saugh on her heed shynynge be-tokeneth the crowne of goolde that ye made her with to be crowned; and yef it be youre plesier I will no more sey at this tyme." "Certes," seide the Emperour, "yow be-hoveth to sey all as it is yef ye will be quyte of youre promyse." "Certes," seide man, "than shall I telle yow. The xij lyonsewes that ye saugh come oute of a chamber, betokeneth the xij maydenes that be ther with the Emperesse; and knowe it for very trouthe that thei be no wymen for it be men, and there-fore make hem be dispoiled, and ye shull se the trouthe; and as ofte as ye go oute of the town she maketh hem serue in hir chamber and in hir bedde. Now haue ye herde youre a-vision and the significacion, and ye may se and knowe yef that I haue seide to yow the soth."

The circle on her head was the crown.

The twelve maidens are not women but men.

Whan the Emperour vnderstode the vntrouthe that his wif hadde don, he was so a-baisshed that he spake no worde a longe while; and than he spake and seide that that wolde he soone knowe, and than he cleped Grisandolus, and seide, "Dispoile mo tho dameseles, for I will that alle the barou*ns* that be here-ynne knowe the trouthe;" and a-noon Grisandolus and other lept forth and dispoiled hem be-fore the Emperour and his barou*ns*, and fonde hem formed alle as other men weren; and than the Emperour was so wroth that he wiste not what to do. Than he made his oth that a-noon ther sholde be do Iustice soche as was right to be a-warded; and the barou*ns* Iuged seth she hadde don hir lorde soche vntrouthe that she sholde be brente and the harlott*es* hanged, and some seide that thei sholde be flayn all quyk; but in the ende thei acorded that thei sholde be brente in a fier, and a-noon as the Emperour herde the Iugement of the barou*ns*, he comaunded to make the fier in the place, and a-noon it was don, and thei were bounde hande and foot, and made hem to be caste in to the brynynge fier, and in short tyme thei were alle brent, ffor the fier was grete and huge. Thus toke Emperour vengaunce of his wif, and grete was the renomede that peple of hym spake whan it was knowen.

The emperor does not speak for a long while.

He tells Grisandolus to despoil the damsels.

The barons judge that the queen should be burnt, and the harlots hanged.

They are all burnt.

The barons think the savage man very wise.

The emperor asks if he *[Fol. 153*a*.] will say any more, and why he laughed when the squire smote his master.

Merlin laughed because of the woman. Grisandolus is the best maiden in the land.

A treasure is under the earth before the abbey gate.

The savage man laughed because Grisandolus was habited as a man.

Whan the Emperesse was brente, and thei that she hadde made hir maydenes, the barou*n*s returned a-gein to the Emperour, and seide oon to a-nother that the sauage man was right wise and avisee, ffor yet shall he sey some other thinges wher-of shall come some grete merveile vs, and to all the worlde; and the Emperour hym-self seide that he hadde seide his a-vision as it was in trouthe. Thus wiste the Emperour the lyvinge of his wif, and than the Emperour hym called, and asked yef he wolde sey eny more, and he seide, "Ye *yef he asked hym whereof." "I wolde wite," quod he, "wherefore thow didist laughe whan thow were in the f[o]reste, and loked on Grisandolus, and also whan thow were ledde be-fore an abbey, and in the chapell whan the squyer smote his lorde, and why thow seidest tho wordes to my stiwarde whan he asked why thow loughe, and after telle me what be-tokeneth the laughter here-ynne whan thow saugh the Emperesse come." "Sir," seide the sauage man, "I shall telle yow I-nowgh. I do yow to wite that the firste laughter that I made was for that a woman hadde me taken by her engyn, that no man cowde not do; and wite ye well that Grisandolus is the beste maiden and the trewest with-ynne youre reame, and therefore was it that I lough; and the laughter that I made be-fore the abbey, was for ther is vnder erthe be-fore the yate the grettest tresour hidde that eny man knoweth, and therfore I lough for that it was vnder feet of hem that a-boode after the almesse, ffor more richesse is in that tresour than alle the monkes beth worth, and all the abbey, and all that ther-to be-longeth, and the pore peple that ther-on stoden cowde it not take; and Avenable youre stywarde, that Grisandolus doth her clepen, saugh that I lowgh and asked me wherefore, and the couerte wordes that I to hir spake was for that she was chaunged in to the fourme of man, and hadde take a-nothir habite than hir owne; and alle the wordes that I spake thei ben trewe, ffor by woman is many a man disceyved, and therefore I cleped hir disceyaunt for by women ben many townes sonken and brent, and many a riche londe wasted and exiled, and moche peple slayn; but I sey it not for noon euell that is in hir, and thow thy-self maist well perceyve that be women be many worthi men shamed and wratthed that longe haue loued to-geder, yef it were not for debate of women; but now rech the not for thy wif, that thou haste distroied, ffor she hath it well deserued, and haue therfore no mystrust to other, for as longe as the worlde endureth it doth but apeire, and all that cometh to hem be the grete synne of luxure that in hem is closeth; ffor woman is of that nature, and of that disire, that whan she hath the moste worthi man of the worlde to hir lorde, she weneth she haue the werste, and wite ye fro whens this cometh of the grete fragelite that is in hem; and the foule corage and the foule thought that thei haue where thei may beste hir volunte acomplish; but therfore be not wroth, for ther ben in the worlde that ben full trewe, and yef thow haue be desceyved of thyn, yet shall thow haue soche oon that is worthy to be Emperesse, and to resceyve that high dignite, and yef thow wilt it be-leve thow shalt wynne ther-on more than thowe shalt lese. But the prophesie seith that the grete dragon shall come fro Rome that wolde distroie the reame of the grete Breteyne and put it in his subieccion; and the fierce lyon crowned maugre the diffence of the turtill that the dragon hath norisshed vndir his wynges, and as soone as the grete dragon shall *meve to go to the grete Breteigne, the lyon crowned shall come hym a-geins, and shull fight so to-geder, that a fierce bole that is prowde, whiche the lyon shall bringe with hym shall smyte so the dragon with oon of his hornes that he shall falle down deed, and therby shall be delyuered the grete lyon. But I will not telle the significacion of these wordes, for I owe it nought to do, but all this shall falle in thy tyme, and therfore be well ware of euell counseile, for grete part longeth to the. The tother laughter that I made in the chapell was not for the buffetes that the squyer yaf his lorde, but for the be-tokenynges that ther-ynne ben. In the same place ther the squyer stode was entred, and yet ther is vndir his feet a merveillouse tresour. The firste buffet that the squyer yaf his lorde signifieth that for avoure the wo[r]lde be-cometh so prowde, that he douteth nother god ne his soule, no

He advises the emperor to marry her.

The nature of woman.

Grisandolus is worthy to be empress.

The great dragon will come from Rome to destroy Breteyne.

*[Fol. 153b.]

The crowned lion will come against him.

The bull will kill the dragon.

The savage man will not tell the signification of these words.

The rich oppress the poor.

The usurer delights in riches.

The men of law sell their neighbours.

The squire smote his master against his will.

God does not will that men should be proud of worldly riches.

The empress and her twelve harlots.

*[Fol. 154*a*.]

The emperor's daughter is his without doubt.

more than the squyer douted to smyte his maister, but the riche wolde oppresse the pore vnder theire feet; and that make these vntrewe riche peple whan enythinge cometh to hem be myschaunce thei swere and stare and sey maugre haue god for his yeftes, and wite ye what maketh this nothinge but pride of richesse. The seconde buffet be-tokeneth the riche vserer that deliteth in his richesse and goth s[c]ornynge his pore nyghebours that be nedy whan thei come to hym ought for to borough, and the vserer so leneth hem litill and litill that at laste thei moste selle theire heritage to hym that so longe hath it coveyted. The thridde buffet signifieth these false pletours, men of lawe, that sellen and a-peire theire neyghbours be-hinde here bakke for couetise and envye of that thei se hem thrive, and for thei be not in her daungier, ffor whan these laweers sen that her neighbours don hem not grete reverence and servise, thei thenken and a-spien how thei may hem a-noyen in eny wise, and to make hem lese that thei haue, and therfore men seyn an olde sawe, who hath a goode neighbour hath goode morowe. Now haue ye herde the significaciou*ns* why the buffetes were yoven, but the squyer delited nothinge ther-ynne whan that he smote his maister, but he wiste not fro whens this corage to hym com. But god that is almyghty wolde haue it to be shewed in exsample that men sholde not be prowde for worldly richesse, for to the couetouse theire richesse doth hem but harme that slepen in auerice, and for-yete god and don the werkes of the deuell, that ledeth hem to euerlastinge deth, and all is for the grete delite that thei haue in richesse. But now shall I telle yow whi I lough to day whan I saugh the Emperesse comynge and hir lechours, I do yow to wite that it was but for dispite, ffor I saugh that she was youre wif, and hadde oon of the worthiest men of the worlde that eny man knoweth of youre yowthe, and she hadde take these xij harlott*es* and wende *euer for to haue ledde this foly all hir lif; and ther-fore hadde I grete dispite for the love of yow and of youre doughter, ffor she is youre doughter with-oute doute, and draweth litill after hir moder. Now haue ye herde alle the laughtres and wherefore thei were, and therfore may I go yef it be youre plesier." "Now a-bide a litill," seide the Emperour, "and telle vs the trouthe of Grisandolus, and also we shull sende to digge after the tresour for I will wite yef it be trewe," and he ther-to dide assent; than the Emperour comaunded that Grisandolus were sought, and so she was founden oon of the feirest maydenes that neded to enquere in eny londe, and whan the Emperour knewe that Grisandolus, his stiwarde, that longe hadde hym serued was a woman, he blissed hym for the wonder that he ther-of hadde. Than he asked the sauage man counseile what he sholde do of that he hadde promysed to yeve his doughter, and half his reame, ffor loth he was to falsen his promyse of couenaunt. "I shall telle yow," quod the man, "what ye shull do yef ye will do my counseile, and wite it well, it is the beste that eny man can yeven." "Sey on, than," seide Emperour, "ffor what counseile that thow yevest I shall it well be-leve, for I haue founde thy seyinge trewe." Than seide the sauage man, "Ye shall take Avenable to be yowre wif, and wite ye whos doughter she is. She is doughter to the Duke matan that the Duke ffrolle hath disherited and driven oute[1] of his londe for envye with grete wronge, and he and his wif be fledde, and his sone, that is a feire yonge squyer, in to Province in to a riche town that is called monpellier; and sende to seche hem and yelde hem her heritage that thei haue loste with wronge, and make the mariage of youre doughter and Auenables brother that is so feire, and ye may her no better be setten." And whan the Barou*n*s vndirstode that the sauage man seide, thei spoke moche a-monge hem, and seiden in the ende that the Emperour myght do no better after theire advis; and than the Emp*er*our asked his name, and what he was, and the hert that so pertly spake vnto hym, and than seide he, "Sir, of that enquere no more, ffor it is a thinge the more ye desire to knowe the lesse shall ye witen." "Ffor sothe," seide the Emperour, "now suppose I well what it may be, but shull ye telle us eny more." "Ye," quod he, "I tolde yow right now of the lyon crowned and of the lyon

They seek for Grisandolus, and find her to be a fair maiden.

The emperor asks what he is to do about his daughter.

The emperor is to marry Avenable,

and to send and seek her family.

The emperor asks the name of the savage man;

but he will not tell,

but will tell of the lions.

---

[1] The word "oute" is repeated in the MS.

volage, but now shall I telle yow in other manere, for that ye shull be better remembred whan tyme cometh. Emperour of Rome," quod he, "this is trewe prophesie that the grete boor of Rome that is signified by the grete dragon, shall go a-gein the lyon crowned of the bloy Breteyne a-gein the counseile of the turtell that hath an heed of golde and longe hath ben his love. But the boor shall be so full of pride that he will nothir be-leve, but shall go with so grete pride with all his generacion in to the parties *of Gaule to fight with the crowned lyon that shall come a-geins hym with alle his beestes. Ther shall be grete slaughter of beestes on bothe sides. Than shall oon of the fawnes of the lyon crowned sle the grete boor, and ther-fore I praye the yef thow wilt ought do for me er I departe that thow do nothinge a-gein the volunte of thy wif, after that day that thow haste her wedded, and wite well yef thow do thus thow shalt haue profite, and now I take my leve for here haue I no more to do." And the Emperour be-taught hym to god seth it myght no better be, and ther-with he wente on his wey, and whan he com to the halle dore he wrote letteres on the lyntell of the dore in grewe that seide, "Be it knowe to alle tho that these letteres reden, that the sauage man that spake to the Emperour and expounded his dreme, hit was Merlin of Northumberlande, and the hert brancus with xv braunches that spake to hym in his halle at mete a-monge alle his knyght*es*, and was chaced thourgh the Citee of Rome, that spake to Auenable in the foreste whan he tolde hir how she sholde fynde the man sauage; and lete the Emperour well wite that Merlin is maister counseller to kynge Arthur of the grete Breteyne." And than he departed and spake no mo wordes. Whan this sauage man was departed from the Emperour, he sente in to Province to seche the fader and the moder of Auenable and Patrik hir brother, in the town of monpeller, whider as thei were fledde; and a-noon thei com gladde and ioyfull of the auenture that god hadde hem sente, and whan thei were comen thei hadde grete ioye of theire doughter that thei wende neuer to haue seyn. Than thei a-bide with the Emperour longe tyme, and the Emperour restored hem

The dragon of Rome will go against the crowned lion of Bloy Breteyne,

*[Fol. 154b.]

and will be slain.

The savage man prays the emperor to do nothing against the wish of his wife.

He writes letters on the lintel of the door.

The savage man and the hart were both Merlin.

The emperor sends to seek the father and mother of Avenable, and Patrik, her brother.

He restores

to here herytage that ffrolle hadde hem be-rafte. But as ffrolle myght he it a-gein seide, ffor he was of grete power, and so endured the werre longe tyme. But in the ende the Emperour made the pees, and than he maried his doughter to Patrik, and hym-self toke Auenable to his wif, and grete was the ioye and the feeste that the Barou*n*s maden, for moche was she be-loved bothe of riche and pore, and as the Emperour was in ioye and deduyt of his newe spouse, ther com a massage to hym oute of Greece for a discorde that was be-twene the barou*n*s of Greese and the Emperour Adrian, that sholde hem Iustise, ffor the Emperour Adrian myght vn-ethe ride for febilnesse of age, and whan the messagers hadde spoke to the Emperour and don all that he sholde, he toke his leve to go, and as he caste vp his yie vpon the halle dore and saugh the letteres that Merlin hadde writen in griewe, and a-noon he redde hem lightly, and than he gan to laughe right harde, and shewed hem to the Emperour, and seide, "Sir, is this trewe that these lettres seyn." "What sey thei," quod the Emperour, "wote ye neuer." Quod the messager, "Thei seyn that he that tolde yow the vntrouthe of youre wif, and youre dreme expowned, and spake to yow in gise of an herte, that it was Merlin of Northumbirlande, the maister counseller of kynge Arthur of Breteyne, by whos counseile ye haue spoused youre wif Auenable." And whan the Emperour vndirstode *these wordes he merveiled sore; and than be-fill a grete merveile, whereof alle that were ther-ynne hadde wonder, and the Emperour hym-self; ffor as soone as the Emperour herde what the letteres mente, a-noon the letteres vanysshed so sodeynly that no man wiste how, and ther-of hadde thei grete wonder, and moche it was spoken of thourgh the contrey. But now cesseth the tale of the Emperour of Rome that a-bode in his paleise gladde and myry with his wif Auenable, and ledde goode lif longe tyme, for bothe were thei yonge peple, ffor the Emperour was but xxviij yere of age at that hour, and his wif was xxij, and yef thei ledde myri lif, yet Patrik and ffoldate, the doughter of the Emperour, lyved in more delite. But now returneth the tale a-gein to speke of Merlin.

their heritage to them.

He marries his daughter to Patrik, and takes Avenable as his wife.

Discord between the barons of Greece and the Emperor Adrian.

A messenger reads the letters that Merlin wrote, and laughs.

He read them to the emperor.

*[Fol. 155*a*.]

When the emperor has heard them, the letters disappear.

The emperor and his wife live together happily;

as do Patrik and Foldate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE TWELVE KINGS AND THE SAISNES BEFORE THE CITY OF CLARENCE.

Merlin leaves the emperor,

Here seith the book that as soone as Merlin was departed from Julius sezar, the Emperour of Rome, to whom he hadde tolde his a-vision, he toke his wey in to the grete Breteyne, and com in to Northumbirlande to Blaase his maister, that gladde was whan that he hym saugh, but he was but litill while in comynge, ffor he com theder in half a day and oon nyght ffor he was full of grete art, and than he tolde hym all these thinges that were be-falle in Rome, and after he tolde hym how xij kynges and a Duke were assembled with xl^{M1} men for to go fight with the saisnes be-fore the Citee of Clarence, and tolde hym of the grete bateile that hadde be vnder the Castell of Trebes in the reame of Benoyk of the kynge Arthur a-gein the Almaynes, and a-gein the Romayns, and a-gein the frenshe men of Gaule and of la desert, and how alle were discounfited, and how the kynge Ban hadde geten his wif with childe, soche oon that shall surmounte alle the knyghtes that shull be in his tyme; and whan he hadde all tolde, and Blaase hadde all writen in his book, where thourgh we haue yet the knowynge ther-of. But now we moste reste of Merlin and of Blaase till a-nother tyme, and speke of the xij princes that were assembled as ye haue herde be-fore for to fight with the saisnes.

and comes to Blase,

and tells what he had done in Rome, and of the twelve kings before the city of Clarence, and of the battle before Trebes,

and how Ban's wife was with child.

The twelve princes assembled to fight the Saisnes.

Whan these xij kynges and this Duke weren assembled with as moche peple as thei myght haue, thei toke counseile, and ordeyned her wardes, and than rode forth by nyght that thei were not seyn of no peple. The firste warde ledde Aguysans, the kynge de Cent chiualiers, that was a full noble knyght, vaillaunt and hardy, and right stronge as of his yowthe, and hadde in his companye vij^{M1} men of armes. The seconde warde ledde the kynge Tradiliuauns of North-Wales that was a full goode man and a trewe, and with hym vij^{M1} men

They ride forth by night. The first ward led by Aguysans;

the second by Tradilivauns;

of armes. The thridde warde ledde[1] the kynge Belynans of South wales, his brother, that was also a noble knyght with vij^{Ml} men of armes. The fourthe warde ledde the kynge Carados brenbas with v^{Ml} men. The fithe warde ledde the kynge *Brangore with vij^{Ml} men, and the vj^{e} ledde the Duke Escam of Cambenyk with vij^{Ml} men. The seuenthe warde ledde the kynge Clarion, of Northumbirlonde, with vij^{Ml} men. The viij warde ledde the kynge ydiers of Cornewaile, that was a feire knyght and an amerouse, and welbeloued a-monge ladyes with vij^{Ml} men, and the ix^{e} ledde the kynge Vrien that was a noble knyght, and a sure of his body; but sory he was and wroth for his sones that he hadde loste, and full sore was he greved in the werre so that he hadde not but iij^{Ml} men of armes that he brought in his companye, but thei were bolde and hardy. The tenthe warde ledde the kynge Aguysans of Scotlonde, that was wonte to be so riche a londe, and so plentevouse of goode men, but he hath loste many in the werre that he hadde but thre^{Ml} men of armes. The xj^{e} warde ledde the kynge Loot of Orkanye, and hadde all loste bothe wif, and childeren, and all his feire meyne, wherfore he was so sorowfull that he hadde leuer dye than lyve, ffor so was he greved with the werre that his peple was but small, but tho were orped knyghtes, and the beste of all the hoste for to endure and suffre *tra*ueile of armes. The xij^{the} warde ledde the kynge Ventres of Garlot, that was a full noble knyght and a sure, and he was full wroth in herte for his sone that hadde hym lefte that he loved so hertely, and hadde gretly be greved with saisnes, that he hadde in his companye but two thousande men and thre hundred, what on horsebak and on foote; and whan her peple were disseuered and her wardes devided, the barou*ns* assembled and asked oon of a-nother how thei sholden don, and than thei a-corded to go fight be-fore the town of Clarence, and that thei sholde not ride but by myght and smyte sodeynly in to the hoste on all partes, ffor better is it for vs to dye with worship than to lyve in shame; and with that

the third by Belynans;

the fourth by Carados;

the fifth by Brangore;

*[Fol. 155*b*.]

the sixth by Escam;

the seventh by Clarion:

the eighth by Ydiers;

the ninth by Urien;

the tenth by Aguysans;

the eleventh by Loot;

the twelfth by Ventres.

The barons agree to fight before the town of Clarence.

---

[1] The word "ledde" is repeated in the MS.

When they have supped they command the people to make ready to ride.

A spy of king Hardogabran overhears the barons,

and tells Hardogabran.

When the Saisnes learn that there are only 40,000 Christians they are careless.

Hardogabran has the host watched day and night.

departed the counseile of the barou*n*s, and eche wente to his pavelon; and whan thei hadde souped thei comaunded her peple to arme hem and make redy for to ride; and a-noon thei were appareilled thou[r]gh the hoste and rode forth on her wey. And ther was a spie of the kynges Hardogabran that hadde herde all the doynge of the barou*n*s. This aspie paste oute of the hoste previly, and com to the sege that was be-fore Clarence grete and merveilouse, and tolde to the kynge Hardogabran all the aray that he hadde seyn, and how that the cristin com with grete spede; and whan that the saisnes vndirstoden that the cristin were comynge, thei asked how moche peple thei myght be in all, and he seide that thei were not xl$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$, and than the saisnes ne sette nought ther-by, ne deyned not to arme the fourthe part of hem. But neuertheles the kynge Hardogabran made the hoste to be waicched bothe day and nyght; and also ther were xx kynges that after that thei herde that the cristin were comynge, thei wolde neuer be disgarnysshed of her armes. But now we moste returne to the cristin that com ridinge.

*[Fol. 156*a*.] The twelve princes come to the host before day, while all are asleep.

They divide their people into three companies.

They run into the host and cut down the tents.

*These xii princes ride so by nyght till that thei com nygh the hoste a litill be-fore day, and the weder was somwhat trouble and wyndy, and be-gan for to reyne; and thei in the hoste were the hevyer of slepe, and thei toke noon hedde that eny peple sholde come on hem at soche tyme, and whan the cristin saugh theire herberowe that noon ne come oute ne made no noyse, a-noon thei right theire armour; and whan thei were redy thei departed theire peple in to thre parties, and in that oon part was the kynge Clarion, and in that other part was the kynge Ventres of Garlot, and Carados, and Brangores, and Tradilyuans, and Belynans his brother; and in the thridde partie was the kynge Aguysas, and the kynge Vrien, and as soone as thei were disseuered thei rode a softe paas, theire hedes enclyned vnder theire helmes, and whan thei com nygh the tentes, thei lete theire horse go as faste as thei myght renne, and kutte a-sonder cordes and ropes of the loiggynges, and threwe down tentes and pavelou*n*s, and slowh and maymed alle that thei a-raught at her comynge, and than a-roos the noyse and the showte so grete that all the foreste resounded. Ther was grete martire and grete occision of saisnes, er the men of armes that sholde haue waicched the hoste were horsed, and whan thei saugh hem so surprised thei lepe to horse and rode to the kynge Hardogabrans tente, and blewe hornes on euery parte, and assembled to-geder bothe armed and vn-armed, and the xx kynges lepe to horse, and eche hadde x^{Ml} men at his baner, and ronne agein the cristen, and smote thourgh sheldes and hauberkes, that many ther were slayn on bothe partyes; and the xij princes suffred sore traueile, for thei were full noble knyghtes, and well hem helped Segurades, and Drias the lorde of salerne, and Mares, and Dorilas, and Brandins de la dolerouse garde, and Bruyns saunz pitee. These dide so well that neuer knyghtes myght do better, and on that other part were to-geder the Castelein of Gazell, and the lorde of blakeston, and the lorde of mares, and the lorde of wyndesore, and Aliers, and Gaudius, and the nevew of kynge Vrien, these ought not to be forgeten, for a-gein hem myght noon armour endure were it neuer so harde. These x knyghtes drough to the xij princes as soone as thei saugh hem at the logges where thei stode stifly, and foughten harde and sore, and so many slough the cristin that the horse wente in blode vp to the pastrou*ns*. But the saisnes were so many and so thikke, that be fin force thei drof hem fro the tentes, but thei wente not vileyusly, but as noble men and hardy; ffor whan the worthi men saugh thei were putte bakke thei were a-schamed, and hadde ther-of grete dispite. Than thei assembled and mette hem in the visages. Ther was stronge shour, and sore eche of hem shewde her hardynesse and his grete prowesse, and eche of hem seide that neuer was he worthi to [be] cleped a knyght that failed at that nede for to helpe so well that it myght be spoke of all his lif after; with this wordes eche *smote his horse with spores and cried his ensigne, and thei smyte in so harde a-monge the Saisnes, that many ther were deed and wounded gapinge vp-right ther as thei passed; but the saisnes com oute of the tentes soche foyson that no man myght counte the nombre, and hardogabran, a saisne, moche and grete oute

There is great slaughter of the Saxons.

Horns are blown.

The twenty kings leap to horse.

The twelve princes suffer.

They are helped by the knights.

The knights on the other side.

The Saxons drive the Christians away from the tents.

Each show great prowess.

*[Fol. 156*b*.]

The great number of the Saxons.

Hardogabran is fifteen feet high.

He sits on a grey steed.

Carados meets him.

They both fall to the ground.

Both sides press to the rescue.

It rains night and day.

of mesure com formest; ffor the storye seith that he was xv foote of lengthe, but he was yonge of xxviij yere of age. This kynge hardogabran satte vpon a grete gray stede with a spere in his hande, grete and shorte, and hadde a staffe hanginge on his lifte side where-with that day he made many a knyght sory and wroth; and whan the cristin saugh this grete deuell comynge, thei douted for to mete hym, the beste and the moste hardyest of all the cristin hoste, and made hym wey; and Carados of the perilouse tour hym mette, for he was the grettest and the strengest of all the cristin hoste, and was xxx yere of age, and as soone as he saugh the grete devell he lete renne to hym for nothinge he hym douted, and thei mette so harde with theire speres vpon the sheldes, and in passinge fourth thei hurteled so harde with her helmes and sheldes that bothe thei fill to the grounde, and theire horse also; and whan bothe partyes saugh these tweyne falle, thei pressed to the rescowse on bothe parties. Ther suffred the cristin grete peyne and traueile er that Carados myght be remounted, and the reyne hem greved sore that thei hadde the nyght and the day, ffor it cessed neuer of reynynge till that mydday was passed, and thei were so wete grete and small, that vn-ethe myght thei eche knowe other but by theire speche.

The Christians set Carados on his horse.

The battle begins afresh.

The Christians get the worst of the fight.

Full grete was the bataile and the stour mortall for sore eche other dide hate. Ther dide the cristin well preve theire prowesse, for magre hem thei sette Carados on horse, that Bloys of Plaisshie hym brought where-from he hadde smyten down the kynge Graalant, and matan and alibos, two yonge knyghtes, and the lorde of Nohaut, and the Castelein of Molehaut, mayntened the stour so well that thei ought not to be blamed till that Carados was remounted, and than be-gan the stour all newe for many ther were of goode knyghtes on the cristin partye, and on the hethen side grete pride; ffor many ther were of riche men and puyssant, and hadde soche plente of peple that the cristen were not but litill shewed a-monge hem, and therfore hadde thei moche the werse, for thei were at grete myschef; and in this maner thei foughten till mydday was paste, and than be-gan the day for to clere, and the sonne to shewe out his bemes and dryed theire harneys, and than be-gan the stour to enforce more and more. But the saisnes were so many that of fin force thei droff hem oute of the feelde, and brought hem to the plaisshes, and ther thei stynted longe tyme; ffor the kynge de cent Chiualers with-stode firste and cleped his ensigne many tymes, and seide to the barouns, "What *lordynges, wheder will ye go. Certes full euell holde ye the promyse that we devised hedirwarde; ffor yet be we hooll and sounde, and oure armoure hooll also, and we be thus discounfited that noon of vs dar shewe his valour, wele ought we to be reproved, and well owe we to remembre that whan we be departed oon from a-nother, that yef we be oute of sorowe issed in to moche more dolour be we entred," and whan the barouns vndirstode that the kynge de Cent Chiualiers hem seide, thei returned a-gein fiercely, and eche of hem smote so the firste that he mette, that deed he fill to grounde, and ther be-gan the bataile more crewell than it hadde all the day be-fore. Ther dide the kynge de Cent Chyualiers so well that moche was he preised and be-loved of the high barouns; ffor er he departed his sheilde was all to daisht, that the thridde part ne left not hooll, and his hauberke dismayled and his helme perced, and his armes all be-soiled in blode, and his horse heed and all the fore body was soyled with bloode and brayn, that he myght not be knowe, but by his speche; and also ther a-boode the kynge Vryen and Bawdemagn, his nevew, and the kynge ydiers, and the kynge loot, and the kynge ventres, and Dorilas, these wolde neuer leve the stour as longe as thei myght a-bide in place, and ther thei dide the saisnes grete damage, ffor moo thei slowgh than that thei hadde don all the day be-fore; and whan the saisnes saugh the damage that thei hem dide, the[i] blewen hornes and trumpes, and made soche noyse a tempest that oon myght it heare two myle longe, and than com Orienx a saisne with foure thousand men of armes all fressh and newe, and frusht in to the medle so harde that they made hem alle to remeve place, and than a-roos the noyse and the

The day begins to clear.

The Saxons drive the Christians out of the field.

The king de Cent Chivaliers asks the barons why they go.

*[Fol. 157a.]

The barons return again fiercely.

The king De Cent Chivaliers is much praised.

Urien, Bawdemagn, Ydiers, Loot, and Ventres do great damage to the Saxons.

Orienx comes with 4,000 men.

The chase continues till night.
The Saxons return to their tents.
The Saxons lost 20,000, and the Christians 10,000 men.

chace all the day on ende till it was nyght that the cristin myght neuer recouer for to holde place, but were all discounfited, and yef the nyght were not so soone come vpon, more hadde thei myshapped, and whan the saisnes hadde loste the day light, thei returned to theire tentes and vn-armed hem, and esed hem, and sette hem to soper, and ete and dranke plente, and after soper thei slepe and toke theire reste as they that well wende to be sure on all partyes, but full angry thei were of the harme that the cristen hadde hem don that day, and gladly ther-of wolde thei ben a-venged, yef thei myght come in place, ffor the storie seith thei loste moo than xx$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ men, and the cristen loste x$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$. But now returne we to speke of the xij princes that be full of sorowe and angre for the disconfiture that is vpon hem turned, and seide a-monge hem that so wolde thei it nought leten, but that thei wolden don hem more damage er that thei wolde departed.

The barons dismount.
*[Fol. 157*b*.]
They leap to horse,
and come to the tents. They find the host asleep.
They throw down the tents, and slay many of the Saxons.
The Saxons assemble at Hardogabran's tent.

Now whan the barou*n*s were so discounfited, and were somwhat fer from the tentes of the saisnes, thei a-light on foote, and a-mended theire armours, and refresshed theire horse; but thei were all be-soiled with bloode and myre, bothe theire armes *and theire horse that no colour myght be knowen; and whan thei were redy, thei lepte to horse and rode a softe paas cloos to-geder so stilliche, that noon ne spake a worde till that[1] thei com to the tentes a-boute mydnyght, and fonde the hoste all a-slepe; ffor tho thei wende to haue ben all saf for the discounfiture that thei hadde don; and whan the cristin com to the tentes thei ronne in with so grete raveyn, for thei were yet xxx$^{\mathrm{ti}\ \mathrm{Ml}}$ of horsmen, and thei threwe down tentes and Pavilou*n*s, and slowgh many of the saisnes, that noon ascaped that fill to theire handes; and the saisnes lepte oute of her beddes all slepy, and cried, "Treson, treson," and assembled at Hardogabrans tente, where oon blewe a trumpe, and the saisnes entended to nothinge elles but to renne to that trumpe, and than thei hem armed, and a-raied as faste as thei myght;

---

[1] The word "that" is repeated in the MS.

and thei light vp torches, and lanternes, and fire brondes grete ple*n*te, that the light myght haue be seyn iij myle longe.

The cristin neuer cessed to kille and to sle, and mangeled alle that thei myght take, that the stremes of blode ran as of a welle springe, and thus the slaughter endured all the nyght till it was day; and whan the saisnes saugh the grette losse and martire that thei maden, thei were woode for wrath and ire, and than they com on fresshly as though the[y] sholde haue all confounded in theire comynge, and the cristen hem deffended in the beste maner. But yet the saisnes droff hem oute from the tentes foule and lothly; and than be-gonne the horse of the cristin to feynte sore as they that two dayes hadde not eten, and ther-of were thei sore discounforted; ffor thei saugh that alle were thei in a-venture of deth. Than fill the barons in corage as god wolde, the yonge knyghtes that I haue named be-fore, that thei wolde Iuste with the saisnes for to wynne hem other horse where-on thei myght ride, or elles thei were in grete pereile alle to perissh. Than eche of the barons toke a grete spere, and rode in to the renges a xl of knyghtes of pris, and hit is reson to reherse theire names of the worthi lordes. The firste was the kynge ydiers of Cornewaile, and the kynge Ventres of Garlot, and his nevew that euer kepte hym a-boute hym; the fourthe was kynge loot of Orcanye; the v^e was kynge Clarion of Northumbirlonde; the sixthe was kynge *Christ*ofer, and his nevew that hilde the depe Cite of Gaunt, and the lorde of the dolerouse garde, and Bruns saunz pitee, and the lorde of Nohaut, and the lorde of the forest perilouse, and the kynge de[1] Cent Chiualiers, and the kynge Tradylyuaunt of North wales, and Polydomas his nevew, and the kynge Brangore, and the kynge aguysas of Scotlond*e*, and Gaudin his nevew, and the Duke Escam of Cambenyk, and the lorde of salerne, and the kynge Vrien, and Badmagn his nevew, and the kynge Belynans of South wales, and

The Christians kill all they can;

the slaughter endures all night.

The Saxons are wroth,

and drive the Christians out of the tents.

The horses of the Christians faint.

Each of the barons takes a great spear.

The names of the worthy lords.

---

[1] The words "kynge de" are repeated in the MS.

Carados de la dolerouse toure, and as many of other knyghtes *that thei were well thre score.

*[Fol. 158*a*.]

These com in the first fronte with speres in fewtre for to Iuste, for grete myster hadde thei of horse, and eueriche of hem smote oon so harde that he fill deed to the grounde, or wounded, and sesed the horse by the reynes, and wente with hem a-side in to the feilde, and a-light from theire horse, and lepte on hem that thei hadde wonne, and returned a-gein in to bateile, and be-gonne to smyte down men and horse to grounde, for to remounte her company vpon fresshe horses that ther-to hadden grete nede, and all the day noon of hem wolde departe from other; ffull harde and felon was the bateile ther, as these thre score were newe I-horsed, and longe it endured; but the saisnes dide euer encrese more and more, and made the cristen to voyde the place, but that was with grete peyne, ffor the saisnes peyned hem sore to a-venge the harmes that thei hadden don, and the cristin were talentif to a-venge her frendes, that the paynymes hadde slayn; but in the ende were the cristin discounfited and chaced oute of the feilde. But ther endured grete traueile the thre score knyghtes; ffor thei kepte hem-self all-ther hinderest for to diffende the other that feyntly were horsed that myght no faster go than a paas; and these thre score knyghtes wisten well that alle were thei deed or taken yef thei hem for-saken, and so thei mayntened the bateile as longe as thei myght suffre till that her companye was well paste; and than thei wente her wey after, and whan thei were ouer-taken thei with-stode and foughten with the saisnes full harde, and whan eny of these knyght*es* fill, thei alle a-boode till he were remounted; but nought for than moche thei losten at the laste, ffor right many of her men were slain and wounded, and taken prisoners. In this manere were the cristin discounfited, and the saisnes hem chaced fer in to the foreste, where-as thei hem leften be-cause of the nyght that com on, and than the saisnes returned to theire loigges with grete plente of prisoners; and alwey after that the saisnes made better waicche than thei hadde don be-fore, and the cristin were in

They smite down the Saxons, and seize their horses.

They remount their company.

The Saxons increase,

and chase the Christians out of the field.

The three score knights keep up the battle.

The Saxons chase them into the forest, and return with plenty of prisoners, and keep better watch.

the foreste for socour, and rode forth till thei com in to a feire launde, and ther thei a-light on foote from theire horse and made grete doell and sorowe for theire losse, and were so discounforted, that thei wiste not what for to do ne whider to go; but in the ende thei a-corded that eche man sholde go to his repeire, and yef the saisnes come hem for to assaile eche man deffende hym-self the beste wise that he may; with that thei lept to horse, and eche comaunded other to god and departed wepinge for pite that oon from that other, and eche wente hoom to his repeire, and stuffed hem with peple, and vitaile the beste that thei myght; and after that the saisnes hadde hem thus discounfited *thei douted hem nothinge, but ronne thourgh her londes, and brente and distroied and token prisoners, and brought in to the hoste many prayes; and neuer after were the kynges so bolde to isse out of her castelles and townes for to fight with the saisnes. But now we moste speke of the kynge Arthur that is in the see towarde the grete Breteyne.

The Christians alight, and are sorrowful.

They leap to horse, and return to their homes.

*[Fol. 158*b*.]

The Saxons burn and destroy the lands.

The kings dare not fight the Saxons again.

CHAPTER XXV.

ARTHUR'S MEETING WITH LEODOGAN; MARRIAGE OF ARTHUR AND GONNORE.

Now seith the storie, that whan the kynge Arthur and the barou*n*s were assembled and entred in to the shippes, thei sailed till thei come to the bloy Breteyne; and as soone as thei were arived thei lepe vpon horse and ryde so day and nyght, till thei come to logres the thirde day, and ther were thei richely welcomed, and the moste ioye that myght be made to eny peple; and ther thei dide soiourne thre dayes with grete feeste; and the fourthe day remeved the kynge Arthur and Gawein, and his brethren, and the kynge Ban of Benoyk, and the kynge Bohors of Gannes, with thre thousande men of armes with-oute moo, and rode so by her iourneyes that

Arthur and the barons sail to the Bloy Bretayne.

They ride to Logres.

On the fourth day they ride to Carmelide, thei come in to the reame of Carmelide, a two myle from Toraise, where the kynge leodogan soiourned, and whan he herde tydinges that the kynge Arthur com, he rode a-geins hym, he and his meyne two myle or more, and whan thei were mette ther was made grete ioye, and welcomynge be-twene the[1] two kynges that well loved, and so dide alle the other barouns and lordes; and whan thei com in to the town thei fonde it all hanged with riche clothes, and strowed with fresh herbes, and fonde ladyes and maydenes carolinge and daunsinge, and the moste reuell and disport that myght be made; and on that other side these yonge bachelers of pris brake speres in bourdinge oon a-gein a-nother, and thus thei conveyed hem vn-to the town, where-as Gonnore, the doughter of kynge leodogan com hem for to meten. But who so made ioye she was gladdest of alle other; ffor as soone as she saugh the kynge Arthur she ran to hym with armes spredde a-brode, and seide he was welcome and alle his companye; and she kiste his mouth tendirly, seynge hem alle that wolde, and than eche toke other by the hande and went vp in to the paleise, and whan it was tyme of soper thei ete and dranke grete plente, for I-nough thei haue where-of; and whan thei hadde disported hem a longe while after soper they wente to bedde for to resten hem, for wery they were of traueile; and on the morowe erly a-roos the kynge Arthur, and the kynge Bohors, and the kynge Ban, and Sir Gawein, and Ewein that gladly roos euer erly more than eny other, and wente to the mynster to here messe, and than com a-gein in to the paleise a-bove, and fonde the kynge leodogan that hadde herde messe in his chapell, and than thei asked horse and rode forth tho vj with-oute eny moo, and yede to disporte hem, and to se the medowes and the river; and than the kynge leodogan a-resoned the kynge Arthur, and asked hym whan he sholde spousen his doughter, ffor he seide *that it was tyme; and the kynge Arthur ansuerde that whiche hour that hym plesed, ffor he was ther-to redy; "but

where Leodogan sojourns.

Meeting of Arthur and Leodogan.

Festivities in the town.

Gonnore comes to meet Arthur.

She kisses him.

They have supper.

On the morrow Arthur, Bohors, and Ban go to hear mass.

They find Leodogan,

who asks Arthur when he is going to espouse his daughter.

*[Fol. 159a.]

Arthur is

---

[1] The word "the" is repeated in the MS.

I moste a-bide the beste frende that I haue, ffor with-oute hym will I do nothinge in no manere;" and than he asked whiche was that frende, and he tolde hem how it was Merlin, "be whom I haue recouered londe and honour, and all the goode that I haue ellis," and whan sir Gawein vndirstode the wordes, he seide that he hadde grete reson for to love hym well, "and eche oon of vs oweth to desire his comynge, and wite it well he shall come er ought longe seth that ye hit desire." "Certes," seide the kynge Arthur "he tolde me that he sholde be here all in tyme." "Than ther is no more," quod Gawein, "but lete vs sette the day of spousaile;" and than toke thei day to-geder the vtas after, and com thus spekynge in to the halle, and fonde the clothes leyde, and all thinge redy, and than thei waissh as thei ought to do, and weren serued as noble princes sholden be; and after mete thei wente to disporte, thei that wolde, and thus thei soiourned alle the viij dayes full. But now resteth a litill to speke of hem at this tyme, and returne to the xij princes that were disconfit be-fore the town of Clarence.

ready, but says he must first ask Merlin.

Gawein says they all ought to wish for the coming of Merlin.

They fix the espousals for that day week.

After that the kynges were thus discounfited, and were repeired eche of hem hom to his repeire; till that tydinges a-roos thourgh the londe that the kynge Arthur hadde passed the see, and hadde a-dubbed the sones of kynge loot, and the twey sones of kynge Vrien, and Galashin, the sone of kynge Ventre of Garlot, and Dodynell the sauage, the sone of kynge Belynant of South wales, and kay destranx, the nevew of kynge Carados, and Seigramour, the Emperours nevew of Costantynnoble, and his felowes that hadde brought with hym; and how the wif of kynge loot was at logres whider that his owne sones hadde hir brought and taken hir from the saisnes; and how the brethren hadde sworn, that neuer hir fader the kynge loot sholde haue theire moder in companye till that he hadde made homage to the kynge Arthur, and lete hym wele knowe that he hadde no werse enmy than that thei wolden be; and how that kynge Arthur hadde foughten with the kynge Claudas and Pounce Antonye be-fore the castell of Trebes, and

News comes to the kings that Arthur had dubbed the sons of Loot, Urien, and the others,

and that the wife of Loot was at Logres;

that Arthur had discomfited Claudas,

Pounce, Frolle, and Randolf,

with ffrolle the Duke of Almayne, and Randolf the Senescall of Gaule, and hadde hem alle discounfited, and chaced oute of the feelde, and restored the two brethern to theire londes; and how he sholde take to wif the doughter of the kynge leodogan of Carmelide, and how he hadde discounfited the kynge Rion be-fore the Cite of Danablaise, and how he was gon in to Carmelide for to spouse his wif. Of these thinges spake the princes prively to hir counseile, and seide that thei dide grete synne euer hym for to wrath, ffor alle these harmes *that to hem was fallen was but for the synne that thei hadde don a-geins hym, and thei dide repente sore of the hate that was be-twene hem, yef thei myght other-wise haue don; and preiden god hertely that thei myght come in soche poynte that thei were acorded, be so that thei ther-by be not shamed; and so ran the tydinges of the kynge Arthur, that the kynge loot it herde, and wiste how that his wif was at logres, and his litill sone Mordred, and therfore in oon manere he was gladde and in a-nother he was wroth; gladde for that she was delyuered oute of the handes of the saisnes, and angry for that his children hadde sworn that neuer sholde he haue hir in companye of hym, ne haue theire love till that he hadde made homage to kynge Arthur; but he saugh not how he myght with hym be acorded with his honour, but yef god wolde helpe hym of counseile, and than he be-thought hym how Arthur wolde sende his wif to logres Chief Citee, and as soone as he myght knowe of hir comynge he wolde gon hir a-geins with as moche peple as he myght haue and fight with hym, and assay to take Arthurs wif, and for hir myght he haue a-gein his.

and Rion; and that he was gone to Carmelide to espouse his wife.

*[Fol. 159b.]

The princes repent of their enmity to Arthur.

Loot is glad and wroth.

He will try to take Arthur's wife.

Thus thought the kynge loot, but other-wise sholde it go, yef god kepe the force of kynge Arthur and of Sir Gawein, his nevew. Than the kynge loot sente his aspies fer and nygh, for to knowe whan the kynge Arthur sholde come from the reme of Carmelyde, and how moche peple that he hadde in his companye, and he hym appareiled for to ride hym a-geins. But of these thynges cesseth the tale at thys tyme, and speketh of Merlin, that was with Blaase in Northumbirlande, that alle

He sends out spies.

The tale speaks of Merlin,

these thinges hath hym tolde, and he hath hem alle in his booke wreten; and the storye seith that as soone as the kynge Arthur hadde seide to the kynge leodogan that he a-boode nothinge elles but the comynge of Merlin, a-noon Merlin it wiste, and alle the wordes that were ther seide, and that he wiste the purpos of the xij kynges, and of the kynge loot, and how he hadde sente his aspies, and alle he tolde to Blase, and he wrote euer as he tolde; and Merlin com to Toraise in Carmelide, where-as the Barons hym a-bode, and that was the euen be-fore that the kynge sholde spousen his wif, and as soone as the Barou*n*s hym saugh, thei were of hym right gladde and ioyfull, as thei that moche desired his feliship. But now we moste a litill turne for to speke of Gonnore the stepdoughter of Cleodalis, the senescall of Carmelide, and of his kynnysmen that right moche hated the kynge leodogan.

who knows what is going on.

He comes to Toraise.

When the barons see him they are right glad.

Gonnore, the stepdaughter of Cleodalis.

Here seith the book that Gonnore, the doughter of the senescallis wif, hadde right riche kynne of goode knyghtes that sore hated the kynge leodogan, for the grete *shame that he dide to Cleodalis of his wif, that he so longe hadde holden in a-vouterie maugre Cleodalis, and alle his frendes, and longe hadde thei kept prevy the hate that thei durste not ther-of speke; but thei thought well to be wroken whan thei saugh tyme, and it fill the same day that Merlin was come thei were assembled of hem xvj, and spake to-geder, but at this parlement was not Cleodalis, ne ther-of knewe no worde; and oon of hem asked in what manere thei myght beste greve or wrathe the kynge leodogan, and theire counseile was this: ffor thei a-corded in the ende that thei sholde so speke to the maistresse of Gonnore, that was Arthurs wif, that whan she sholde be brought to bedde to the kynge Arthur, hir lorde, this olde maistresse sholde brynge hir down in to the gardin to disport, and ther while thei sholde sette ther the tother Gonnore, their cosin, in stede of hir that was Arthurs wif; and hir thei sholde sette in soche place that neuer man sholde hereafter more of hir speke, ne no man sholde wite where she were be-come; and a-noon lete vs go and do so moche to the

Her friends hate Leodogan.

*[Fol. 160*a*.]

Sixteen of them meet to decide how best to grieve Leodogan.

They agree to speak to the mistress of Gonnore,

and get her to put the other Gonnore in place of Arthur's wife.

They think they will be lords of the king and queen.

maistresse that thus it may be don, and whan we haue brought this a-boute, we shull be lordes bothe of the kinge and quene, and of alle hem that be with the kynge.

Seven of them will steal Gonnore away.

The mistress will do their will.

Merlin knows of their treason, and tells Ulfin and Bretell.

He counsels them what to do.

They are to speak to no man.

*[Fol. 160*b*.]

Than thei ordeyned that vij of hem sholde do this thefte, and stele hir a-wey be the gardin, where-as thei sholde be hidde, and haue ther a ship*pe* redy to putte hir ynne. To this counseile thei were a-corded, and thei dide so purchese a-gein the maistresse, that she graunted hir will to performe; and thei departed than gladde and mery as thei that wende well to haue spedde, and ordeyned the ship*pe* and all that was myster; but a-noon as thei hadde this treson spoken Merlin it wiste, and tolde it to Vlfin and to Bretell, and toke hem a-side in counseile a-lone by hem-self, and tolde hem worde for worde all the vntrouthe that thei purposed to don; and whan Vlfin and Bretell herde the treson that these wolde haue don, thei hadde ther-of grete merveile, and than thei preied Merlin to telle how thei sholde spede of this thinge. "With gode will," seide Merlin. "To morowe, at even, whan ye haue souped, arme yow well vndir youre robes, and goth in to the chamber next the gardin vnder the greces that is ther, ffor thei shull come alle vn-armed saf hir swerdes, and shull come thourgh the gardin streight to the wiket, where-as ther shull bide till that the maistresse bringe hir to disporte. But loke a-noon as thei haue hir sesed that ye be no feynte her to rescowe, ffor than a-noon haue ye her loste for euer yef thei may bring hir to the shipp*e*." "Sir," seide these two goode men, "yef god will, we shull not her lese, seth we knowe so moche ther-of." "And loke also," quod Merlin, "that ye speke here-of no worde to no man of nothinge that I haue to *yow I-seide, ffor than shall I neuer yow love." "Certes," seide these two noble me*n*, "we hadde leuer be disherited and chaced oute of the londe."

The friends come into the hall.

Tho dide departe these thre frendes, and com in to the halle, and fonde that the knyghtes sholde departe and wente to theire loigginge till on the morowe that it was day, and than a-rise the barou*ns* and the knyghtes, and assembled faste in the mynster paleise; and the kynge leodogan appareiled his doughter so richely, as that neuer quene ne myght be better araied, and she ther-to was so full of grete bewte that all the worlde was gladde hir to be-holden; and whan she was all redy, the kynge Ban toke hir on that oon side, and the kynge Bohors on that other side, and ledde hir to the mynster of seynt Stephene the martir. Ther was many a baron hir to conveien holdinge be the hondes two and two, and formest that wente was kynge Arthur and kynge leodogan; and the other tweyne was nexte after was Gawein and Seigramour, and than Galashin and Agrauain the prowde, and than Dodinell and Gueheret, and than Ewein le graunt, and Gaheries; and after that Ewein a-voutres and kay destranx, and kay the stiward and antor his fader; and after hem com the maiden that the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors ledden, that was of so grete bewte; and she was discheueled, and hadde the feirest heed that eny woman myght haue, and hadde a sercle of goolde on hir heed full of preciouse stones, the feirest and the richest that eny man knewe, and was clothed in a riche robe that trayled to the grounde more than two fadome, that satte so well with hir bewte that all the worlde myght haue ioye her to be-holden; and after hir com the stepdoughter of Cleodalis, that hight also Gonnore, whiche was right feire and auenaunt, and hir ledde Gifflet and lucas the boteller; and after com the newe dubbed knyghtes two and two; and after com the knyghtes of the rounde table; and after that com the Barou*ns* of the reame of Carmelide and the knyghtes; and after the burgeys of the contrey, and than the ladyes of the contrey, and maydenes, and so thei com to the mynster.

Leodogan apparels his daughter richly.

Ban and Bohors lead her to the minster of St. Stephen.

The order of the procession.

Gonnore has a circle of gold on her head.

Gonnore, the step-daughter of Cleodalis, follows her; then the new knights, the knights of the round table, the barons, the burgesses, and the ladies,

Whan thei com to the dore, thei fonde ther the goode Archebisshop*pe* that ther hem a-bode, and sir Amnistan the chapeleyn of kynge leodogan, that was a gode man of lyvinge; and the archebisshop hem blessed, and be-fore alle the peple wedded the kynge Arthur and Gonnore to-geder; and the goode archebisshop*pe* entred in to the chirche, and sange the high masse; and sir Amnistan hym serued, and ther was

the archbishop, and Sir Amnistan.

Arthur and Gonnore are wedded.

Arthur and the barons return to the palace.

*[Fol. 161*a*.]

After meat a quintain is raised.

The forty knights and the knights of the round table show great skill.

Sir Gawein asks for his arms.

He puts on a breast-plate under his robes.

He and his fellows come to the tournament. The new knights are not well led.

riche offringe of kynges and princes, and whan the servise was ffynisshed the kynge Arthur and the Barou*n*s returned in to the paleys where-as was grete plente of mynstralles, and iogelours, and other; where-to sholde I yow devise the ioye and the deduyt that thei hadden, *ffor the fourthe part cowde I not telle. Thus endured the ioye and the melodye all the mete while; and after mete, whan the boordes were vppe, than was a-rered a quyntayn, and thyder yede the newe a-dubbed knyghtes for to bourde, with sheldes a-boute theire nekkes, and the xl knyghtes that com in to Carmelide with the kynge Arthur wente with hem, and also com thider the knyghtes of the rounde table; and whan thei were comen thei be-gonne to do maistries iolily and in myrthe as thei that were worthy me[n] and noble knyght*es*. So that tidinges com to sir Gawein that satte at mete a-monge his fellowes that hadden serued; and whan Gawein vndirstode that his frendes were ouer-sette, he a-roos vp and asked his armes and horse, and his shelde, and a-noon it was brought, and so dide alle his felowes, and Gawein dide on an habergon of double maile vnder his robes for that was euer more his custome euer as longe as he lyved. Nought for that he thought to do eny vilonye ne treson. But for he douted euer that debate sholde a-rise amonge his felowes thourgh the dedes of some musarde, or eny treson where-of ther were I-nowe in the londe; but whan that Gawein and his felowes com in to the medowes where-as was the turnement well be-gonne. But the newe knyghtes were euell ledde, ffor the knyghtes of the rounde table ledde hem at her volunte, and whan that Gawein saugh that thei were so at the werse he was nothinge gladde. Than he and his companye wenten in that were well foure s[c]ore a-counted, and a-noon these yonge knyghtes com to Gawein, and asked yef he wolde be with hem, and he seide ye, bothe now and also other tymes.

The forty soldiers are glad when Gawein joins them.

Whan the xl sowdiours herde that sir Gawein wolde be with hem at that same turnement, thei were wonder gladde and ioyfull, and the tother were full wroth, and than thei assured that neuer noon sholde faile other for deth ne for lif*e*, and no more thei diden and that well shewed that day; ffor thei diden so well, that the knyghtes of the rounde table ther-of hadde envye; ffor dere sholde be bought the same turnement, in the turnement that was made at logres, ther-as Gawein was called lorde and maister for the wele doinge that he ther dide, as ye shull heren here-after whan that he was be-come the queenes knyght; and whan that Gawein hadde take the suerte of his felowes and of the xl knyghtes, of whiche ye haue herde. Thei renged hem, and a-raide hem, and girde a-gein theire horse, and Gawein sette hem in a-ray as he that was a wise knyght, and with-oute pride, and the moste curteise that was in the bloy Breteyne, and the beste taught in alle thinges, and euer trewe to god and to his lorde; and whan that Gawein hadde ordeyned his felowes in aray, thei rode two and two to-geder eche after other, and tweyne the firste was sir Gawein and sir Ewein le *graunt, the sone of kynge Vrien, that Gawein loved beste of alle other, for he was the beste after Gaheries; and the next tweyne were Seigramour and Galashyn, and than Gefflet and lucas the boteller, for to assemble theire sheldes a-boute her nekkes, and her speres streight in theire handes, and the kynge Arthur, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and Merlin, and Bretell, and Vlfin, and Antor were lefte with the kynge leodogan in the paleise, and were comen vp on high for to se and be-holde the bourdeyse, and with hem weren ladyes and maydenys grete plente, and saugh that thei were redy araide for to mete.

The knights of the round table envy them.

Gawein sets them in order.

They ride two and two.

*[Fol. 161*b*.]

Arthur, Ban, Bohors, Merlin, and the others, come to see the sport.

On that other side were the knyghtes of the rounde table redy araied, and weren an hundred and fifty, and sir Gawein sente hem xl Iusteres, of the whiche Seigramour was the firste; and on that other side com Nascien, and thei lete theire horse renne that oon agein that other; and sir Gawein smote be-twene hem two and hem departed, and cleped the knyghtes of the rounde table, and seyde, "Ffeire lordes, ye be right worthi men and goode knyghtes, the beste that eny knoweth. But doth wele, and lete vs be as many for as many oon a-geins another, by soche forwarde that yef we take eny

The knights of the round table are a hundred and fifty.

Gawein addresses them, and says that their number should be equal.

of yours, that thei shall be with vs a-geins yow, and yef ye take eny of owres, thei shull helpe yow to oure noysaunce, and be it don in soche manere that as soone as ye take eny man of oures that we shull sette a-nother in his place, and ye also as soone as we take eny man of yowres to do the same,” Thanne a-noon thei graunted to holde[1] the couenaunt*es*, and than thei sente after theire armes in the town; and as soone as thei were brought thei hem armed spedily in all*e* haste, and the tidinges therof com in to the barou*ns* in what maner that sir Gawein hadde take the turnement a-gein the knyghtes of the rounde table; and thei preised hym gretely, bothe oon and other. But a-bove alle other hym preised the kynge Bohors, and seide ther was neuer seyn soche a knyght of his age, and yef he lyve longe he shall be the beste knyght that euer was, “and that I hadde levest to resemble.” Thus spake the kynge Bohors of sir Gawein, and thei hem armed hastely and soone, and lepe to horse, and hem renged and a-ray, and eche roode a-gein other. The firste that renged hym of the rounde table was Adragein le noir, his shelde a-boute his nekke, the spere in honde, and vpon a blakke stede; and on that other side com hym a-gein Dodinell le sauage, as faste as horse myght renne, and smote vpon the sheldes with sharpe grounde speres so rudely that thei perced the sheldes thourgh the myght of theire armes, and theire horse that swyftly hem bare, that the heedes stynted at the hauberkes; but thei were so stronge *that thei faused no mayle that the speres moste nede breke at the passinge thourgh of the horse, for bothe were thei goode knyghtes, and the horse swyfte, and thei hurteled so to-geder with sheldes and helmes, that bothe thei ffill to grounde, horse and man; and as soone as thei were bothe ouerthrowen, thei ronne to the rescowe on bothe parties, and mette to-geder with speres vpon the sheldes that thei splendered on peces, and some ther were that passed thourgh with-oute fallinge, and some lay stille.

They send after their arms.

The barons praise Sir Gawein.

The first of the round table is Adragein. Dodinell comes against him.

*[Fol. 162*a*.]

Both fall to the ground. Both sides run to the rescue.

---

[1] The words “to holde” are repeated in the MS.

As soone as the speres were spente, thei drough oute theire swerdes, and be-gonne the medle on foote and on horsebak, and sir Gawein and Nascien mette to-geder with speres vpon sheldes with all theire force so rudely, that thei all to perced, and Nasciens spere brake in Gaweins shelde; and Gawein smote hym a-gein so rudely, that he bar hym from his horse and his legges vp-right; but a-noon he lepte on foote, for he was full bolde and hardy, and drough his swerde and couered hym with his shelde, and apparailed hym redy for to diffende; and Gawein returned and drough his swerde and com to Nascien, and a-light on foote; and whan Nascien saugh hym come with swerde drawen, he ne douted hym but litill, for he was a full noble knyght, and hardy, and right sure, and smote Gawein vpon the penon of the shelde that he clef it to the bocle, and Gawein paide hym vpon the helme that he fill vpon the palme of his handes, but soone was he risen vp a-gein and smote Gawein so grete a stroke vpon the helme that the sparkeles fly oute flamynge reade; and whan Gawein saugh that it a-noyed hym sore, and than he hitte Nascien vpon the helme that he made it cleve, and that Nascien fill vpon bothe knees, but he was of high herte, and lepte vpon foote, and in the a-risinge Gawein caught hym be the helme, and raced it from his heede so harde, that his nose and his browes were sore hurte, and caste it as fer as he myght in to the presse, and than he cried, "sir knyght yelde the, for thow seest well how it is," and he ansuerde that he was not yet come ther-to for to yelde hym, for no man that he saugh. Than he couered hym with his shelde, and smote Gawein so harde on the shelde, that a grete pece fill on the grene, and Gawein lepte to hym and smote hym so with the pomell of his swerde on the temple, that he fill to the erthe vp-right; and than he lepte to hym and a-bated down the coif of maile of his heede and seide, "Yelde the, or thow art but deed;" and he ansuerde that sle hym he myght wele; but ther-fore wolde he not yelde hym recreaunt while he myght lyve. "What, sir knyght," quod Gawein, "sey ye this for trouthe that ye hadde leuer be deed than ye

They draw their swords.

Gawein and Nascien meet.

Gawein calls on Nascien to yield, but he will not.

Gawein says he will slay him if he does not yield.

*[Fol. 162*b*.]

Gawein offers to give Nascien his sword,

but he yields.

They embrace each other.

sholde yelde yow;" and he seide, "Ye, withoute faile." "Trewly," seide Gawein, "and I will not sle yow, for it were *grete damage, for ye be full noble and worthi, but I shall make yow to be so wele kept that this moneth ye shull not come on horsbak." "I wote neuer," quod he, "what ye will do; but I will neuer graunte me for outreyed while that I may lyve." Whan Gawein herde this, he saugh that he was of right high herte, and he be-thought hym on a fraunchise that many oon wolde haue be full loth to haue do, and a-noon he toke hym vp by the armes and seide, "Sir knyght, haue here my swerde, and I yelde me to yow as he that is outrayed;" and whan Nascien saugh the grete gentilnesse that was in hym, he was right gladde and seide, "Ha, sir, I crye yow mercy, ne sey not so, but holde here my swerde that I yow here yelde, for alle peple se well I-nough how well it is; ffor this guerdon ne may I yow quyte ne deserue, and than thei enbraced in bothe armes, bothe bachelers, and eche to other made grete curtesye, and than returned bothe to-geder in to the turnement that tho was well be-gonne, and Nascien turned vpon Gaweins side.

Dodinell is remounted.

Seigramour smites down Hervy.

Gaheries takes Mygoras.

Gawein's fellows take forty knights of the round table.

Forty come in fresh.

Whan Gawein and Nascien com to the turnement thei fonde that Dodinell was remou*n*ted, and hadde withholde Adragain be fyn force, and the stour was right stronge and merveilouse; and Seigramour hadde smyte down hervy de rivell, and hilde hym by the helme so harde with bothe hondes that his feith be-hoved hym to yelde; and Gaheries hadde taken Mygoras; and whan Gawein com he be-gan to do so well, that alle thei be-hoved to forsake place, and Gaweins felowes dide so wele, that the xl knyghtes of the rounde table hadde thei taken be strength, therefore were the tother full sory. Than com in other xl all fressh, and than recouered to-geder alle the foure score felowes, and yaf hem a-newe enuaye, and com full sory and wroth for theire felowes that were thus taken, and these other com and receyved hem at spere poyntes full boldly. Ther was stronge stour and grete strokes with swerdes vpon helmes and vpon sheldes, and longe it endured that oon cowde not sey whiche party hadde the werse; and so lasted the medle till that mydday was passed, and than issed sir Gawein oute of the turnement to recouer a-nother helme, for his was to rente that it was but litill worth to hym or to eny other; and as soone as he was newe helmed and hadde avented hym-self, he saugh how his felowes blenched on alle partes, and than he rode in as faste as his horse myght renne, and smote so the firste that he mette, that he fill from his horse in to the feelde, and a-noon as he was comen his felowes recouered that were in pointe to leve place, and he be-gan to do so well that alle men merveiled that hym be-heilde, and fill that he fonde sir Ewein on foote, and kay, and Gefflet, and lucas, and Bliobleris, and Osenain cors hardy, and launall, and Agrauain; vpon these viij was all the turnement stinted; ffor hem to take *coveyted the knyghtes of the rounde table, and whan Gawein saugh that, he dressed thiderward his horse with a spere in honde, and smote in a-monge hem so that thei fremyssh, and smote so the firste that he mette that he fill vp-right, and ther-with brake the spere that myght no lenger endure; and after that he overthrewe tweyne with the tronchon so felenoyusly that thei wiste not whethir it was nyght or day; and after that he drough his swerde and be-gan soche maistries in armes that alle thei were a-baisshed, ffor he slitte sheldes, and hauberkes, and helmes, so that noon durste a-bide his strokes, but made hym wey the beste of hem alle, and thei disparbeled here and there, and his felowes ther-while be remounted, and haue goode will to ben a-venged; and than be-gan sir Ewein to do so well that many were gladde hy[m] to be-holden, and so diden alle the other companye that thei were worthi to haue grete loos. Thus endured the turnement full longe, and wele thei diden in armes the newe knyghtes, and merveilously hym preved ther sir Ewein, the sone of kynge Vrien, and Galasshin, and Dodinell, and the viij felowes a-foreseide; these hielde hem vigerously be-fore alle the tother, and hem preised moche the foure kynges that weren vpon the walles, and seide thei sholde be noble men yef thei myght live to age;

Gawein comes out of the tournament to get a new helmet.

He smites the first he meets.

All men marvel at him.

The eight chief knights.

*[Fol. 163a.]

Gawein overthrows many.

None can abide his strokes.

His fellows remount.

Sir Ewein does well;

so do all the new knights.

The four kings praise them.

but a-bove alle other was sir Gawein comended, ffor thourgh his prowesse thei were putte bakke and chaced to the town, and ther with-stode the knyghtes of the rounde table that were wroth and angry, and seiden amonge hem-self that foule were thei demened, and than thei returned a-gein hem that kepte hem wonder shorte; and than be-gan the stour so merveilouse and fierce more that it hadde ben of all the day at the enteryngc of the yates of Torayse, be-twene the knyghtes of the rounde table and the knyghtes that were newe a-dubbed, and ther be-gan Gawein soche a disray that longe was it spoken of after; and yet hadde he don well all the day, ffor whan that he saugh the knyghtes of the rounde table were stynted be-fore the yate, and diffended so harde the entre he was sore chaffed for anger. Than he putte vp his swerde in the scawberk, but it was not Calibourne, but it was a-nother turneyinge swerde; and than he caught a sparre of Oke with bothe hondes, and caste his shelde to the grounde for to be more light, and com in to the presse ther as he saugh thikkeste, and in his comynge he smote a knyght on the helme that he fill in swownynge, and than he smote a-nother that he fill to grounde, and than he leide on grete strokes on bothe sides that all that he raught voided the sadeles that noon ne ascaped, and he hurte many and maymed; and whan the knyghtes of the rounde table saugh that thei coveited nothinge but hem for to greve, and than thei ronne vpon Gawein and his felowes, and seide that to-day more thei wolde not spare to do theire werste, *and that of turneyinge hadde thei no more cure; and thei be-gonne ther a stour grete and p*er*ilouse that grete myschef ther sholde haue ben hastely, yef Merlin ne hadde cleped the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors his brother, and baddẹ hem departe the turnement, for it was high tyme; and whan the barou*n*s vndirstode that Merlin seide, thei asked theire armes and theire horse hastely, and the squyres lepte wightly and brought hem be-fore the paleise, and thei ride a-noon thourgh the renges, and Merlin rode formeste that sore hym hasted; and these foughten full harde, that sore were chauffed with wrath oon a-gein a-nother

The knights of the round table are angry.

Gawein's deeds were long spoken of.

He puts up his sword,

and takes a spar of oak.

He smites down all he comes against.

The knights of the round table run upon Gawein and his fellows, and say *[Fol. 163b.] they will do their worst.

Merlin bids Ban and Bohors go to the tournament.

Merlin rides foremost.

But Gawein dide moche harme with the sparre that was so harde, and thei hem diffended full vigerously, that in no wise wolde not voide the grounde; and whan Gawein saugh that thei mayntened hem so well he smote a-monge hem Irous as a wilde boor, and perced hem thourgh-oute maug[r]e hem alle; and than be-gan to do the werste that he myght hem to harmen at his power. Than Merlin and the thre kynges com hem to disseuer, and than fill that Gawein mette Meodalis that hadde smyte hym with a spere in the breste, that ner he hadde smyte down bothe hym and his horse on an hepe; and he was full wroth for the buffet that he hadde resceyved, and lifte up the barre to smyte hym on the helme; and he saugh the stroke come and blenched to eschewe the barre, but the stroke fill be-twene the sholdres and smote hym down to the erthe; and the kynge Arthur, that wele hadde seyn the stroke, cried pees, that wele was vndirstonde of may oon, and cried a-lowde, "Feire nevew, ley down the barre, for ye haue don right I-nowgh;" and Merlin caught hym be that oon hande, and in that other hande toke the barre, and seide, smylinge, "Sir knyght, thow art take yelde thow to me, for ye haue don I-nough."

Gawein does much harm.

He is like a wild boar.

Merlin and the three kings come to sever the knights. Fight between Gawein and Meodalis.

Arthur cries peace.

Merlin tells him he has done enough.

Than Gawein be-helde and saugh it was Merlin; than he seide full debonerly, "I am take seth that it yow pleseth, and ther-with he lete falle the barre, and than he asked why he dide hym take." With that worde com the kynge Arthur, and seide, "Gawein, feire nevewe, lefe the turnement, for ye haue don I-nowgh; ffor we se well that it is to be lefte." And he ansuerde a-gein that so be it seth that he dide comaunde, and than tho v wente forth, and a-noon as Gawein was oute thei departed and wente to theire hosteles for to vn-arme hem. But full sory were the knyghtes of the rounde table, for that thei hadde the werse by the chaunge that thei hadde made; and seiden than whan thei turneyed eny more, thei wolde so be a-venged that thei sholde not hem scorne ne Iape, and that thei lete hem well wite the newe knyghtes and her companye. These wordes well vndirstode a yonge knyght that rode after hem, and tolde it to sir Gawein that Arthur

Gawein lets the bar fall.

Arthur says that the tournament is to end.

The knights of the round table are sorry that they had the worst of the fight, and say they will be avenged.

*[Fol. 164a.]

A young knight tells Gawein.

The knights of the round table go to unarm themselves. The people praise Gawein and ask who he is.

The knights of the round table array themselves in their best robes.

Gawein becomes a knight of the round table.

and *Merlin hadde brought to the paleise, and sir Ewein with hem, and Galasshin, and Seigramor; and whan this yonge knyght com he tolde as the knyghtes of the rounde table hadde seide, and Gawein vndirstode her manaces, and hir pride, and he hadde ther-of grete dispite; but he made ther-of no semblance, saf that he seide to his companye, that neuer he wolde hem faile in no turnement ne in werre. These wordes seide Gawein to his felowes, and he hilde it wele, ffor it was well shewed after who was the beste knyght that day that thei toke turnement at logres in the medowes, as shall be reherseth whan tyme cometh; as soone as the turnement was departed, and the kynge and his nevew were in the paleise, the knyghtes of the rounde table wente to vn-arme hem at her ostels, and the mene peple of the town conveied I-nowgh sir Gawein, and seide oon to a-nother, lo here the goode knyght, and thei gadered a-boute hym on alle partes, and conveyed him to the paleise, and in to the halle, and thei asked oon of a-nother what he was; and Merlin hem ansuerde, and seide his name was Gawein, the nevew of kynge Arthur, and the sone of kynge loot of Orcanye; and whan thei herden what he was, thei seiden as gladde peple that he shewed well fro whens he was comen, thus the peple of the town seiden her volunte, and than thei returned; and whan the knyghtes of the rounde table were vn-armed, thei clothed hem and a-raide hem in her beste robes, and com to court; and where thei saugh sir Gawein, thei drough a-boute hym and compleyned to hym of hym-self, and seide that he hadde hem euyll be seyn at that firste turnement, and that fro thens-forth he ought wele to be lorde and maister, and felowe of the rounde table; and Gawein hem herde wele, but he ansuerde hem no worde, and fro thens-forth he was a lorde and maister, and a felowe of the rounde table; and it was goode reson, ffor he was a noble knyght, and a trewe and full of alle vertues and goode tecches, and the moste curteise knyght that eny man knewe.

There are

With that were the tables leide, and the knyghtes wash, and ther were thre halles full of knyghtes, and thei were well serued, and by leiser of alle thinges, and after soper whan the clothes weren vp thei enuoysed the worthi knyghtes, and eche reported of other honour as was right, and than thei ronge to euesonge in the mynster of seynt Stephene, and thider thei wente to here the seruise, and after was the bedde of Arthur blessed as was right, and than departed the knyghtes, and wente to theire hostelles for to slepe and resten; and Gonnore be-lefte in the Chamber, she and hir maistresse alone, and that day was purchesed the *treson wherby she sholde be taken and traied of the parentes of Gonnore, the stepdoughter of Cleodales the stiwarde, ffor thei hadde youen so moche to the olde maistresse of Arthurs wif*e*, that she graunted to do theire volunte, and tolde hir thei wolde a-bide in the gardin vnder the paleise, and thei sholde haue the tother Gonnore in her companye; and all thus thei were a-corded and wente in-to the gardin, and hidde hem vnder the trees x of hem; but thei were not armed saf thei hadde eche of hem a suerde, and with hem was the false Gonnore, and ther thei a-bide so longe that the barou*n*s were departed to her hostels, and thei made dispoile the quene to go to hir bedde; and than the old maistresse hir toke and ledde hir in to the gardin for to pisse, and whan the x traitoris that were quatte in the gardin vnder an ympe saugh her come, thei were stille and coy, and drough towarde the wall litill and litill, and Bretell and Vlfin hadde not foryete the wordes that Merlin hadde seide. But were well armed vnder her robes, and weren quat vnder the steyres ther as the queene sholde come down, and hilde hem so stille that thei were not a-perceyued of man ne woman, and herkened in this manere long while, and than thei saugh the queene that the maistresse brought by the hande and wente that wey, where-as the traitours hadde sette theire waicch, and whan thei saugh that thei weren oute of the chambre, thei lepe vp and sette hande on hir, and toke to the old maistresse the tother false Gonnore, and a-noon as the queene hem saugh she wiste well she was be-traied, and wolde crye as she that was sore affraied, and thei seide that yef she spake eny worde she sholde a-non

three halls full of knights.

They go to even-song at the minster.

*[Fol. 164*b*.]

The mistress agrees to betray Gonnore.

The relations of the other Gonnore will abide in the garden.

Each of the ten has a sword.

The old mistress leads Gonnore into the garden.

Bretell and Ulfin are well armed.

They keep still, so that they are not perceived.

The traitors leap upon Gonnore, and give the false Gonnore to the mistress.

They drag Gonnore to the river.

be slain, and ther-with thei drough theire swerdes oute and wente toward the river that ran vnder the gardin, where thei hadde a barge I-teyed where-in thei were come in to the gardin, and the gardin was right high a-bove the river, and noon myght come ther-to but by a lane or by a barge, and the lane was full thikke and comberouse to come vp or down for the rokkes, wherof was grete plente; and yef thei myght haue brought hir in to the barge the queene hadde ben loste with-oute recouer.

Ulfin and Bretell leap up.

Five of the traitors take the queen, and the other five stay to fight with them.

*[Fol. 165a.]

Gonnore lays hold of a shrub, and the traitors cannot get her away.

Ulfin and Bretell kill three of the men.

They go to the other five;

Whan Vlfin and Bretell saugh that thei hadde so longe a-wayted, thei lepte oute of theire enbusshement and hem a-scryed and cleped hem traitours, and seide thei sholde dye; and whan that the traitours saugh thei were but tweyne, and dide hem a-scrye, and preised hem at nought, than v of hem toke the queene, and v a-bode for to fight with the tweyne that com with swerdes drawen; and whan the queene saugh hir ledde in soche manere, she hadde grete drede, and fill to grounde vpon the grene, and thei lifte hir vp and bar*e* hir a-wey maugre hire; and whan she saugh tweyne come *hir to socour, she braied rudely oute of theire handes and down the gardin till she com to an ympe, and clippe it in hir armes full harde and thise com for to take hir a-wey; but they myght not hir remeve, and yet thei pulde and drough, but more dide thei nought; and thei were nygh woode for sorowe and angre, that for a litill thei wolde hir haue slayn, and Vlfin and Bretell be come to these v that hem a-bide with swerdes drawen, and Bretell smote so the firste that he mette that he slytte hym to the teth, and Vlfin smote a-nother that the heede fill to grounde, and the other thre smyte at hem sore, but nought thei myght hem apeire, for thei were well armed; and thei wolde haue fledde, but thei kepte hem so shorte that alle thre there were deed, and thei com to the tother fyve that peyned to lede a-wey the quene by force, but thei myght not haue hir a-wey from the ympe, and thei plukked at hir so sore that nygh thei rente bothe armes from the body, and whan that Vlfin and Bretell saugh the queene in soche turnement, thei ronne thider, and hem a-scried, and a-noon thei com hem a-geins, and yaf to-geder grete strokes with swerdes ther as thei myght atteyne, that thei slowgh tweyne of the v; and thei saugh thei were but thre, and thei turned to flight down the lane towarde the barge; and whan Vlfin and Bretell saugh hem fleen thei sette no force hem to enchace, but com to the olde deuell, the maistresse, and caught hir by the sholderes, and caste hir down the roche, and rolled fro roche to roche till she com to the river, and than thei caste in the bodyes of alle hem that thei hadde slayn, and than thei toke the queene and ledde hir to hir chambre sore affraied, and thei badde hir be nothinge be dismayed. Than thei toke the false Gonnore and ledde hir to theire hostell, for thei wolde that noon aparceyved her covyne.

they kill two of them; the other three run away. Ulfin and Bretell cast the mistress down the rock into the river; also the bodies of those they slew. They lead the queen to her chamber, and the false Gonnore to their hostel.

Thus as ye haue herde were the traitours demened by the counseile of Merlin, and the Queene was socoured by these two worthi men; and as soone as thei were gon, a-noon Merlin it knewe well, and than he badde the kynge sende two maydenes in to the chamber to the queene for to bringe hir to bedde, and the kynge asked wherefore is ther not I-nowgh of the maistresse, and Merlin tolde hym the trouthe all as it was be-fallen; and whan the kynge it herde he merveiled moche of this thinge, and seide he sholde not be in ese till he hadde spoken with his doughter; and than departed the kynge leodogan and com in to the chamber where-as Gonnore his doughter was, and brought with hym two maydenes to helpe hir to bedde; and whan she saugh hir fader she be-gan tenderly to wepe, and the kynge toke hir by the hande, and spake with hir sooll by hir-self, and he badde hir not to be dismayed, for she sholde no more haue no drede, and she tolde hym all the auenture that was be-fallen; and than the kynge comaunded the maydenes to make hir redy, and bringe hir to bedde, and thei a-noon dide his comaundement, *and the kynge leodogan wolde neuer departe oute of the chambre till that he saugh the signe of the crowne vpon hire reynes; and than wiste he verily that it was his doughter vpon his wif, and than he couered hir a-gein, a wente oute of the chambre and spake no worde; and the dameseiles merveiled sore whi that he dide

Merlin knowing what had happened, bids Leodogan send two maidens to the queen.

Leodogan comes to see his daughter

who tells him all her adventure.

*[Fol. 165b.]

He will not leave her chamber till he sees the sign of the crown on her body.

The damsels marvel.

Arthur comes to bed with his queen.

so, and than com the kynge Arthur and his companye from theire disporte, and whan he com in to the halle, the kynge Leodogan and Merlin com hym a-geins, and badde hym go to his wif to bedde, ffor it was reson and high tyme, and he seide he wolde with good will, and com in to the chambre where the two maidenes weren that hadde brought the queene to bedde, and as soone as he was in his bedde thei departed oute of the chambre, and lefte no moo but hem two, and ther thei ledde myri lif togeder as thei that well loued.

The story will declare how the queen was with Galehaut, and how Arthur lived in adultery with the false Gonnore,

and how the realm was accursed on account of Bertelak.

Thus sholde the queene haue be disceyued be these traitours, and thourgh hem after-ward hadde she grete annoye that longe tyme endured, as the storye shall declare how that the kynge hir lefte thre yer, that she com neuer in his companye; but was with Galehaut, a riche prince in the reame of Sorloys, for the love of launcelot; and the kynge Arthur hilde in a-voutrye the false Gonnore till that a maladie hir toke, and Bertelak, a traitour, that made he wolde hir not forsake for no man, till that she stanke and rotened a-bove erthe, and the reame was therfore nygh thre yere enderdited, and stode a-cursed that neuer manes body ne womans was byried in noon halowed place, but a-cursed be the centense of holy cherche, and all this trouble suffred oure lorde hem for to haue for hir synnes that were right grete, and all this com thourgh a knyght that died after vpon myschevouse deth, as ye shull here declared in the seconde book of this storie, and it is reson to telle what was the cause that it fill.

Leodogan is a noble knight.

Bertelak, a wise knight, hated a knight who had slain his cousin.

This was the trouthe that the kynge leodogan was a noble knyght, and kepte well Iustice and right, and he hadde with hym a wise knyght that hadde don hym goode servise; and he was come of high lynage, and hadde be a goode knyght in his tyme, and was cleped Bertelak, and he hated a knyght dedly, for that he hadde slayn his cosin germain for his wif, that he loved, and whan Bertelak wiste that he hadde his cosin slain, and his wif diffouled, he ne deyned not to make no playnt to the kynge leodogan, but com to hym and hym diffied, and a-waited hym after many a day and many a nyght; and it fill that same even that arthur hadde wedded his wif that the knyghtes departeden for the court, and wente to theire hostels, and happed that Bertelak mette that knyght and with hym two squyers, and a-noon Bertelak ran vpon hym and hym slowgh; and whan he hadde don he wente to his hostell, and the two squyers that were with the knyght made a grete crie, that *the peple ronne oute on alle parties with lanternes, and brondes of fire, and torches brennynge, and fonde the knyght slayn, and thei aske the two squyers that made so grete doell who hadde hym slain; and thei seide that Bertelak the rede hadde it don, and whan the squyers hadde cried and braied for theire lord longe while, thei toke hym vp and bar hym to theire hostell, and dide hym birie as oon sholde do a deed knyght, and dide the seruise at cherche as ther-to belonged; and on the morowe Vlfin and Bretell sente after Cleodalis, the stiward, for to come speke with hem in her hostell, and he com a-noon with goode chere as fre and debonair, and a-noon as he was comen, thei toke hym in counseile, and tolde hym all the a-uenture as it was be-fallen how his doughter hadde wrought; and whan he hadde herde the vntrouthe of hire he seide his doughter was she not, ffor yef she hadde be my doughter she hadde not don this for no-thinge that is in the erthe; and as thei spake to-geder a-monge hem thre. The kynge leodogan was a-risen erly, ffor sore was he affraied of the merveiles that were be-falle that nyght of his doughter, and Merlin was also a-risen, and seide, "Sir, god yeve yow goode morowe;" and whan the kynge hym saugh he made hym feire chere, and bad god hym blisse. Than eche toke other be the hande, and wente spekynge of many thinges till thei com to the hostell of Vlfin and Bretell, and thei entred in so stilliche that thei ther-of wiste no worde till thei were euen comen vpon hem, and a-noon as thei were of hem war, thei yede hem a-geins as thei that nothinge were a-baisshed to worship eny worthi man. Than thei entred in to a chambre alle v, and Vlfin brought forth Gonnore, and tolde how she and the traitours hadde wrought, not-with-stondinge thei knewe it

He meets him and kills him.

The squires make a great cry, and the people run out and find the dead knight.

*[Fol. 166a.]

They bury him.

Ulfin and Bretell send for Cleodalis, and tell him of his daughter.

He says she cannot be his daughter.

Leodogan rises early,

and meets Merlin.

They come to the hostell of Ulfin and Bretell.

Ulfin brings forth the false Gonnore.

Leodogan tells Cleodalis that he loves him,

and will pardon his daughter for love of him; but he must take her out of the realm.

The steward says he will do so.

*[Fol. 166*b*.]

alle wele, for Merlin hadde it tolde the kynge all as it was. Than spake the kinge leodogan to his stiwarde, and seide, "Sir, Senescall, I love yow well, and fayn I wolde purchace youre worship*pe* for to encrece, and so I shall do yef I may lyve; ffor full well ye haue me serued and trewly, and therfore wolde I do nothinge that sholde yow turne to shame or reprof, and witte ye wherfore I it sey. Se here youre doughter that wele hath deserued that ther sholde be don on hir Iustice. But ye haue be so trewe to me that I ought it wele to pardon for the love of yow, or a gretter thinge than is this. But for that me be-hoveth for to take vengau*n*ce in some manere, hit be-houeth yow to bringe hir oute of this reame In soche wise that neuer she be sein of man ne of woman that hir knowe; ffor so I will that it be don;" and the stiwarde ansuerde and seide that his doughter ne was she neuer. But in as moche as it was his wille and his *comaundement he wolde hit don, "ffor so god helpe me," quod he, "I hadde leuer she hadde be biried all quyk than this hadde hir be-fallen. Ne to me she ne aperteyned nothinge neuer." "Now," quod the kynge, "lete be all this matier, and loke that it be don in soche maner that I neuer here more speche of hir here-after, and that ye take of myne what that is youre plesier."

Cleodalis takes his stepdaughter to an abbey, where she remains till Bertelak finds her.

Cleodalis returns to Toraise.

Thus was take the counseile of the Barou*n*s, and Cleodalis appareiled hym and his stepdoughter to go with-outen lenger respite, and rode forth by theire iou*rn*eyes till thei com oute of the reame of Carmelide in to an abbey that stode in a full wilde place, and ther he hir lefte, as seith the storie, till that Bertelak the reade hir fonde, whiche by his art and his engyn by hir lay longe tyme after. But of hir as now speketh no more the tale saf that Cleodalis lefte hir there, and come a-gein to Toraise in to the grete Court of the kynge leodogan in Carmelide, wher-as was the kynge Arthur.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BANISHMENT OF BERTELAK; FIGHT AND RECONCILIATION BETWEEN ARTHUR AND LOOT; ARTHUR'S COURT AT LOGRES; VOWS OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE AND THE QUEEN'S KNIGHTS; THE TOURNAMENT.

Whan the kynge leodogan hadde comaunded his stiwarde to bringe his stepdoughter oute of the reame, he and Merlin departed from Vlfin and Bretell, and com in to the halle hande to hande, where thei fonde the Barou*n*s alle redy, and oon hadde ronge to masse, and so thei wente to the mynster, and whan masse was seide thei com a-gein in to the halle, and than com the kyn of the deed knyght that Bertelak hadde slain, ffor to make theire complainte to the kynge; and the kynge leodogan sente for to seche hym at his hostell, and he com a-noon with-oute daunger well armed vndir his robes, and brought with hym grete plente of knyghtes, ffor he was full of feire courtesie and a feire speker, and a-noon the kynge hym asked why he hadde the knyght slain in treson, and he seide that of treson he sholde hym wele diffende a-gein alle tho that wolde hym apele, "and I sey no nay but that I slough the knyght, but firste I dide hym deffie, and it was not with-oute grete cause, ffor moche peple knowe wele that he slough my cosin germain for his wif that he diffouled, and me semeth that in alle maners that oon may oweth he to greve his mortall enmye after that he hath hym diffied;" and the kynge seide that that was not I-nough. "But yef ye hadde yow complayneth to me, and I wolde not haue it redressed than myght ye haue take vengaunce, but ye ne spake ther-of to me neuer worde." "Sir," quod he, "ye sey yo*ur* volunte. But a-geins yow mys-dide I neuer, ne neuer ne shall yef god will." Quod the kynge, "I will that right be hadde." "Sir," seide Bertelak le Rous, "I se well that I moste be at youre volunte," and than comaunded the kynge leodogan that Iugement sholde be yoven be the rede of his barou*n*s.

Leodogan and Merlin leave Ulfin and Bretell,

and come into the hall. The relations of the knight that Bertelak slew come to complain to the king.

Bertelak comes with many knights.

He defends himself.

The king says he should have complained to him.

The ten who sit in judgment.

At this Iugement was the kynge Arthur, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and sir Gawein, and sir Ewein, and Galasshin, and Nascien, and Adragain, and hervy de rivel, *and Guyomar. These x were at the Iugement and spake to-geder of oon thinge and other, and thei a-corded in the ende that he sholde be disherited, and voyde the londe of the kynge leodogan for euer more; and the kynge Ban that was of feire eloquense tolde the tale as he was charged, and he spake so high that he myght wele be herde, bothe of nygh and fer. "Sirs," quod he, "these barouns that beth here a-warded that Bertelais le Rous shall be disherited of all his londe that he holdeth in youre powere, and shall for-swhere the contre for euer more; ffor that he toke the Iustice vpon hym-self of the knyght that he slough, and namly by nyght, ffor the Iustice longed not to hym, and on that other side ye holde court open and myghty that oweth to condite alle saf goynge and saf comynge to alle tho that come at this high feste," and with that sat down the kynge Ban that no more seide at that tyme; and whan Bertelays saugh he was for-Iuged, and that he ne myght noon othirwise do he returned with-oute moo wordes; ffor he durste not the Iugement with-sey, ffor the highest lordes of the worlde, and the moste puyssaunt hadde it don. But yef eny other hadde it don a-noon he wolde the Iugement haue falsed, and thus wente Bertelais le Rous, but many a knyght hadde he hym to conueye to whom he hadde yoven many feire yeftes, ffor he hadde be a noble knyght and a vigerouse, and so he past forth on his iourneyes that he com to the same abbey, wher-as was the false Gonnore, and ther he a-bode and soiourned longe tyme, and was in grete thought as he that cowde moche euell, how that he myght be a-venged of the kynge leodogan and the kynge Arthur that hadde hym thus for-juged, and for that fill to Arthur grete trouble and so grete discorde be-twene hym and his wif, that he lefte her longe tyme, as ye shull here in the secunde book of this processe yef god will vouche-saf to graunte me so longe space to writen it. But now we moste cesse of this mater, and speke of the

*[Fol. 167a.]

Ban declares the sentence of the barons, which is that Bertelak's land shall be taken from him, and he shall be banished.

Bertelak dares not answer.

He comes to the abbey where the false Gonnore is. He thinks how he may be avenged of Leodogan and Arthur.

goode kynge Arthur that is at Toraise, in Carmelide, with the kynge leodogan, and with the grete companye.

Arthur leads a merry life with his wife for eight days.

He tells his barons to be ready to go to Logres.

Full myry lif ledde the kynge Arthur with his wif viij dayes, and the neynthe day after that he was spoused he cleped his Barou*n*s, and badde hem make hem redy to ride, ffor he was in talent for to repeire in to the reame of logres, and thei seide that thei were all redy for to ride; and than the kynge toke Gawein in counseile, and seide, "Ffeire nevew, take with yow as many of youre companye that ther leve here but v hundred, ffor I will come ride after stilleche and esely, and ye shall go to logres my chief Citee, and ordeyne redy alle thinges that is necessarie, and of vitaile, and of deynteis, as ye may so that nothinge ne faute, and sendith fer and nygh that I will holde court this mydde August the richest that I may." "Sir," seide Gawein, "I haue drede lest ye be encombred be the wey of some maner peple." "Of that haue ye no drede," quod *the kynge, "but go ye in all haste." Than departed sir Gawein from his vncle and com to his felowes, and bad hem to make hem redy for to ride, and thei wente to theire hostelles, and hem armed; but firste thei toke leve of the kynge leodogan, and of the Barou*n*s of Carmelide, and thus departed Gawein fro the courte, he and his companye; and the kynge Arthur a-bode with v hundre men, whereof two hundre and fifty were knyghtes of the rounde table; and Gawein and his companye com to logres; but Gawein was euer pensif for his vncle that he hadde lefte in Carmelide, that hym sholde eny thinge myshappe vpon the wey, ffor he hadde fer contrey to ride that marched to his enmyes er he com in to his londe in safte, and he hym hasted to do the kynges comaundement, and sent to alle hem that the kynge loved that thei sholde come to his Court at the myddell of August, and eche made hym redy to come to court as strongely as thei myght, and Gawein ordeyned that vitaile[1] com on alle parties with cartes and Chariettis that he stuffed so well the Citee as longed to soche a feste, as he

He tells Gawein to go to Logres, and prepare the city.

*[Fol. 167*b*.]

Gawein departs from his uncle, and bids his fellows get ready.

He leaves the court.

Arthur remains with 500 men.

Gawein fears for his uncle's safety.

He sends to all those who love the king to come to his court at the middle of August.

---

[1] The words "that vitaile" are repeated in the MS.

that full well coude hym entermete that nothinge ne failed; ffor as the storye seith he was oon of the beste knyghtes, and wiseste of the worlde, and ther-to the leste mysspeker, and noon a-vauntor, and the beste taught of alle thinges that longeth to worship*pe* or curtesie; and whan he hadde made all redy he toke his wey toward his vncle, ffor grete drede he hadde of that he sholde be distrobeled on the wey of som peple. But now we shull a-while cesse of hym and his companye, and speke of the kynge Arthur.

He is one of the best of knights.

He goes to his uncle.

The thridde day after that Gawein was departed from the kynge Arthur his vncle, the kynge toke his wey towarde the Castell of Bredigan, he and his wif, and in her companye was the kynge Ban of Benoyk, and the kynge Bohors of Gannes that was his brother, and the beste knyght that eny man neded to seche, and so ther were CCL knyght*es* of the rounde table that alle were feed men with the kynge leodogan, and the queene hadde so praied sir Amnistian that was chapelein with the kynge leodogan hir fader, that he com with hir, and was sithen hir chapelein longe tyme; and so ledde Gonnore hir cosin that was feire, and debonaire, and amyable to alle peple, and Sadoyne hir brother that was elther than she, and Castelein of Daneblaise, the noble Citee; and as soone as the kynge Arthur was departed oute of the reame of Carmelide, the kynge loot hadde knowinge by his asspies, and he and his knyghtes rode a-gein hym, and hem enbusshed in the foreste of sapernye, and seide that ther sholde he a-bide the kynge Arthur, and take from hym his wif, yef he myght. But of hym we shull now cesse, and speke of the kynge Arthur that was departed oute of Carmelide, and the storie seith how the kynge leodogan conveyed hem thre dayes hole, and the fourthe day he returned in to his reame, and than com Merlin to the kynge Arthur and toke leve, and seide that he sholde go to *his maister Blaase, for longe hadde he hym not seyn, and the kynge hadde well spedde of that he hadde for to done. Than seide the kynge, "Merlin, feire frende shull ye not be at my court at logres?" "Yesse," seide Merlin, "I shall be ther er it

Arthur and his wife go towards Bredigan.

Ban and Bohors go with them.

Sir Amnistian goes with the queen as her chaplain. Gonnore takes also her cousin, and her brother Sadoyne.

King Loot hears of Arthur's journey, and lays in wait for him in the forest of Sapernye.

Leodogan goes with Arthur for three days, and then returns

*[Fol. 168*a*.]

Merlin takes leave of Arthur.

departe,'' and ther-with eche of hem comaunded other to god, but he was but litill wey thens whan no man wiste where that he was be-comen; and Merlin wente to Blaase the same nyght, and he hym resceyued with grete ioye, whan that he hym saugh, and Merlin tolde hym alle the a-uentures that were falle seth that he departed, and he tolde hym how the kynge loot was enbusshed in the foreste of sapernye, and tolde hym other thinges I-nowghe that after be-fill in the reame of logres; and Blaase hem wrote as he tolde, and by his booke haue we the knowinge; but now cesseth to speke of Merlin, and Blase, and speke of Arthur.

He goes to Blase and tells him his adventures, and how Loot was lying in wait for Arthur.

Blase writes down all that he tells him.

Whan the kynge Arthur was departed from the kynge leodogan, and Merlin also, as ye haue herde, he rode with v hundre men of armes, and ledde with hym his wif Gonnore the queene, and he rode smale iourneyes till he com in to the foreste of sap*er*nye, where-as the kynge loot was enbusshed with vij hundre men of armes; and the gromes that ledde the somers wiste neuer worde till that thei were fallen euen a-monge hem; and as soone as thei saugh thei were men of armes, thei wiste well thei were not well come. Than thei a-bode and wente no ferther, and sente to the kynge Arthur that thei hadde founde men I-armed; whan the kynge saugh that he was a-spied he a-light on foote, and made his peple come a-boute hym and ordeyned for bataile, and comaunded xl. knyghtes to kepe the queene, and bad hem lede hir to garison yef thei saugh nede. And than thei ride forth her heedes bowed down vndir theire helmes redy hem to diffende, yef thei founde eny peple to stoppe hem the wey, and so thei ride till thei dide falle vpon the wacche, and the kynge Arthur was be-fore in the firste frounte, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and the knyghtes of the rounde table; and the kynge looth spronge oute with vij hundre men of armes, and com hem a-geins theire spers, a-gein the assels of the sadeles, and the sheldes be-fore theire breste as faste as horse myght renne, and hem a-scride so high that all the foreste resounded, and these other com vpon hem boldely with sharpe trenchaunte

Arthur comes to the forest of Sapernye.

The men that lead the sumpters see the armed men,

and send to Arthur,

who directs forty knights to protect the queen.

Arthur, Ban, Bohors, and the knights of the round table ride forth.

King Looth springs out with 700 men.

The two sides meet with spears.

speres, and mette to-geder vpon sheldes that many of hem perced and slitte, many were throwe to grounde on bothe sides, and many ther were that brake theire speres and passed forth with-oute fallinge; and whan the spers were spente thei drowgh oute theire swerdes and be-gonne the bateile right grete, that neuer of so fewe peple ne saugh no man so fierce bateile, ffor thei were full noble knyghtes vpon bothe parties; and so longe it lasted, that the kynge Arthur and the kynge looth mette to-geder with speres in hande, and lett renne that oon a-gein that other so harde *as horse myght renne, and mette so harde to-geder with speres vpon sheldes, that the spere poyntes stynte at the hauberkes, and thei ther-on shof with all theire force; and the kynge loot brake his spere, and the kynge Arthur smote hym so harde that he bar hym to grounde ouer his horse croupe; but soone was he lepte vpon foote as he that was of grete prowesse, and drowh his swerde and couered hym with his shelde, and was so doelfull that nygh he yede oute of witte, ffor that he was overthrowe be the myght of a knyght alone, ffor he was not a-customed for to falle often; and the kynge Arthur hadde made his returne and com toward the kynge loot gripinge his spere, for he coveited to take hym quyk; and whan the kynge looth saugh hym come he glenched a-side, and Arthur failed of hym and past forth, and in the passinge the kynge loot smote Arthurs horse in the bely thourgh the guttes, and Arthur fill to grounde, and his horse vpon his body, that his thigh was be-twene the horse and the grounde, so that he myght not a-rise; and the kynge loot sterte to and caught hym by the helme, and drough and pulled all that he myght, and sore hym peyned for to smyten of his heede, and soone ther sholde haue be so grete damage that neuer myght it haue be restored; but as the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and the knyghtes of the rounde table com fiercely vpon the peple of kynge loot, and be-gan sore bateile and harde, so that ther was noon but that he hadde I-nough to done; and so thei peyned hem on bothe parties that the two kynges be remounted, and be-gonne the stour grete and merveillouse; but at grete

They draw their swords.

Arthur and Looth meet together.

*[Fol. 168b.]

Arthur bears Looth to the ground.

Looth leaps up and covers himself with his shield.

Arthur comes to him again.

Loot smites Arthur's horse, so that it rolls over him.

Loot tries to smite off Arthur's head;

but Ban, Bohors, and the knights of the round table come fiercely on Loot's people.

The two kings are remounted.

myschef were the peple of kynge Arthur, ffor the kynge loot hadde two hundre knyghtes moo than hadde kynge Arthur; with that com sir Gawein with foure score felowes well armed, and kay the stiwarde bar the baner; and Arthur be-hielde and saugh Gawein come and knewe hym well by his armes, and also kay the stiwarde be the baner that he bar in his handes that sore desired the assemble, as he that was hardy and enterpendaunt, and right sure ne hadde ben oon tecche that he hadde, ffor that he was copiouse of langage in his disporte for the iolynesse that was in hym and the myrthe; for he was euer bourdinge and iapinge in game, and was the beste felowe in companye that eny man knewe, and for that euer he wolde of custome borde of the sothe hym hated many a knyght for the shame that thei hadde of his wordes, and therfore he myshapped in many a place, ffor the knyghtes that he hadde scorned in myrthe didde hym after grete annoye; but a trewe knyght was he euer a-gein his lorde, and a-gein the queene, euer in to the ende of his deth. Ne neuer in all his live dide he treson saf oon, and that was of lohoot the sone of kynge Arthur that he slough for enuye in the foreste perilouse, and for that Percevale ly Galoys was accused with grete wronge for the deth of the same hoot, like as an Ermyte hit tolde after that *hadde seyn all the dede.

Loot has 200 knights more than Arthur.

Gawein comes with four-score fellows.

Kay bears the banner.

He is hated by many knights;

but he is a true knight.

He slew Lohoot, the son of Arthur in the forest perilouse, and Percevale ly Galoys was accused of the crime.

*[Fol. 169a.]

Whan the kynge Arthur saugh Gawein, his nevew come so fiercely, his herte a-roos for grete ioye that he hadde. Than he com to the kynge Ban, and seide, "Sir, se how riche socour to vs cometh, knowe ye not hym that rideth be-fore vpon the blakke stede that gripeth the grete spere vnder the shelde of goolde and azur ther-ynne, a lyon rampaunt;" and the kynge Ban be-heilde, and seide, "Who is it? telle me; ffor I knowe hym not saf that me semeth it sholde be Gawein youre nevew." "Certes," quod Arthur, "he it is, and now may I me a-vaunten that in euell tyme come these vs for to assailen, ffor yef thei were yet as many moo thei myght not a-gein vs endure, yef god hym diffende from euell, he and his companye." "Trewly," seide the kynge Ban, "thei be not

Arthur is joyful when he sees Gawein, and comes to Ban to tell him of their succour.

wise yef thei hym a-bide till that he be a-monge hem medled;" and while thei spake thus to-geder com Gawein all be-fore gripinge his grete spere, and whan he com nygh he knewe well his vncle, and saugh that he hadde grete myster of socoure, and than he spronge in a-monge hem rudely as tempest of thunder, and fill that he mette with his fader the kynge loot that newliche was sette on horse, and heilde a stronge spere, and com a-gein hym as moche as the horse myght renne, and mette to-geder vpon the sheldes with all theire forces, and the kynge brake his spere vpon Gaweins shelde, and Gawein smote hym a-gein so harde that he perced shelde and hauberke, and wounded hym somwhat in the lifte side that the blode folowed after, and the kynge fill so harde to grounde that he wiste not wheder it was day or nyght; and Gawein paste forth rudely with-oute a-restinge, and whan he was returned a-gein he fonde his fader lyinge on the erthe vp-right, and he rode ouer hym on horsebak thre or foure tymes, and broused hym sore and foule that nygh he was ther-with slayn; and than Gawein a-light and pight his spere in the grounde, and drough oute Calibourne his goode swerde, that shone bright and clier, and com to the kynge loot that yet lay vp-right and plukked hym by the helme, and raced it of his heede so harde, that on his nose and his browes it was well seene, for he was hurte right sore; and than he a-valed the coyf of his hauberke be-nethe his shuldres, and seide that he was but deed, but yef he wolde yelde hym to prison, and he was so anguysshous that litill he hym ansuerde, neuertheles he dide hym-self enforce, so that he seide with grete sorowe at his herte, "Ha, sir, gentilman, ne sle me nought, for neuer dide I forfet a-gein the, where-fore that thow sholdest me sleen." "Yesse," q*uo*d Gawein, "that haste thow, and alle thi companye that haue assailed myn vncle for to distrouble hi*m* his weye." "How so," quod kynge loot, "who be ye that calle hym youre vncle." "What is that to the what I am, me liste nothinge the to telle, but do a-noon that as I the sey, or thow *art deed, and alle these other that ben in thi companye shull dye, and shull curse the tyme that euer

Gawein sees his uncle,

and springs into the fight. He meets King Loot.

He wounds him in the side,

and rides over him three or four times.

He draws his sword Calibourne,

and plucks off Loot's helmet.

He asks him if he will yield.

Loot asks Gawein who he is.

*[Fol. 169*b*.]

thei were of moder born." "Telle me," quod the kynge loot, "who ye ben for the love of that ye love moste in this worlde." "But what art thow?" quod Gawein, "that this doste me demaunde." Quod he, "Myn name is looth a caitif*e* kynge of Orcanye, and of leonoys, to whom nothinge doth falle but myschef ne not hath don longe tyme. Now telle me youre name, what ye be." And whan Gawein vndirstode verily that it was his fader a-noon he nempned his name, and seide his name was Gawein, the nevew of kynge Arthur, and whan the kynge loot herde that a-noon he lepte vp, and wolde haue clypt hym in his armes, and seide, "Feire sone, ye be welcome, and I am the sorowfull caitif youre fader that ye haue thus viliche ouerthrowen," and Gawein bad hym drawe hym ferther a-rome, ffor his fader sholde he not be ne his goode frende till that he were a-corded *with* the kynge his vncle, and hadde cried hym mercy for his forfet, and than do to hym homage seynge alle his barou*ns*; ffor othirwise loke neuer to truste in me, ffor elles shull ye leve noon other wedde saf youre heed, and than the kynge looth sowowned and fill down to the grounde, and whan he a-woke of swownynge he cride him mercy, and seide, "Feire sone, I will do all that yow may plese, and holde here my swerde, for I yelde it to yow;" and sir Gawein that ther-of hadde grete pite hit toke with gladde chere and myri, and wepte right tendirly water with his iyen vndir his helme, ffor sore he repente in his herte of that he hadde so hurte his fader, but as moche as he myght he kepte hym so that he was not aperceyved.

Gawein first asks who he is.

He says he is King Loot.

Gawein tells him his name.

Loot leaps up and would embrace him,

but Gawein tells him he cannot be his friend till he has done homage to Arthur.

Loot swoons.

When he awakes he says he will do as Gawein pleases.

Gawein is sorry that he has hurt his father.

Than thei com bothe to theire horse, and lept vp and com to theire peple, and hem departed. But fowle were the kynge loothis men ouerleide, ffor the knyghtes of the rounde table and the felowes of sir Gawein hadde hem so euyll be seyn at the firste metynge that moo than xl thei hadde felde to grounde that thei hadde no power to remounte, and sir Gawein com and hem departed, and than wente Gawein to Arthur his vncle; and as soone as the kynge saugh hym come, he com hym ageins, and seide, "Feire nevew, ye be welcome, wherefore be ye come in to this p*ar*ties, wiste ye eny thinge of this

They come to their people.

Loot's men are in distress.

Gawein goes to Arthur,

who welcomes him.

a-wayte;" and Gawein seide that he douted hit sore, "ffor I myght neuer be in hertes ese till I hadde yow seyn, and oure lorde god," quod he, "now he thanked and honoured of this assemble, ffor it is the kynge looth my fader with whom that ye were in medle; and now hit is so be-fallen that he is come to crye yow mercy, as to his liege lorde erthly for the trespasse that he hath don a-gein yow, and therfore resceyveth his homage like as ye owe for to do, ffor he is here all redy hit to p*er*forme and do." Whan the kynge Arthur that herde he ioyned his handes toward heuene, *and thanked god of the worship*pe* that he hadde hym shewed; and with that com the kynge Loot and his knyghtes down the medowes alle on foote, and hadde don of theire helmes from theire heedes and valed theire coiffes of mayle vpon theire sholderes and com full symple; and whan Gawein saugh his fader come be-fore, he seide to his vncle, "Sir, lo here my fader cometh to yow for to do homage;" and a-noon the kynge Arthur sette foot to the grounde, and alle the other barou*n*s after; and the kynge Loot com be-fore Arthur and sette hym on his knee, and hielde his swerde be the poynte as he that hadde forfeted, and seide, "Sir, I yelde me here to youre mercy as he that hath often a-gein yow forfeted, and dide yow neuer but grevaunce, and annoye, now do yowre plesire of me and of my londe," and ther be-com the kynge Loot liege man to the kynge Arthur be-fore alle his barou*n*s, and assured his feith to do hym seruyse whan that he hym comaunded; than Arthur toke hym be the right hande and made hym to a-rise on his feet, and seide, "Sir, stondeth vp, for longe I-nough haue ye kneled, ffor I ought it yow to pardon, for that ye be so worthi a man, and a gretter forfet than this is, ffor thowgh that I haue hated yow neuer so dedly, ye haue here soche children that haue do me soche servise that I may haue no will to do yow noon euell, and therfore I offre here to yow all thinge that is myn at youre volunte, ffor the love of Gawein youre sone, that I love beste of eny knyght that is in the worlde, and ther be here two knyghtes that I owe to love as wele, and bothe ben thei kynges that moche

Gawein tells how his father Looth wishes to do homage to Arthur.

*[Fol. 170*a*.] Arthur thanks God.

Loot and his knights come with their helmets off.

Loot kneels before Arthur,

and becomes his liegeman.

Arthur makes Loot rise, and pardons him because he is a worthy man,

and for love of his children.

haue me socoured in grete nede." And he stode vp and seide, "Sire, gramercy." Thus was made pees be-twene kynge Loot and the kynge Arthur, and than thei lepe to theire horse gladde and ioyfull of this a-venture, and riden so by here iourneyes till thei com to logres where thei were resceyved with the grettest ioye of the worlde, and euery day the peple dide encrese; ffor the dwellers of the contrey com thider for drede of the saisnes that hem distroyed, and the londe; and ther was so grete prees of peple that many be-hoved to loigge in the medowes, and whan the kynge Arthur saugh so grete plente of peple, he was gladde and myry, and seide that he wolde holde court open and enforced, and sente by his messangers that alle sholde come to his court roiall; and on the morowe the kynge Loot dide his homage to the kynge Arthur, and made his oth on the chief mynster seinge alle the peple that was right grete and huge, and the kynge Arthur refeffed hym a-gein in his londe that he hadde be-fore, to hym and to hys heires for euer more, and who that dide hym eny wronge he sholde hym supporte to his power, and resceyved hym gladde and iocounde as a noble man, and fro that day forth were thei goode frendes all her lif; *and whan the masse was seide thei com a-gein to the paleyse, and yede to mete, and thei were well serued and richely, and after mete wente the knyghtes to se the medowes, and the river, and the tentes, and the pavilou*n*s that were pight with-oute the town, ffor ther were many full feire and riche, and in this disporte and solace were thei viij dayes hool, and the peple dide sore encrece, ffor the kynge dide hit comaunde for that he wolde holde court roiall and plente-vouse, and bere crowne he and his wif at the mydde of august, and whan it com to the evene that the feeste sholde be-gynne on the morowe, Arthur yaf his yeftes soche as to hym a-pertened of horse, and palfreyes, and armour, and money, as golde and siluer, for he hadde plente; and the queene yaf hem robes fressh and newe as she that well hadde therfore ordeyned, and moche cowde of honour and all curteysie, that alle peple hadde hir in so grete love that hem thought thei hadde recouered the

Thus was peace made between Loot and Arthur.

They come to Logres,

where there are great numbers of people.

Arthur sends messengers to tell that he will hold a court.

Loot does homage to Arthur,

*[Fol. 170*b*.]

and they remain good friends for life.

They go to the meadows and the pavilions outside the town.

The people greatly increase.

Arthur gives horses and money, and the queen gives robes.

Their renown spreads through the countries, and some of the princes wish they were at peace with Arthur.

lady of alle ladyes, and yef the knyghtes hadde riche p*re*sentes, the ladyes and dameselles hadden also, and maydenes bothe fer and nygh; and so spradde the renoun thourgh every contrey of Arthur, that the princes that weren with hym wroth wisten of the pees that the kynge Loot hadde made with the kynge Arthur, and how he sholde holde his court roiall at the myddill of August, and that alle peple were thider somowned, and some of hem seiden secretly to theire counseile that thei wolde gladly haue spedde in the same manere as the kynge Loot hadde don; and some ther were of hem that thoughten in theire hertis and praied to god that thei sholde neuer dye on no deth er thei were acorded with the kynge Arthur, ffor all this trouble and myschef that is fallen vn-to vs, is com thourgh the synne that we have don agein god and forfet to hym.

The knights come to court in the middle of August. The queen and her ladies are richly apparelled.

All go to the minster, where Arthur and Gonnore, and Ban and Bohors are crowned.

The names of those who served at the high dais.

*[Fol. 171*a*.]

Thus seide oon to a-nother; and the kynge Arthur was in his maister Citee in ioye and solace as ye haue I-herde, and whan it com to the day of the myddill August, thider com all the knyghtes to the courte clothed and a-raied in the richest robes that thei hadden, and the Queene was appareiled, she and hir ladyes, and maidenys, and dameseles richely as longeth to soche an high feeste; and whan thei hadde ronge to high masse thei wente alle to the mynster and herde the servise that the archebisshop*pe* dide singe; and that day bar Arthur crowne, and the queene Gonnore his wif*e*, and the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors were crowned also for the love of hem; and after masse thei com to the halle where the clothes were leyde, and the lordes were sette thourgh the halle as thei owe for to be. That day serued Gawein at the high deyse ther as the foure kynges seten, and kay the stiward, and lucas the boteller, and sir Ewein le graunt the sone of kynge Vrien, and Gifflet, and Ewein *a-voutres, and Segramor, and Dodinell le sauage, and kay destranx, and kehedins ly bens, and kehedins le petit, and Ayglyns des vaux that was his brother, and Galegantius the walsh, and Blyoberis, and Galescowde, and Colegrenaunt, and launal, and Aglonall, and Ewein Esclains, and Ewein de lionell, and Ewein white hande, and Guyomar, and Synados, and

Gosenain hardy body, and Agrauain the prowde, and Gueheret, and Gaheries, and Acon de bemonde, and alle these xxi served at the high deyse, and xl other yonge bachelers serued at other tables ther-ynne, and thei were so well served of alle maner thinges that neuer peple were better, and whan alle the meesse were served in, than spake the kynge Arthur so lowde that alle that were in the halle myght it heren, and he seide, "Now lordinges, alle ye that ben com here in to my courte me for to gladen and counforte, I yelde yow graces and thonkinge for the honour and the ioye that ye haue me don, and that ye be come for to do; and I do yow to wite that I will stablissh to my courte alle the tymes that I shall bere crowne. That neuer from hens-forth shall I not sitte to mete in to the tyme that I here some straunge tydinge, or elles some aventure. Be soche forwarde that yef it be myster I shall do it to be redressed by the knyghtes of my court, whiche for prise and honour hider to repeire and ben my frendes, and my felowes, and my peres." And whan the knyghtes of the rounde table herde this a-vow that the kynge hadde I-made, thei spake to-geder and seiden, "Seeth that the kynge hath made a-vow in his courte, hit be-hoveth that we make oure a-vow," and thei a-corded alle to oon thinge, and therwith thei charged Nascien to reherse it be-fore the kynge.

Forty other young bachelors serve at the other tables.

Arthur speaks loud,

and thanks all that have come to his court.

His knights will redress wrongs.

The knights of the round table say that it behoves them to make a vow.

Than wente alle the knyghtes of the rounde table, and Nascien be-gan to speke be-fore the kynge so high, that thei alle myght here that were in the halle. "Sir," seide Nascien, "the knyghtes of the rounde table be come here to god, and in youre audyence, and to alle the barou*n*s that here ben. In-as-moche as ye haue made a-vow thei make here a-nother that shall euer endure while her lif lasteth. That yef eny maiden haue eny nede or come to youre courte for to seche helpe or socour by so that it may be a-cheved by the body of oon knight a-gein a-nother, thei will with goode will go in to what contrey she will hem leden hir for to delyuer, and make alle the wronges to be redressed that to hir hath be don;" and whan the kynge this vndirstode, he asked of the knyghtes of

Nascien speaks so that all may hear, and says that the knights of the round table will help and succour any distressed maiden.

The knights

agree to what Nascien says.

*[Fol. 171*b*.] Gawein asks his fellows if they will agree to the vow he will make for them.

The twenty-four agree.

the rounde table yef thei dide graunte to that as Nascien hadde seide; and thei seiden, "Ye;" and to this thei wolde be sworn hit for to mayntene, and not to spare for lif ne for deth, and than be-gan the ioye gretter than it hadde be byfore; and whan Gawein vndirstode the ioye that thei maden for the a-vowes that were ther I-stablisshed, he seide to his felowes as he that cowde all *norture and curtesie. "Sirs," seide Gawein, "yef eche of yow will a-corde to that I shall seyn, I shall ofre soche a-vow wher-of shall come to yow and to me grete honour alle the dayes of oure lif*e*;" and thei ansuerde and seide that thei wolde graunte and assente to all that euer he wolde speke with his mowthe. "Than," quod he, "assureth me youre feith to holde me companye;" and a-noon thei hym assured, and were xxiiij be counte."

Gawein comes to the queen, and prays her to let them be her knights.

The queen thanks Gawein,

who vows that one of them will succour whatever man or woman comes to her for help; and if he does not return, an-

Whan that sir Gawein hadde take the feith of his felowes he come be-fore the Queene, and seide, "Madame, I and my felowes be come to yow, and praye yow and requere that ye will with-holde vs to be youre knyghtes and youre meyne. That whan thei come in eny strange contrey to seche loos and pris, yef any man hem aske with whom thei be, and of what londe. Than thei may seyn of the reame of logres, and be the knyghtes of Queene Gonnore, the wif of kynge Arthur." Whan the Queene vndirstode this, she dressed hir vp-stondinge, and seide, "Feire nevew, g*ra*mercy to yow and to hem alle; ffor I yow resceyve with gladde chere as lordes and my frendes, and as ye offre yow to me, so I offre me to yow with trewe herte; and I pray god lete me so long lyve that I may yow guerdon of the worship*pe* and the curtesie that ye promyse me for to do." "Madame," seide Gawein, "we be alle youre knyghtes, and ye haue us with-holde god it yow quyte. Now shull we make a-vow; That what man or woman cometh to yow for to seche socour or helpe a-geyn the body of oon knyght, he shall not faile to haue oon of vs to delyuer hym body for body, and go with hem in to what contrey thei will vs bringe; and whiche of vs so it be that take eny soche iourney on hande, and hit happe that he come not a-gein with-ynne a moneth, eche oon of vs shall go for to seche hym sool by hym-self, a yere and a day with-oute repeire to courte; but yef with-ynne that terme he can bringe trewe tydinges of his felowe, and whan thei be come to court eueryche shall telle his a-ventures that hym be-falleth in the tyme what-so-euer thei be, gode or euell, and thei shull be sworn to sey the trouthe of all bothe in the goynge and in the comynge."

other shall go to seek him.

When they return to court they shall tell their adventures.

Whan the queene vndirstode the a-vow that Gawein hadde made, she was the gladdest woman in the worlde, and the kynge was glader than eny other that was in the courte, and for the kynge wolde comforte the queene, he seide, "Dame, seth god hath ordeyned yow this honour to haue so feire a co*m*panye, some curtesie moste I do for the love of hem, and also for the love of youre-self, and wite ye wher-of I putte in youre gouernaunce my tresour in soch maner that ye be lady and partyner of all at youre plesier;" and whan the queene this herde, she kneled be-fore the kynge and seide, "Sir, gramercy." And than the queene called sir Gawein, and seide, "Feire *nevew, I will that foure clerkes be stablisshed here-ynne that shull do nothinge elles but write the a-ventures that falle to yow and youre felowes, so that after youre deth it may be remembred the high prowesse of the worthi men here-ynne." "Madame," seide Gawein, "I graunte;" and than were ther chosen foure clerkes to write the a-ventures as thei fill in the courte fro thens-forth; and than seide Gawein that he sholde not here speke of noon a-venture, but he sholde go to seche it; and he and his felowes sholde do so moche that thei sholde bringe ther-of trewe tidinges to courte, and so seiden the knyghtes of the rounde table in the same manere; and all-wey fro thens-fourth was sir Gawein and his felowes called the queenes knyghtes. With that were the clothes taken vp, and than be-gan the ioye right grete of oon and other ther-ynne. But ouer alle other that were ther-ynne was I-herde Dagenet of Clarion; ffor he made gret myrthe amonge hem, so that alle thei be-hielde hym for merveile. But a fooll he was of nature, and the moste coward pece of flessh that was in the worlde;

The queen is very glad. So also is the king.

The queen says she will have four clerks to write the adventures of Gawein and his fellows.

*[Fol. 172*a*.]

Four clerks are chosen.

Sir Gawein and his fellows are called the queen's knights.

Dagenet of Clarion is a fool and a coward.

He says he will go and seek adventures.

The knights laugh at him.

He hangs his shield on a tree, and hacks it in many places, when he says he has slain knights.

He is of high lineage, and does not look such a fool.

this Dagenet be-gan to trippe and daunce, and cried so lowde with high voyse, and seide, "to-morow shall I go seche these a-ventures," and seide to Gawein, "will ye come? and ye, sir Ewein and Seg*ra*mor will ye come thider that be so feire and moche, and ye lordinges of the rounde table. Certes, I trowe not that ye haue the herte ne the hardynesse me for to sewen, ther I shall go to-morowe." Thus seide Dagenet the coward, and the knyghtes ther-at lowen, and hadde grete game; and with-oute faile he hym armed many tymes, and wente in to the forestes, and henge his shelde on an Oke, and smote it so that alle the colours were faded, and the shelde to hakked in many places, and than wolde he seyn that he hadde slayn a knyght or tweyne; and whan he mette eny knyght armed he turned to flight as fer as he myght here hym speke at the leeste; and many tymes fill yef he mette eny knyght erraunt that were pensif that spake no worde he wolde take hym by the bridell, and lede hym forth as he hadde hym taken; of soche maners was Dagenet, and yet he was right a feire knyght and of high lynage, and yet it semed not by his countenaunce that he was soche a fooll.

There is great joy; and Kay asks if they shall tourney.

Segramor leaps up. Mynoras says they will tourney against the queen's knights.

*[Fol. 172*b*.]

There are to be five hundred on each side.

They go to their hostels to arm themselves.

Grete was the ioye and the feeste the day of myddill of August, at logres, whan these a-vowes were made, and whan thei that hadden serued hadde eten, com kay the stiwarde, and seide, "Sirs, what thenke ye to do; shull we not to*ur*ney to be-gynne some myrthe at soche high feeste as this is?" Whan Segramor herde this he lepte vp, and seide that recreaunt and shamed be he that will not turneyn; and Mynoras ansuerde that thei wolde turney a-gein the queenes knyghtes, "and lete vs take so many knyghtes what oon and what other that we be euen like many," *and sir Gawein asked a-gein how many knyghtes thei wolde turney, and Adragain seide thei wolde haue V^{c} in her companye, and Gawein seide that he wolde take other V^{c} in his companye. "Than lete it no lenger be taried," quod Pynados, "for the day passeth." Than thei wente to theire hostels and armed hem with grete spede, and yede in to the medowes with-oute the town, and ther thei assembled what oon what other that thei were x^{c}. Than was the ban cried that eche man sholde go on whiche part that he wolde, and thei disseuered and wente eche to his baner; and than com Gawein to hervy de rivell, and departed theire meyne, so that in eche partye ther was v hundred, and than the heraudes be-gan for to crye, *Cy est lonours darmes Ore y parra* qui *checun le ferra;* and whan it com to the assemble, a knyght cam to sir Gawein, and seide, "The kynge yowre vncle sente yow worde that ye sholde come speke with hym at the wyndowe ther-as he yow a-bideth;" and sir Gawein wente thider and ledde with hym sir Ewein his cosyn, and Segramour, and Gyfflet, and the curroyes were tho redy assembled for to mete.

Each goes to his banner.

The heralds cry out.

The king sends for Gawein.

The first that was renged was Pynodas, a knyght of the rounde table, and on that othir side com a knyght of the queenes that was brother to Gawein, and his name was Agravain the prowde, and he was wondir well horsed, and thei smote to-geder with speres vpon the sheldes so harde that thei perced that the steill heedes stynted at the hauberkes, and thei were bothe stronge and hardy, and the hauberkes of towgh mayle that the speres splyndred in peces, and in the passinge forth thei hurteled to-geder so harde with sheldes and helmes, and with theire horse, that bothe two fill to grounde, horse and man to-geder; and thei pressed to the rescew on bothe partyes and mette to-geder with sharpe speres; and sir Gawein hath so riden till he com on the diche brynke a-gein the wyndowe ther-as kynge Arthur dide lene, and the Queene Gonnore, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and ladyes and maydenes, a grete companye for to be-holde the bourdeys; and than the kynge seide, "Feire nevew, I praye yow for the feith that ye owe vnto me that ye rule so this turnement that ther a-rise no debate, ne wrath amonge hem, ne ma[l]telente." "Sir," seide he, "as for me shall ther nothinge be mys-don, but I may not kepe hem alle from theire folyes. But yef ye se it turne to folye, ordeyne ye that it be departed, ffor I may not suffre that the companye of the rounde table diffoule, and ouer-lede my felowes be-fore me, but that I moste helpe

Pynodas and Agravain the Proud smite together.

They both fall to the ground.

Gawein rides to the window where is Arthur and his court.

Arthur prays Gawein not to allow any debate or wrath.

Gawein cannot promise.

Ban advises Arthur to arm a party of his people to be in readiness.

The king commands that three thousand *[Fol. 173*a*.] sergeants and squires be armed. Gawein comes to the tourney, which was well begun.

The knights of the round table try to discomfit the fellows of Sir Gawein,

who are succoured by the knights of king Looth.

The knights of the round table are succoured, and drive out Gawein's fellows.

hem at my power." "Sir," seide the kynge Ban, "sir Gawein seith wisely; ffor it is goode reson that ye take a party of youre peple, and do hem to be armed as many as nedeth that yef myster be, thei to be redy to lepe on horsebak to do youre comaundement." "In godis name," seide the kynge, "so shall it be as ye haue seide." Than the kynge comaunded to arme thre thousande what of Sergauntes and squyers, and hym-self was armed, and the thre other kynges that were in his *companye; and Gawein was come to the turney, that tho was well be-gonne vpon the two knyghtes that were throwe to grounde, and so hadde bothe parties spedde that thei haue hem bothe remounted and sette on horse; and than the turnement be-gan sore to enforce, and the knyghtes of the rounde table that were CCL peyned hem sore to discounfite the foure score felowes of sir Gawein that were at grete myschief, and hadde sore the werse, but moche thei suffred as thei that full well eche dide other helpe feithfully. But their well doynge ne gayned hem but litill, ne hadde be the knyghtes of kynge Looth that hem socoured full vigerously. Ther was made many feire Iustinges and many a knyght vn-horsed that fill to the grounde, and the horses fledde thourgh the feeldes. Ther were the knyghtes of the rounde table euell I-ledde, but as vij score knyghtes that com hem for to socoure, and than hadde the knyghtes of the rounde table the better, ffor thei were more peple than the tother, and thei made hem to voyde the place wheder thei wolde or noon; and than a-roos the cry and the shoute vpon hem that fledden.

When Gawein hears the shout of his fellows, he says to Ewein that they have tarried too long. Seigramor and Gifflet speak.

Gawein tells them to follow him, and

And whan Gawein vndirstode the shoute and the crye that was vpon his felowes, he be-helde and saugh hem at grete myscheif, and that for thought hym right sore, and seide to sir Ewein, "A-voy, cosin, we haue taried to longe." "Ewein" now quod Segramor, "neuer be he holde for a knyght that faileth to helpe at this nede." "I preise not at a boton," quod Gifflet, "the speche, but the dede be shewed. Now lete se who shall do beste;" and Gawein lowgh whan he herde this, and seide, "Sueth me;" with that he smote his hors with the spores, and spronge forth as sperhauke after partriches or quayles, and bar to the erthe foure the firste that thei mette. Than these foure be-gan to do soche maistries that the chace stynte, and in a while were thei knowen of hem that neuer hadde hem seyn; and whan the Queenes knyghtes hadde founde sir Gawein thei drough a-boute hym, and so dide the knyghtes of kynge looth that were full notable knyghtes and goode; and Segramor be-gan to do soche merveiles that thei that weren at the wyndowes marked hym with the fynger, and seide, "Lo yonder, Sir Segramor, ffor yef he be feire of body and membres, yet is he better knyght at devise, and well may she that shall hym haue, a-vaunt hir that she hath oon of the beste knyghtes of the courte; and on that other side Gifflet dide right wele, and Galashin that gretly thei were be-holden of oon and of other, and to hem com the thre bretheren of Sir Gawein that were full noble and hardy. These dide merveilously wele, and so dide Sir Ewein, that a better knyght than he neded no man to be-holde; and whan the knyghtes of the rounde table saugh how the chace was a-rested, thei be-gan to traueile sore for to drive these other oute of the place, and ther they dide wondres in armes. But who that dide well, or who nought, a-bove alle other *dide sir Gawein merveiles, ffor he fonde no presse were it neuer so thikke ne cloos, but he it perced through be fin force, ffor he smote down knyghtes and horse, and raced of helmes from heedes and sheldes from nekkes, ne noon myght in-dure a-gein his strokes, and yef the companye of the rounde table hadde the better, now haue thei the werse; ffor sir Gawein and his felowes haue holde hem so shorte, that thei drof hem discou*n*fited to the water side, and ther thei withstode stifly; and the storye seith that so moche thei suffred that x of the beste of hem were throwen to the erthe, wherof that oon was mynoras, and the secunde Natalis, and the thirde Pynados, and the fourth Bloaris, and the v^e Karismanx, and the vj^e Partreux, and the vij^e Grandoynes, and the viij^e ladynell, and the ix^e ladymus, and the x^e Traelus. These x were take with force, and hem hilde sir Ewein, and Segramor, and Agra-

they bear to the earth the first four they meet.

The queen's knights and Loot's knights draw towards Gawein.

Seigramor does such marvels that those at the windows point him out.

Gifflet and Galashin do well.

So does Sir Ewein.

*[Fol. 173*b*.]

Gawein does marvels, so that none can endure against his strokes.

He and his fellows drive the knights of the round table to the water side.

Ten of the best are thrown to the ground, and taken prisoners by Ewein, Segramor, and others, vain, and Gueheret, and Gaheries, and kay the stiward, and sente hem to the Queene on sir Gaweins be-halue, that thei dide holde for her lorde and maister, and thei hadde reson, for he was a worthi man and wele hem helped and socoured in euery nede, and these x knyghtes that were taken com to the queene and yelde hem to hir on sir Gaweins be-halue, and she hem resceyved with grete ioye, and yaf eche of hem a riche Iuwell, and than thei wente and lened oute at the wyndowes of the paleise to se the turnement.

who send them to the queen.

These ten knights yield themselves to the queen, who gives them each a rich jewel.

Whan the knyghtes of the rounde table saugh thei hadde loste x of hir felowes, thei were doelfull, for thei hadde neuer be-fore be made to voide the place. Than com theire grete bateile from the bregge that hem socoured vigerously, that thei putte hem a-gein in to the playn feelde, and the partie that was with Gawein com a-gein hem that were all fressh and newe, and that oo part smote thourgh that other and be-gonne a grete stour and traueiled so that thei gonne waxen wery, and Gawein and his felowes dide so well that thei drof hem a-gein to the river.

The knights of the round table are doleful;

but they come again into the field.

Gawein and his fellows drive them again to the river.

And whan the knyghtes of the rounde table saugh thei turned to discounfiture, thei seiden that to-day more wolde thei do theire werste seth it is so fer forth be-fallen. Than thei toke speres, grete and rude, and putte hem in fewtre, and that is the grettest crewelte that oon may do, ffor turnement oweth to be with-oute felonye, and thei meved to smyte hem as in mortall werre; and as soone as thei hadden speres thei smyten in a-monge the queenes knyghtes that thei sore hated, and at the firste shof thei smote down soche xx that were full worthi men, but soone were thei lept on foote and drough theire swerdes, and these rested vpon hem for to take hem prisoners, and ther be-gan the medle grete and fierce, and so thei myght a-noon haue loste *all; but as sir Ewein toke ther-of hede, and shewed it to Gawein and Segramor; and whan thei saugh the felonye that thei hadde be-gonne on her felowes; than seide sir Ewein, "Lorde, se the feire playe that these yonder haue be-gonne vpon vs;" and than seide Gawein that thei dide

The knights of the round table say they will do their worst,

and smite as in mortal war.

They smite down twenty of the queen's knights.

*[Fol. 174a.] Sir Ewein speaks to Gawein and Segramor.

nothinge curteisely as worthi men ne that wolde he not suffre. Than he cleped Griret de lamball and Guyomar, and seide, "Go to the knyghtes of the rounde table, and sey that I and my felowes sende hem worde that thei haue mys-taken hem at this this tyme a-gein vs, and bidde hem cesse of that folye that thei haue be-gonne, and for that thei haue don we playne vs gretly, and shull hem a-pele be-fore the kynge, and yef ther be eny of oure felowes on this side that haue agein hem mysdon, we shall make hem a-mendes at hir volunte;" and whan these herde the comaundement of sir Gawein, thei turned with-oute moo wordes, and com to the knyghtes of the rounde table and dide theire message, and thei ansuerde that thei sette no force of all that he seide, ffor thei wolde noon other wise do, and who that ther-with wrathed lete hym chese, for yet we will do more than we haue don be-fore, and so may ye sey to Gawein and to his felowes that soone may men se the moste hardy, and who shall beste furnyssh a stour; and whan these herde the bobance and the outrage thei returned and com to sir Gawein that in that tyme hadde his felowes remounted, and thei tolde hym the ansuere that[1] thei hadden, and whan Gawein it herde, he was right wroth. "What," quod he, "is that trewe, will thei nothinge do for us? Now I do hem well to witen that seth we be comen to ernest, soone shull we be at the assay whiche is the moste hardy." Than departed Gawein oute of the turnement, and his thre brethern, and Segramor, and Ewein, and Galasshin, and Dodinell, and kay the stiward, and Gifflet, and lucas the botiller, and than he seide, "Sirs, the knyghtes of the rounde table haue take a-gein vs a fell strif, ffor that thei be greved with oure partye, and therfore thei trowe all to haue wonne for shewinge of theire crewelte and felonye, and ther-fore I will that eche of vs go fecche his hauberk, and the beste armes that he hath, and arme hym so that nothinge faile, and thei a-noon sente for her beste armours, and drough hem oute of the turnement and hem armed hastely, for longe hem semed er

Gawein sends Griret and Guyomar to the knights of the round table, to complain of what they have done, and to say that he will appeal to the king.

The knights of the round table answer that they will do as they have done.

Griret and Guyomar return to Gawein, and tell him the answer.

He is very wroth.

Gawein and his brethren and others go out of the tournament.

They arm themselves hastily,

---

[1] The word "that" is repeated in the MS.

thei were returned a-gein in to the turnement that was right grete, ffor the x hundred were assembled to-geder in bateile, and whan sir Gawein and his felowes were well araide, thei were well foure score only, and thei lepte to horse and ride a softe paas, and cloos a-gein the other felowes that well mayntened the turnement, and thei sought her felowes vp and down, and ben so sory for theire felowes that thei haue hem not founde, that nygh thei wax wode for angir, ffor thei of the rounde table hem ledde felonously in the werse maner.

and seek after their fellows.

*[Fol. 174b.]

Gawein and his fellows overthrow more than forty.

*Than com Gawein and his felowes so harde that moo than xl thei ouerthrowe in theire comynge, and whan Nascien and Adragein saugh them thei stynten, and seide to theire felowes, "Feire lordes, we haue euell and folily spedde of the atynes that we haue vndirtake a-gein the Queenes knyghtes for envye and for nought." "I rede," quod Adragain, "that the turnement cesse er it be werse, ffor the nevewes of the kynge shull do vs damage fro hens-forth, and that may ye wete verily. Ne it may not endure with-oute grete losse, and also parauenture some to be slayn, and therfore it were good that it were cessed thus, ffor knowe it verily that ther be soche xx in the fore fronte of her companye that right soone thei shull xl of oure companye make to voyde place, and also thei be of high lynage, and the moste puyssaunt of the reame of grete breteigne," and the other ansuerde that it was spoken to late, "Now kepe hym that kepe may, for othir-wise now may it not be," and than thei smyte in to the medle, and the foure score felowes com hem a-geins, and eche hurte other with speres foule at theire metynge, and thei drowgh the swerdes and be-gonne the medle on horsbak and on foote full crewell and fell; and whan the vij score knyghtes of the kynge Looth knewe the foly and the disray that the knyghtes of the rounde table hadde be-gonne, thei drough a-side and armed hem right wele, and than com a-gein to sir Gawein, and seide, "Sir, now may ye ride suerly a-gein the envyouse, for we shull not this day forsake yow ne youre companye for no distresse, ffor we se well the erneste that is be-twene yow and the knyghtes of the rounde

Adragain advises that the tournament should cease;

but he speaks too late.

When the knights of king Looth know what the knights of the round table have done, they arm themselves, and come to Gawein.

table. But thei haue to fewe peple to do that thei haue purposed, and we se well that thei be CCL., and ye be but foure score, and therfore is it no merveile yef thei haue the better. But thei may hem a-vaunte that thei haue geten CC enmyes this day that well shull lete hem parceyve whethir thei be foles or wise," and sir Gawein thanked hem hertely; and than thei renged hem a-bowte hym as he that full well cowde it demenen.

They offer to help him.

Gawein thanks them.

Than sir Gawein cleped an high gentilman that was cleped by his right name Galescowde, and seide, "Go a-noon to my lorde, myn vncle, and sey to hym that he not displese though we vs diffende from them of the rounde table that haue be-gonne the foly a-gein vs, and tell hym how the caas stant all as it is," and whan that Galiscowde vndirstode the comaundement of Gawein, he turned and dide his message; and while that Gawein entended a-boute these thinges the queenes knyghtes hadde moche the worse, and the knyghtes of the rounde table rescowed hir felowes, and sette hem on horse and chaced the queenes knyghtes be fin force out of the felde, whan Gawein saugh that he com hem a-geins with alle the knyghtes of his fadres, and smote in a-monge hem so harde that alle the renges gonne fremyssh; and sir Gawein cried, "Vpon hem, gentill *knyghtes, for in euell tyme haue thei be-gonne this folye."

Gawein calls Galescowde to go to his uncle, and tell him what the knights of the round table have done.

The knights of the round table chase the queen's knights out of the field.

*[Fol. 175a.]

Whan the queenes knyghtes herde sir Gawein thus speke, and saugh the feire companye of knyghtes that hym sewed, thei returned as thei that were gladde and ioyfull of the socour, for tho knewe thei well that the werse sholde no be hers, and than thei recovered alle to-geders theire sheldes before theire brestes; and sir Gawein was in the fore frount with swerde drawen, for he hadde broken his spere, and smote so Dorilas vpon the helme that he smote thourgh, and the coyf of mayle, that he made hym a grete wounde in the heede, and a-stoned hym so sore that he fill flatte to the grounde, and his felowes cried, "He is ded; he is ded;" and thei ronne vpon hym on alle partyes, and he smote so the firste that he mette thourgh the helme that he yaf hym a grete wounde and fill to

When the queen's knights hear Gawein, they are glad of the succour.

Gawein smites Dorilas with his sword, and wounds him sore.

His fellows run upon Gawein, who smites them hard.

Nascien falls to the ground.

He rises up and draws his sword.

He complains that Gawein fights as if he was in mortal war.

Gawein answers.

He says Nascien's fellows commenced the folly.

Nascien says it is time to leave off, and

prays Gawein to part the combatants.

grounde all blody; and than he smote a-nother right harde, and he saugh the stroke come and plukked his bridill to hym, and the stroke descended on the horse shuldres be-fore and smote the horse a-sonder, so that to grounde fill bothe horse and man, and whan Nascien saugh hym-self so fallen, he lepte on foote full delyuerly as he that was a full noble knyght and a sure, and drough his swerde, and couered hym with his shelde, for sore he douted a-nother stroke er he were redy hym to diffende; and whan that Gawein saugh that he was so redy appareiled, he returned with suerde in honde, and a-noon Nascien knewe the swerde, and seide, "A-voy, my lorde, sir Gawein, ye ne be not so wise a man ne so curteise as men of yow doth recorde; ffor ye be thus garnysshed of youre armes as ye were in werre mortall, and ye haue also brought youre goode swerde, and I do yow to wete that it shall be to yow reprof in many other places than here." Quod Gawein, "I knowe no knyght that me will a-peche of vntrouthe, but I shall me well deffende a-gein hym that dar it sey or a-gein tweyne yef nede bee oon after a-nother. But ye and youre felowes haue don vntrouthe, and haue be-gonne the folye; ffor we sente yow oure messages, but ye wolde hem not heren ne vndirstonde, but ye dide youre werste." "Sir," seide Nascien, "hit is go folyly hiderto, and hit were tyme that it were left yef it yow plesed, ffor soche haue it spoken and be-gonne that nothinge ther-on haue wonne, ffor I trowe he be wounded to the deth. But I praye yow at the reuerence of god that ye hem now departe, and than do ye well and curteisely er that eny more harme ther-of be-falle."

Gawein refuses and defies the knights of the round table.

*[Fol. 175*b*.]

"I knowe not," quod Gawein, "what harme ther-of shall falle, but neuer for me shull thei not be departed. Ne neuer shall the companye of the rounde table be-gynne malice a-gein vs; but I with as goode will shall by-gynne the first a-gein he*m* *with spere a-reised, and for that I will that ye it hem telle, and haue ye no drede of me at this tyme, and telle hem wele that neither kynge ne queene ther-of entermete, for we be soche companye that shall fynde hem hote I-nough, kepe thei hem neuer so wele owther fer or nygh." "Sir," seide Nascien, "other tyme than now haue ye do to me honour so moche that I may not yow guerdon, ne ye ther-to haue no myster. But as to this that ye sey we shull haue I-nough medle a-gein yow ne sey it nought, for ye be alle of high lynage, and men of grete puyssaunce, and thei be more alle of baas lynage than ye and youre companye, and therfore thei haue no power a-gein yow whan it com ther-to, that ye will hem greve or anoye," and with that departed Gawein, and lefte Nascien on foote, and he and his felowes smyten in to the bateile, and brake the presse, and smote down knyghtes, bothe horse and man, and ledde hem so euell that thei drof hem oute of the place all discounfited euen to the river that was right depe, and brode, and many fill in to the water a-gein theire will, ffor ther sholde ye haue sein speres and sheldes flote down the river, and the horse all quyk with-oute maister her reynes trailinge with the strem.

Nascien says Gawein has done him honour at other times,

and that Gawein's fellows are of higher lineage than the knights of the round table.

Gawein leaves Nascien on foot.

Many fall into the water.

Whan Gawein saugh thei were goinge, and that thei myght not recouer that saugh he well, he put vp his goode swerde for doute leste he slough eny man vn-war, and as he put it in to the scauberk, he saugh knyghtes of the rounde table that were enbusshed on the chauchie, and he caught a plante of an appell tre, and caste his shelde to grounde, and toke the barre in bothe handes, and seide he wolde make hem to remeve. Than he smote a-monge hem so fiersely the firste that he mette be-twene the sholdres that he rolled to grounde vp-right, and after the secunde, and than the thirde, and the fourthe, and he ne smote no man were he neuer so stronge, but he fill to grounde; and whan thei saugh that he ferde with hem so euell thei were full wroth, and ran vpon hym with swerdes drawen for sore thei hym hated, and thei smyte at hym on alle sides ther thei myght a-reche so that thei slough his horse be-twene his legges, and he lepte vp on foote full delyuerly, for he was full of prowesse and of hardynesse, and he made a shelde of his staf and drough his swerde Calibourne, and seide, "Euell happe haue thei that holde yow the beste knyghtes of

Gawein puts up his sword.

He sees the knights of the round table in the road, and he catches up a spar of wood.

He fells several to the ground.

They run upon him with swords, and kill his horse.

He leaps up and draws his sword Calibourne.

He cuts off legs and heads.

*[Fol. 176*a*.]

His fellows come to the fight and find that he has killed more than forty.

Gawein is remounted, and puts up his sword.

He puts the knights to flight.

The ladies on the walls see the jousts.

The knights on Gawein's side begin to retire.

Sir Ewein and twenty-four fellows come to succour them.

They do well,

and drive the knights of the round table into the town.

the worlde; ffor here," quod he, "haue thei it nothinge shewe, whan thei haue myn horse slayn," and ran vpon hem vigerously, and slitte sheldes, and helmes, and hew on hauberkes, and sholdres, and armes; and kutte of legges, and heedes that it blussht to grounde all that he raught, and in short tyme he hath xx so a-raied that thei *lay at grounde that hem nedeth to haue goode leches yef thei sholde ascape with the lif; with that com to the medle the foure score felowes and ten, and the vij score knyghtes of kynge looth that all day hadde hem sewed, and thei smote in a-monge hem with so grete randon that thei fonde sir Gawein on foote, and his suerde in his honde all blody of horse that he hadde slayn mo than xl. Ther was sir Gawein remounted and sette on horse, and he putte vp his goode swerde and toke the staf with bothe hondes, and ran vpon hem crewelly, and smote he rought not where, and discou*n*fited hem alle in short tyme, and put hem to flight thourgh the yates of the town, and the tother V^{c} that were left vpon the river fought with hem that were of the same partye; and as soone as the knyghtes of kynge looth hadde hem lefte, and the foure score of the queenes knyghtes ther be-gan the stour grete and crewell, and ther were many feire Iustinges that were gladly be-holden of ladyes and maydenes that were on the walles of the town, and so endured the turnement longe tyme, ffor thei were goode knyghtes on bothe sides. But at the end myght not the knyghtes endure that were on Gaweins side, for thei were not so many as the tother, and so thei be-gonne to ruse oon hour vp and another down, till that tidinge come to sir Ewein that was stinte with-oute the yates of the town, and xxiiij felowes with hym, and whan he vndirstode that his fellowes hadde the werse, he rode thider hem to socour, and as soone as thei were come thider thei be-gonne to do so well that in all the day ne hadde thei do better, and so thourgh hir prowesses thei perced hem thourgh thre or foure tymes, and hem discounfited and made hem voide the place, and drof hem in at the yates of the town thourgh the stretes where thei dide hem ouerthrowe, and fowled hem vndir hir horse feet, for noon wolde thei take ne with-holde thei were so wroth, for the outerage that the knyghtes of the rounde table hadde be-gonne vpon hem vncurteisly thourgh her pride.

On that other side was Gawein and the knyghtes of Orcanye, that hadde chaced so the knyghtes[1] of the rounde table till thei com be-fore the chirche of seint Stephene, and thei with-stode and kepte the paas while thei myght. But in short tyme ther sholde haue ben do harme. But as the kynge Arthur com, and the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors com thider as sone as Galescowde hadde tolde his message; and the squyers that were thre thousande armed, and the thre kynges turned toward seint Stephene, and a party of the squyers a-boute a thre hundred turned down the high strete where-as thei mette the knyghtes of Orcanye that sewed sir Gawein that full euell ferde with the knyghtes of the rounde table, as ye haue herde; and as soone *as thei saugh the squyers thei wende it hadde ben a-wayte that hadde be leide for hem; and a-noon thei be-gonne to medle and be-gonne a newe trouble right huge and crewell, but at grete myschef were the felowes of sir Gawein, ffor oo part of hem foughten with the squyers at the straite entre of the strete, where-as many were ouerthrowen and diffouled right euell. Than com tidinges to Gawein that his frendes were in soche pereill; "ffor I wote neuer," quod he that brought the message, "what peple it ben that hem assaile be-hynde, and don hem grete damage;" and as soone as Gawein herde that his felowes were assaile be-hynde, he lefte the fight with the knyghtes of the rounde table to his felowes, and com thider ther as thise weren. But first he sette goode wardes to kepe the stretes ende, that thei of the rounde table ne turned not a-gein bakke, and than he com to the strete ther these were fightinge; and as soone as he hem saugh, he swor in euell tyme come thei thider, and whan thei saugh hym come thei cried to hym and badde hym cesse, or he was but deed; and whan Gawein herde hem manace hym of deth, he wax right wroth,

Gawein and the knights of Orcanye chase the knights of the round table to the church of St. Stephen.

Arthur, Ban, and Bohors come to the place.

Three hundred squires meet the knights of Orcanye,

*[Fol. 176b.]

who fight with them at the entry of the street.

A messenger comes to tell Gawein that the knights are assailed behind.

Gawein comes to the street.

He is very wroth.

---

[1] This word is spelt "knythes" in the MS.

and cleped hem "fitz a-putayn traitours cowardes haue ye leyn in wayte. I do yow to wite er ye me ascape, the moste hardy wolde not haue come hider for this reame." Than he hilde Calibourne his goode swerde all blody, and these ronne vpon hym with axes, and billes, and swerdes right vigerously; and he spronge in a-monge hem, and smote the firste that he mette that the heed fill on the pament, and than he smote a-nother, and than the thridde and the fourthe, and smote of handes and armes that in a litill while noon durste a-bide his strokes, but turned to flight wroth and angry, and cried, "Fle, fle, lo here a devell that is broken oute of helle chaynes;" and whan Gawein hadde his felowes thus delyuered, he turned a-gein and toke xl. knyghtes at sette hem at the stretes ende that noon ne falle vpon hem, and seide, "Yef eny come and yow ouer-lede come fecche me." Than he wente to the tother ende of the strete ther[1] the knyghtes of Orcanye faught with the knyghtes of the rounde table, and a-noon he spronge in a-monge hem, and cried a-lowde, "Traytours;" for well he wende that thei hadde leide that a-wayte, and whan thei herde hym so seyn thei wiste not what to ansuere, ffor thei wende well that he hadde it seide for that thei be-gan firste the ernest whan thei iusted with speres in fewtre, and sore thei repented yef thei myght, ffor so hadde the shame be doubled, and therefore seith the wise man in reprof of soche. "Many oon weneth his shame to a-venge, and he it encreseth," and therefore were thei shamefast and mate; and Gawein smote in a-monge hem crewell as a lyon, and smote Adragain des vaux de gailore thourgh the helme that he kutte the quoyf of maile to the bare flessh that he fill to the erthe all a-stonyed that he wiste not whether it was nyght or day, and than he smote Pindolus on the sholdre that he kutte the gige that the shelde henge by and the hauberke and the flessh right depe that ner he was *maymed, and so fill the shelde on that oon side, and the knyght on that other; and after he smote Idonas on the iowe that he fill to grounde in

and with Calibourne he smites down all he meets.

They turn to flight, and Gawein delivers his fellows.

Gawein goes to the place where the knights of Orcanye fight with the knights of the round table, amongst whom he springs.

He smites Adragain des Vaux,

and Pindolus,

*[Fol. 177a.]

and Idonas.

---

[1] The word "ther" is repeated in the MS.

swowne, and whan thei of the rounde table saugh how he dide hem so grete damage, that noon armour myght endure a-gein his strokes, thei turned alle toward the cherche, and Gawein and his felowes hem enchaced, and fill that Gawein overtoke hervy de rivell, and wolde haue smyte hym on the helme, and he couered hym with his shelde, and all thei turned to-geder toward the mynster, and hervy seide to Gawein, "Cesse, sir knyght, ye haue done I-nowgh, and therfore ye may well stynte at this tyme, and trewly ye be right moche to blame for the crewelte that is in yow, ffor men were wonte to sey of yow all honour and curtesie, and now may men sey the contrarie, ffor ye ought to helpe and to socour*e* these a-gein all the worlde that hem wolde greve or annoye, and ye hem sle and diffoule at youre power; and thei haue yow nought offended." "Hervy," quod Gawein, "haue thei me not offended whan thei haue be-gonne the foly and the treson vpon my felowes to whom I moste bere feith, and ther-by wolde thei not cesse, but leide other peple for vs in a-wayte, and the turnement was not taken in that manere." "Sir," seide hervy, "yef thei haue hem mystaken a-gein yow at this tyme, thei shull a-mende it to yow at youre plesir, ffor the love of yow that from hens-forth thei will holde yow for theire frende and felowe." "To me," quod Gawein, "shull thei make noon a-mendes, for I shall hem neuer love, ffor I do hem well to wite where thei haue envye or werre a-gein eny of my felowes thei haue the same a-gein me. Ne neuer shull thei take turnoy ne Aatine, but we foure score shull turneyen a-geins vij score of the beste of hem, and thei will it vndertake, and lete hem well knowe that I shall neuer come in place in this contrey ne in noon other where ther is eny turnement or Aatine, yef eny of hem be there, but I shall greve hem at my power." "Sir," seide hervy, "ye sey euell and synfulliche, but soche is now youre talente; but here-after it shall not be so; ffor it were to grete damage yef so many worthi men sholde turne to euell for this folye, ffor rather thei shull clene forsake the court of youre vncle." "I can not sey," quod Gawein, "what thei will do, but for me shull thei it not

Gawein and his fellows chase the knights of the round table,

Gawein overtakes Hervy de Rivell.

Hervy says Gawein is cruel.

Gawein says it is the fault of the knights of the round table who began the treason.

Hervy says that they will make amends,

but Gawein will not accept any.

He says four score of his fellows will tourney against seven score of the best of the knights.

Hervy tells him he speaks sinfully.

Gawein says if the knights of the round

table leave his uncle's court, they shall be overtaken.

Hervy tells him to cool his temper.

Arthur complains that *[Fol. 177b.] Gawein has not done as he promised.

Gawein says no one can accuse him,

for he sent Galescowde to Arthur.

King Looth tells his son to be quiet and let Arthur speak.

forsaken, and yef that thei do, thei ne shull not go in to no londe, but thei shall be ouertake, ffor we shull neuer here speke of place ther thei be conversaunt, but we shull go thider.” “Sir,” seide hervy, “a-slake youre mode and pese youre matalent a litill, ffor so god me helpe thei that haue be-gonne the foly thei haue it dere I-bought, ffor many ther be hurt and wounded full dolerously, ffor ther ben xxx that neuer shull bere shelde, where-of is right grete doell and pyte, ffor thei ben full noble knyghtes and worthi men;” and as thei spake thus com the kynge Arthur that hadde I-herde a partie of her wordes that thei hadde spoken, and seide, *“Gawein, feire nevew, is this the prayer that I praied yow to-day? Certes now it sheweth well that ye love me right litill whan a-gein my diffence, and in dispite of me as me semeth ye sle thus my peple, wite it well that it is a thinge that hevieth me right sore.” “Sir,” seide Gawein, “he that be-gan the foly it is reson that he repent. Ne in dispite of yow haue I nothinge do, and who ther-of will me accuse he is not vnder heuene, but I shall me well a-gein hym diffende; ffor as soone as the foly be-gan to a-rise I sente yow witinge by Galescoude oon of oure felowes, ffor er that tyme hadde thei vs sore diffouled, er that we wolde eny thinge do;” and the kynge looth his fader com to hym and toke hym by the bridill, and seide, “Gawein, sone, cesse of this foly, for ye haue don I-nowgh, and suffre the kynge to sey his wille, for it shall well be a-mended by leiser the wrath be-twene hym and yow, ffor well we haue sein a partye of the deede;” and the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors com to hym, and seide so to hym of o thinge and other that thei hym apesed.

The men of Sir Gawein and the men of the round table are separated. Galescowde comes to the tournament to part the fighters,

Thus were disseuered the meyne of sir Gawein from the meyne of the rounde table, and the thre kynges hym dide bringe a-wey, and Galescowde com to the gret turnement that was with-ynne the yates that was grete and merveilouse. But to foule were thei be-seyn be-twene segramor and sir Ewein, and her other felowes; but Galescowde made hem be departed, and that was with moche peyne and sore annoye; ffor thei were sore chauffed that oon vpon that other, and than eche wente to his hostell and hem vn-armed, and waissh her nekkes and theire visages with warm water, and clothed hem in her fresshest robes, and wente to court alle tho that myghten, and thei that were hurt and wounded a-bode at theire hostelles for to hele theire woundes, and on that other parte wente Gawein and his felowes hem for to vn-arme in oon of the Queenes chambres that was assigned for hem to repeire; and whan thei were vn-armed and waissh, thei clothed hem richely, and yef thei were well serued it nedeth not to aske, ffor ther were ladyes and maydenes hem for to serue grete foyson. Ther was Segramor moche be-holden of oon and of other, ffor he was a feire knyght and semly,and so was also Dodinell le sauage; these tweyne were sore preised of alle that hem be-helden.

who go to their hostels to wash themselves. All that can go to court. The wounded remain at their hostels. Gawein and his fellows unarm in one of the queen's chambers, and ladies serve them.

Segramor and Dodinell are fair knights, and are much praised.

As soone as thei were a-raied, thei com in to the halle two and two to-geder, holdinge be the handes oon after a-nother, and thus com the foure score and x felowes, and sir Gawein and Ewein albefore in to the halle be-fore the kynge that to hem made gret ioye; and whan he saugh hem come he a-roos on his feet a-gein hem, and toke sir Gawein be the right hande, and the queene toke hym by the tother hande and wente to sitte alle to-geder, and the other knyghtes satte thourgh the halle, and pleied and disported oon with a-nother of dyue*r*se thinges, and were gladde and myry. But a-bove alle other was the quene ioyfull *of her knyghtes that hadde the victorye of the turnement. But the knyghtes of the rounde table be nother gladde ne iocunde, but were shamefast and mate for her felowes, that many were hurt and wounded, and so thei spake of many thinges till thei acorded to send hervy de rivell, that was a goode knyght and wise of counseile, and Nascien, for tweyne better myght thei not take to performe the message, and mynados that was a wise knyght and a feire speker; whan these thre knyghtes saugh thei most do the message, thei toke eche other by the hande and com be-fore the kynge; and whan the kynge saugh hem comynge he a-roos a-gein hem as he that beste cowde eny worthi man honouren and worshipen, and seide thei were well-come, and also a-roos sir Gawein. Than spake

The ninety fellows come to the hall.

The king rises and takes Gawein by the right hand, and the queen takes him by the other hand.

*[Fol. 178*a*.]

The queen is joyful that her knights have had the victory in the tournament; but the knights of the round table are sad. They agree to send Hervy de Rivell, Nascien, and Mynados with a message. They come to the king.

Hervy speaks,

Hervy to the kynge, and seide, "Sir, plese it yow to sitte, ye and youre companye, and we shull telle yow wherfore we beth come." Than sat down the kynge and his companye, and hervy be-gan his reson, "Sir, the companye of the rounde table have sente vs to speke to sir Gawein, and to my lady the quene, to whom he holdeth a partie, and first of all to yow that be oure souereigne lorde; and thei pray and be-seche yef thei haue ought mys-taken a-gein my lorde sir Gawein, or a-gein eny of his companye in what maner that it be, thei ben redy it for to amende as ye and my lady will a-warde. Be soche a maner that alle matalent be pardoned on bothe partyes;" and the kynge loked on the quene, and seide that sholde not be refuced; and the quene ansuerde and seide that it plesed hir wele, yef that sir Gawein ther-to a-corded, but he kept scilence, and spake no worde.

and says that the knights of the round table are ready to make amends for what they have done. The king and queen agree, but Sir Gawein keeps silence.

The king reproves Gawein,

Whan the kynge saugh he stodied, he seide, "Gawein, feire nevew, what thin[k] ye of this thinge that ye be so wrorth and angry; ffor in this haue ye but honour, whan the beste knyghtes of the worlde obbey hem to yow and offre to a-mende all that is mysdon." "Worthi men!" quod Gawein. "Ye feire nevew worthy men, and noble ben thei trewly." "Thei ought well to be so," quod Gawein, and with that he hilde his pees; and the kynge that saugh well he was a-gein hem Irous and angry, he loked on the quene, and seide, "Dame, praye ye hym at this tyme;" and the quene seide, "Sir, with gode will." Than she toke hym be the hande, and seide, "Nevew, be not so wroth, refroide youre maltalente, ffor wrath hath many a worthi man and wise made to be holde for foles, while the rage endureth. Now yeve credence to my wordes, and do that I praye yow at this tyme, and as my lorde doth yow pray also; ffor it is youre honour and youre profite, and ye knowe well that this londe is in sorowe and turment of the saisnes, and ye here be but a small peple, and I shall telle yow what ye shull thinke and do, ye shull love eche other and helpe a-gein alle peple; and yef youre enmyes come a-gein yow to hem ye sholde be fierce, and not to hem that to-morowe shull

and asks the queen to speak to him.

She takes Gawein by the hand,

and prays him

put her bodyes in a-uenture of deth for my lorde that is here and for me, *and for there foly that thei haue do now lightly shull ye not hem failen. But, feire nevew, p*ar*don hem for I pray yow, and so doth the kynge youre vncle, that is right wroth;" and sir Gawein loked on the quene and be-gan to smyle for the wordes that she hadde seide, and seide, "Madame, who that will lerne lete hym come to yow, and blissed be that lorde that so yow hath ordeyned, and that the companye of so goode a lady, and so wise hath vs graunted, and well may the kynge hym a-vaunt that yef ye lyve to age ye shull be the wisest lady of the worlde, and so be ye now as I beleve; and wite ye what ye haue wonne, ye may do with my body and myn herte all youre volunte, saf myn honour and myn vncle the kynges." "Now trewly," seide she, "that lady were nothinge wise that ther-of yow requered. Ne, I ne shall neuer, yef god will." Thus a-peesed the quene sir Gawein, and so was the pees grauntid, and than wente Nascien and Hervy de rivell for to fecche theire felowes of the rounde table, and com be-fore the kynge; and the quene dide clepe sir Ewein, and Segramor, and the thre brethern of Gawein, and a party of other, and tolde hem how the pees was made, and how it was required by the companye of the rounde table; and sir Ewein seide it was well don, and better it were to haue the love of hem than the hate.

*[Fol. 178b.]

to forgive them.

Gawein smiles, and says that the king is blessed in her.

He will do what she bids him.

So peace is agreed.

Nascien and Hervy fetch their fellows.

Sir Ewein says it is better to have their love than their hate.

With that were the knyghtes of the rounde table come be-fore the kynge, and as soone as thei were come thei kneled to sir Gawein, and folded the panes of her mantels; and than spake hervy de rivell, "Sir, we shull a-mende to yow for vs, and for oure felowes alle these thinges with-oute more seyinge, wher-of we haue a-gein yow mystaken, wher-fore we be-seche yow of pardon;" and sir Gawein lept vp on foote and seide he pardoned hem alle forfetes, and reised hem by the armes, and so dide Ewein, a[nd] Segramor, and the thre brethren of Gawein, eche of hem reised a knyght, and made alle the reuenaunt to stonde vp and a-coled eche other in armes, and foryaf all wrath and maltalent, and fro thens-forth was sir Gawein

The knights of the round table kneel to Sir Gawein.

Hervy speaks for them, and asks for pardon.

Gawein, Ewein, and Segramore raise the knights.

a lorde and a maister and felowe of the rounde table; and the quene quyte cleymed the x knyghtes that were prisoners that hir knyghtes hadde her sent, and yaf eche of hem newe robes and fressh. Thus assaied the knyghtes of the rounde table, the quenes knyghtes be soche forward that neuer after noon of hem sholde turney a-gein other; but yef it were oon that wolde assay hym-self in eny straunge turnement by stelthe vnknowen whan thei were disgised that thei wolde not be knowe till thei hadde renomee of grete prowesse; and whan the knyghtes of the rounde table hem toke in her companye for the prowesse that in hem was shewed; and the story seith that the companye of the quenes knyghtes was but foure score and x. But after thei encresed as the storie shall declare, till thei were foure hundred er the quest of the seint graal was a-cheved; wherfore thei suffred after many grete peyne and traveile, for to a-cheve the *quest that long endured, and in other questes thei traueyled many dayes, and I shall telle to yow the cause and whi.

The queen gives new robes to the ten knights, who were prisoners.

The knights of the round table and the queen's knights agree not to tourney together.

When the knights of the round table took the queen's knights into their company, there were but ninety of them; afterwards they increase to 400.

*[Fol. 179*a*.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MISSION OF KING LOOTH AND HIS FOUR SONS TO MAKE TRUCE WITH THE REBEL KINGS; AND THEIR BATTLES WITH THE SAXONS.

The tidings of the Saint Graal spread through the realm,

This was the trouthe that tidinges spredde thourgh the reame of grete Breteigne of the seint Graal, In the whiche Ioseph ab Aramathie hadde geten the holy blode that dropped oute of the side of oure blissed lorde I*es*hu crist whan he henge on the gloriouse crosse, he and Nichodem*us*, and the holy vessell that com from heuene a-bove in the Citee of Sarras. In the whiche he sacrefied first his blissid body and his flessh by his Bisshop*pe* Iosephe that he sacred with his owene hande, and the holy spere, the whiche I*es*hu the sone of marie his side was with opened, was left in the Cite of Logres that Ioseph thider hadde brought. But noon cowde wite in what place, ne

and of the holy spear,

neuer ne shall, neuer be founde but by prophesie ne the merveiles of the seint graal, ne of the spere that thourgh the poynte of Iren dide blede. Till that the beste knyght of the worlde com, and by hym sholde be discouered the merveiles of the seint Graal, and herde and seyn. These tidinges were spredde all a-boute in euery contrey, and so no man cowde neuer wite who sholde it bringe first forth, and whan the companye of the rounde table herde sey that thourgh the beste knyght of the worlde these thinges sholde be brought to fin. Thei entred in to many questes for to knowe whiche was the beste knyght, and serched many a londe and many a contrey, and eche man hym peyned for to be the beste knyght; and whan thei herde speke that ther was eny goode knyght thourgh the contrey, thei entred in to a quest hym to seche a yere and a day withoute soiour in a town more than oon nyght, and whan thei hadde hym founde, thei sholde bringe hym to court; and whan he was well preved of goode recorde that he was of high prowesse thei toke hym in to her companye, and than was his name writen a-monge the other knyghtes that were felowes of the rounde table; and as eche of hem com from his quest at the yeres ende, thei sholde telle the auentures that were hem befallen in theire traueile, and the clerkes that were therfore I-ordeyned it wrote worde for worde, euen as thei tolde. Now haue ye herde why the questes were stablisshed in the reame of the grete Breteigne. But now repeireth the tale to his mater that he hath lefte for to telle this thinge, that I wolde that it were not for-getyn.

which can only be found by the best knight in the world.

The knights of the round table try to find which is the best knight,

and when they hear of any good knight, they go in quest of him, and take him into their company.

The tale returns.

Full gladde and iocounde were the companye of the rounde table for that thei were a-corded with sir Gawein, and full moche thei hym preised and comended for the grete prowesse that thei saugh hym do at this turnement, and seide a-monge hem in counseile that the beste knyghtes ther-ynne sholde not a-gein hym endure body for body. Thus the knyghtes ther-ynne seide theire volunte. But moche more *spake the ladyes and the maydenes in the chambers. Than was water asked, and whan thei hadde waisshen than sat euery

The company of the round table are glad that they are in accord with Gawein.

The ladies praise Gawein much.

*[Fol. 179*b*.]

The queen's knights sit with the knights of the round table.
The kings sit at the high dais.
The forty who serve.
The four kings go into a chamber by themselves, and enjoy the air at the window.

knyght as hym ought for to do, and the quenes knyghtes were sette by the knyghtes of the rounde table, and the kynge Arthur, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and the kynge looth sat at the high deyse as thei ought for to do, and mo sat ther not but thei foure, and that day serued Gawein and kay the stiward, and lucas the botiller, and Gifflet, and other a-boute a xl., and were so well served that noon cowde better devise, as of mees that thei hadde it nedeth not to reherse, ne of the wynes and drinkes that thei hadde in maners, and after the bordes were vp the knyghtes yede to disporte hem in the medowes vpon the river, ffor it was feire weder and clier. But the foure kynges a-bode and wente in to a chambre by hem-self, and lened out at the wyndowes ther-as thei myght se the medowes and the river ther-as was holsom aire, and a softe col[d]e wynde brought in the swete sauours of the erbes, that thei were at more ese than thei that were with-oute, for it was right hoot, and ther the foure kynges spake to-geder of many thinges as it com to theire pleiser.

Ban speaks to Arthur,
and counsels him not to let his knights tourney against each other,
but to go into the marches to the barons.
The king and queen agree.

Whan thei hadde be ther a-while, than seide the kynge Ban to the kynge Arthur, "Sir," seide the kynge Ban, "yef ye wolde do o thinge after my counseile that I haue thought in my herte me semeth it sholde yow moche a-vaile, and the more sholde ye be dred of straunge peple and of prive, and the more love ye sholde haue of the knyghtes of youre courte." "Sey on," seide the kynge, "ffor yef it be soche thinge that I may do with-oute shame or dishonour, I will it gladly do." "Sir," seide the kynge Ban, "in this shull ye neuer haue shame, yef god will, ne no reprof shall it be vnto yow, loke that neuer while ye will holde youre londe in pees and in reste that ye suffre not youre knyghtes to take no turnement oon a-gein a-nother; ffor soche wrath myght falle by envye for that thei be so goode knyghtes that neuer sholde be love a-monge hem. But at alle tymes whan thei will turneyen lete hem go in to the marches of youre londe to high barou*n*s wher-of ther be I-nowe that be riche and puyssaunt;" and the kynge seide that he seide well, and that so wolde he do with-oute faile; and ther-with com the quene that these worde hadde well vndirstonde, and seide how it was well seide and blessed be he of god that hath yove this counseile.

After that spake the kynge looth and seide, "Sir, hit were nedefull for the cristin peple that we toke soche counseile, that these false saisnes that beth in this reame and haue be-seged two Citees to-geder be theire pride, how that thei myght be driven oute. But thei be so grete multitude that thei ar not like to be dryven oute, but yef oure lorde helpe, and ye knowe well that ye haue not peple *I-now with-ynne youre power for to enchace hem oute, ne holde bateile a-gein hem in felde. But yef that oon myght do so moche to purchace a trewis be-twene yow and youre princes that now be with yow at werre, In soche manere that we myght alle go to-geder vpon the saisnes, and eche to helpe other that thei were chaced oute of the londe. Me semeth this were the moste almesse and profite that myght be do in this contrey, and the trewis myght endure a yere, and than yef ther myght be made pees be-twene yow and hem, and yef it may not than eche man do his beste." "Ffor-sothe," seide the kynge, "that wolde I fayn, yef I knewe who to sende, soche a man that the barouns wolde yeve to credence, ffor thei be full fierce and full of pride." "Sir," seide the kynge loot, "the saisnes haue hem so greved that I trowe whan thei here speke of the trewis, and that thei shull haue youre helpe hit shall not nede gretly hem to prayen." "I can not sey," quod Arthur, "what I sholde ther-of to yow sey, ffor as well knowe ye the neethe of the londe as do I, and I am but a man as oon of yow be, and therfore loke and cheseth soche a man that may beste this message performe." "Sir," seide the kynge Ban, "yef I wiste the kynge looth wolde conne me no magre, I wolde sey that he sholde go, ffor he sholde do better the nedes than eny that ye sholde sende, and better he cowde enforme hem of youre volunte, for he is with hem a-queynted and theire welwellinge." "Ye," seide the kynge Arthur, "and better he knoweth the passages than eny other that

Looth says they should take counsel how to drive out the Saxons.

*[Fol. 180*a*.]

Arthur could drive them out if he had the help of his princes.

It would be well if they had a truce for a year.

Arthur says he does not know who to send.

Looth believes that the princes will agree to a truce.

Arthur asks them to choose a man to go.

Ban says Looth would be the best to go.

Arthur agrees.

The queen asks whether a knight might not be sent;

but Arthur says that they are too proud to listen to a knight.

I myght thider sende;" and the quene seide "that noon other man sholde so well do the needes as the kynge looth, but yef it be for the saisnes that all day gon robbinge thourgh the contrey. But ther were noon so grete losse of oon knyght in this reame as it were of hym yef hym mys-happe, as god diffende." "Dame," seide the kynge, "I knowe the princes so full of pride that ther is no knyght that sholde a-monge hem be herde that I myght sende."

King Looth agrees to go and take with him his four sons.

Arthur sighs and is sorry to lose Gawein.

The queen asks him to let Looth take his sons with him.

*[Fol. 180b.]

The king agrees, and prays Looth to go secretly.

Gawein and his brethren come,

and Arthur tells them what has been agreed.

Whan the kynge looth saugh how thei acorded that he sholde go vpon this nede, he knewe well how thei hadde reson. Than he seide he wolde go and haue with hym his foure sones. "Trewly," seide the kynge Bohors, "yef thei ben with yow than haue ye no drede of no man of moder born." Whan [King Arthur] saugh that thei were to this a-corded that the kynge looth sholde lede with hym his foure sones, he yaf a grete sigh, for he douted of sir Gawein, in whom he hadde so tentefly sette his love, so that ther was nothinge in the worlde that he loved so moche, and the quene knewe a partie of his thought, and seide to the kynge, "Sir, graunte the kynge looth to lede with hym his children hardely, for thei shull haue no drede, yef god will, ffor the more thei be youre frendes the better, and withe the more tendir herte *shull thei do youre message as is nede, more than sholde a-nother that ther-of sette no charge and lever I hadde that my frende counseiled with myn enmyes than a-nother that were straunge." "Dame," seide the kynge Arthur, "I me a-corde, seth the barou*n*s haue it ordeyned;" and than he seide to the kynge looth, and praide hym to appareile hym to go secretly that no man knewe whider he wolde go, with that was Gawein cleped and his brethren that were pleyinge in the halle; and whan thei come to the quene she a-roos and wente hem a-geins, and seide thei were welcome, and thei dide yelde hir a-gein hir salew debonerly. Than Arthur tolde hem all as was devised, how thei moste go on the message, and why thei hadde it a-monge hem purveyed; and than thei ansuerde and seide that it was goode for to be done.

After that seide the kynge Looth to sir Gawein, "ffeire sone, goth forth and appareile yow and youre brethern that ye faile nought whan we shull go." "Sir," seide Gawein, "what a-rayment sholde we haue eny more, but oure armours, and oure horse; we shull neither haue somer ne male trussed, netther grete ne small, but goode stedes and swyft, on the whiche we shull ride that may bere vs to garison yef myster be. Ne here be-hoveth noon a-bidinge, for yef ye do my counseile we shull meve yet this nyght at the first som*m*e, and ride as grete iourneyes as we may for soche a nede as this is sholde not be put in no delay." "Trewly, nevew," seide Arthur, "ye sey soth. Now, go reste yow a-while and slepe." Than Gawein turned hym to the quene, and seide, "Madame, I prey that ye thinke on my felowes that leven here with yow, for the knyghtes of the rounde table ne love not hem wele in herte. But haue to hem envye as ye knowe well youre self, and parauenture whan I and my brethern be gon, thei will make som bourde or som turnement a-gein hem, wherefore I praye yow as my goode ladye that ye suffre hem to make no party." "And I yow graunte," seide the quene, "that ther ne shall noon be; yef my lorde will leve my counseile ther shall neuer be turnement as longe as the saisnes be in this londe;" and than the kynge seide, "Be the feith that I owe vn-to yow no more ther sholde."

Looth tells Gawein to get ready.

Gawein says they only want their armour and horse.

He prays the queen not to allow her knights to tourney with the knights of the round table.

The queen grants his prayer.

With that thei departed, and wente to theire chambres for to slepe and to reste; and thei that were in the halle went to theire hostelles, and departeden. But who that departed, Gyomar ne departed neuer but a-bode spekynge with Morgain, the sustur of kynge Arthur, in a wardrope vnder the paleys, where she wrought with silke and golde; ffor she wolde make a coyf for hir suster, the wif of kynge looth. This Morgain was a yonge damesell fressh and Iolye. But she was som-what brown of visage and sangwein colour, and nother to fatte ne to lene, but was full a-pert *auenaunt and comely, streight and right plesau*n*t, and well syngynge. But she was the moste hotest woman of all Breteigne, and moste luxuriouse,

They go to their chambers to rest.

Gyomar speaks with Morgain, the sister of King Arthur,

*[Fol. 181*a*.]

who is the most luxurious woman in Britain.

Merlin taught her astronomy.

She is called Morgain le fee.

She is well shaped and eloquent.

Afterwards she injures Queen Gonnore.

and she was a noble clergesse, and of Astronomye cowde she I-nough, for Merlin hadde hir taught; and after he lerned hir I-nough as ye shull heren afterward, and so moche she sette ther-on hir entent, and lerned so moche of egramauncye, that the peple cleped hir afterward Morgain le fee, the suster of kynge Arthur; ffor the merveiles that she dide after in the contrey, and the beste workewoman she was with hir handes, that eny man knewe in eny londe, and ther-to she hadde oon of the ffeirest heed, and the feirest handes vnder hevene, and sholdres well shapen at devise; and she hadde feire eloquense, and tretable, and full debonair she was as longe as she was in hir right witte, and whan she were wroth with eny man, she was euell for to acorde; and that was well shewed afterward, ffor hir that she sholde moste haue loved of all the worlde dide she after the moste shame, wherof it was after alle the dayes of hir lif, and that was the quene Gonnore, as that ye shull it heren here-after and wher-fore it was.

Guyomar helps her to wind the thread of gold.

They talk of love.

He kisses and embraces her.

Whan Guyomar entred in to the chambre ther as was Morgain the ffee, he hir salued full swetly, and she hym salued a-gein curteisly, and he sette hym down by hir and helped to wynde the threde of golde, and asked hir what she sholde ther-with make, and he was a feire knyght and comly, well shapen, and his visage well coloured, and his heer crull and yelowe, and was feire and plesaunt of body and of chere laughinge, and he a-resoned hir of many thinges; and she be-hielde hym gladly, and was well plesed with all that he seide and dide; and so longe thei spake to-geder that he praied hir of love, and the more that she hym be-hilde, the better she was with hym plesed, and that she gan love hym so well that she refused nothinge that he wolde hir require; and whan he aperceyued that she wolde suffre gladly his requeste, he be-gan hir to enbrace, and she hym suffred, and he be-gan to kysse hir tenderly that bothe thei be-gonne to chauffe as nature wolde, and fellen down on a grete bedde, and pleyde the comen pley, as thei that gretly it desired; ffor yef he were desirouse she was yet moche more, so that thei loved hertely

None know of it, but Gonnore does afterwards.

to-geder longe tyme that noon it wiste; but after it knewe the quene Gonnore as ye shull here telle, wherfore thei were departed, and ther-fore she hated the quene, and dide hir after gret annoye, and of blames that she areised that euer endured while hir lif lasted. But now reto*ur*ne we to kynge looth and his sones that be go to slepe.

King Looth and his sons rise up at midnight.

*[Fol. 181*b*.]

They leap on their palfreys and ride out of the gate of Bertone.

Gawein asks which way they shall go.

He says to Arestuell,

King Looth agrees.

They shall go by Sapine, Reostok, Lespinoye, Savarne, and Cambenyk.

The children agree.

Anoon as it was past mydnyght a-roos the kynge Looth and his foure sones, and appareiled hem of hir armours; and thei hadde chosen v of the beste horse *that thei cowde fynde in all the court, and hem thei made to be ledde with hem with v gromes on foote, and thei hadde v palfreyes right goode that thei dide ride on hir iourney; and whan thei were all redy thei lept on theire palfreyes, and ride oute at the yat of Bertone and the v gromes wente be-fore and ledde the v horse couered with steill, and wente oute as softly as thei myght, for thei wolde not be a-parceyved of no peple; and whan thei hadde riden half a walsh myle, Gawein asked whiche wey thei sholde go; and the kynge looth seide he wiste not, for the contrey was full of werre. "Than shall I telle yow," quod Gawein, "what we shull do; we shull go to Arestuell in Scotlonde that is now the next londe, and moste full of wode of all this contrey, and it is better to drawe that wey than to eny other place;" and the kynge looth seide, "Feire sone, seth that it pleseth yow I will wele, for youre counseile is goode, and so shull we go be the castell of Sapine and be the playn of Reostok, and by the foreste of lespinoye vnder Carenges, and we shull go by the river of Savarne, and thourgh the playnes of Cambenyk, and fro thens we shull costinge to the Cite of North walis that longeth to the kynge Tradilyuaunt, and fro thens to Arestuell, iiij myle from the Saisnes;" and the children herto dide g*ra*unte.

Thus they ride eight days by the most uncouth ways.

Thus ride thise messagiers, spekynge of o thinge and other, till it was day, and on the morowe thei rode be the moste vncouthe weyes that thei cowde knowe, and lay in the forestes, and in hermytages, and thus thei ride viij dayes that neuer hadde thei disturbier till thei com in to the playns of

At Roestok they meet 7000 Saxons with 700 prisoners.

Clarion rides on his horse Gringalet.

When the Saxons see Looth and his sons they stay for them.

Gawein, his father and brothers leap on their horses,

and come towards the Saxons.

*[Fol. 182a.]

When they draw nigh Gawein advises his father and brothers.

Looth tells the Saxons what they are.

The Saxons say they keep the ways, and command them to deliver themselves up.

Roestok, and than it be-fill hem a-boute the hour of mydday that thei mette vij^{Ml} Saisnes that brought grete prayes and a vii^{O} prisoners, that the feet were bounde vnder the horse belies, and thei dide hem beete full lothly with staves and other wepnes, and hem dide condite Sorbares, and Monaclyns, and Salebruns, and Ysores, and Clarion. This Clarion rode on Gringalet, an horse that was cleped so far the grete bounte that he hadde; ffor as the storye seith for x myle rennynge abated he neuer his corage, ne hym neded no spore ne no skyn of hym ther-fore ne sholde not swete; and whan the saisnes hem saugh ridinge on her weye, thei knewe well by theire armes and hir conysshaunce that thei were noon of her companye, and thei hoved and a-bode; and whan Gawein saugh that, he hoved stille and bad his fader and his brethren to lepe vpon theire horses, and so thei dide a-noon delyuerly; and the gromes toke the palfreys and lepte vp and rode in to the foreste that wey streight as theire wey turned, and thei com toward the saisnes as the wey hem ledde, for thei deyned not to glenche; and mydday was than passed, and drough towarde noone, and so rode the kynge looth formest, and Gawein after, and his brethern hym be-side, a softe *paas; and whan thei hadde so riden that thei be-gan to come nygh, than seide Gawein to his fader that he ne sholde entende to noon other thinge ne coveite but to perce hem thourgh-out, and to his brethern he seide the same till thei were come on that other side. Than the saisnes hem ascride, and seide, "Ye knyghtes that come ther, yelde yow and telle vs what ye be and what ye go sechinge;" and the kynge looth ansuerde, "We ben fyve messagiers of the kynge Arthur that go on his erunde ther he hath vs sente, and more will we not sey;" and thei seide, "Cesse and go no ferther; ffor we kepe the weyes in the name of the kynge hardogabran, and Orienx the sone of Brangue of Saxoyne, and in the name of Margrat, to whom we lede this pray and these prisoners, and of yow also shull we make present." "Ye," quod the kynge looth, "whan ye may;" and thei seide in to that tyme was but litill space. "But yelde yow, and than do ye wisely er it falle yow eny werse;" and thei ansuerde that sholde neuer be. Than thei lete theire horse renne with as grete randon as thei myght go, and these a-gein to hem that nothinge hem ne douted, but smote in a-monge hem, and eche of hem bar oon deed to the erthe, and after smote other v that thei were deed vp-right; and at foure cours thei haue hem perced thourgh with-oute eny other discombraunce, and than thei ride a walop with theire speres in theire handes all blody; and whan the saisnes saugh hem goinge, than a-roos the shoute and the noyse after hem right grete, and be-gonne hem to chace that the duste a-roos so thikke that harde it was oon to knowe a-nother; with that com the vj kynges prikinge after, that hadde herde the tidinges and cried vpon her men, "Now upon hem and lete hem yow not ascape;" and thei hem-self priken after, for thei were well horsed, and so thei chaced hem fiercely, and thei wente forth a grete walop till thei be come to a Mille, where ther was a passage at a forde full of cley, and ther moste thei stinte and ride a softe paas; and ther ouer-toke hem the v kynges that dred nothinge the euell passage, and of saisnes after hem mo than v^{c}, and ther thei brake theire speres vpon hem in her comynge, and Ysors that com be-fore smote the horse of kynge looth that he fill deed be-twene his legg*es*.

Looth and his sons will not.

They ride in amongst them, and each bears down one dead.

They galop through.

The Saxons chase them.

The six kings call to their men not to let them escape.

Five kings overtake them at a mill.

Ysors kills Looth's horse.

Whan the kynge looth saugh his horse slain he lept vp lightly on his feet, and drough his swerde, and drough hym to a banke for the clay that was grete; and thei ronne vpon hym and assailed hym full harde, and he hym diffended so fiercely that thei hadde no power hym to take; and whan Gawein saugh his fader on foote, he was full of sorowe, and smote the horse with the spores that the blode ran oute on bothe sides, and smote Monaclyn thourgh the shelde and thourgh the hauberke that he fill deed to the erthe, and in the fallinge his spere brake. Than he drough his swerde that was cleped Calibourne, and loked on his fader that hym diffended a-gein mo than xl saisnes, and he ran vpon hem with his swerde, and smote soche strokes on bothe *his sides, that he kutte heedes and legges, and armes, and dide soche merveiles that thei fledde

Looth leaps up and draws his sword.

Gawein kills Monaclyn,

and draws his sword Calibourne. He defends his father against forty Saxons,

*[Fol. 182*b*.]

and makes them fly.

He kills a Saxon and takes his horse to his father.

The three brothers of Sir Gawein make great slaughter. When they come together they slay many of the Saxons.

from hym and made wey; and Gawein smote a saisne that peyned sore to take his fader, that he slyt hym to the breste bon, and than hente the horse and ledde it to his fader, and the crye and the noyse a-roos for hym that was deed, and ther-while is the kynge looth remounted magre alle his enmyes. Than com the thre brethern of Sir Gawein that hadde made soche slaughter of the saisnes, that alle her armours were be-steyne with blode and brayn; and whan thei were to-geder thei be-gonne a stronge medle, and slough so many that it was gret merveile to se, and the saisnes com on euermore, for thei wende ther hadde be moche peple for the grete slaughter that thei hadde made.

Looth says it is time to go.

They pass the ford. The three kings cry to their men not to let them escape.

Clarion chases them.

Gawein covets his horse.

Clarion breaks his spear on Gawein's shield.

Whan the kynge looth saugh so moche peple come on alle partyes, he cleped his sones, and seide it was tyme to go, ffor it were no wisdome to a-bide le*n*ger for to resceve xl strokes for the yevinge of oon. "But go we hens," quod he, "and yef thei vs enchace let vs turne vpon hem be-tymes when we se oure leiseir; with that thei wente theire wey and passed the forde delyuerly, and whan thei were ouer thei ride forth on her wey; and whan the thre kynges saugh hem departe, thei cried vpon her men, "Now after hem, and lete not the traitours ascape." Than thei passed the forde, and chaced hem harde, and the kynge Clarion that satte vpon the Gringalet chaced hem formest the lengthe of an arblast, and Sir Gawein was be-hynde alle his felowes his swerde in his hande all blody; and the sarazin that sore peynes hym to ouer-take a-scried hym, "Wy yelde the or thow art but deed;" and Gawein loked and saugh the horse so swyftly renne that he gate grounde sore after hym, and gretly he hym coveited in hir herte, and seide yef he myght gete soche an horse, he wolde not yeve it for the beste Citee that kynge Arthur hadde, and than he gan to ride a softer paas, and rode walopinge, and Clarion hym enchaced faste after; and whan Gawein saugh he was come so nygh, he turned his shelde and Clarion smote so harde hym vpon the shelde that the spere fly on peces; and Gawein hym hitte vpon the helme that he slytte thourgh the coyf of mayle and the flessh to the harde boon, that he was so astoned that he fill in swowne to the grounde out of his sadill, and Gawein caught Gringalet be the bridell, and ledde hym to a grove ther faste by of half a myle, and his fader rode alwey forth be-fore and his thre sones, and entended to nought elles but to go theire wey, and wende thei hadde alle foure be by hym, and the duste and the powder was so thikke that oon myght not se fer from hym, and so thei hadde lefte Gawein be-hynde the space of half a myle; and whan Gawein was come in to the grove, he saugh the v gromes come oute of the foreste that rode on the v palfreyes, and than was he gladde and preised hem moche for that thei hadde peyned hem sore hem for to sewe. Than he a-light of his horse and lepte on the Gringalet, and toke his horse to oon of the gromes for to lede, *and comaunded hem to go after his fader and his brethern that were gon be-fore, and bidde hem spede hem faste on hir iourney, and I shall folowe a-noon after, but I will se where these peple will be come. But he a-bode for nought, for thei chaced no ferther, after thei fonde the kynge Clarion lyinge, but stode a-bowte hym, and wende well he hadde ben deed, and made gret doell that sir Gawein myght here the crye ther he was.

Gawein fells him to the ground, and takes his horse, which he leads into a grove.

Here he sees the grooms.

He leaps on to Gringalet,

*[Fol. 183*a*.]

and stays to see whether the Saxons will chase them further, but they remain with Clarion.

Thus a-bode Gawein longe in the busshes to loke yef eny wolde come after, and the kynge looth and his thre sones rode forth till thei come to a litill grove, and as thei sholde entre thei loked bak and [saugh] not Gawein; and at the firste worde he seide, "Ha! I haue loste all;" and thei hym be-helden, and seide, "What eyleth yow, sire;" and he ansuerde, "My sone, youre brother, my sone; ha! certes yef he be deed I shall sle my-self, ffor after hym recche I not to lyve oo day." "Sir," seide Agravain, "ne weymente ye not so, ffor yef god will he ne hath noon harme;" and while the kynge loot made this waymentacion com the v gromes that brought the palfreies, and that oon ledde Gaweins horse on his right honde; and whan the kynge hem saugh he knewe hem wele, and whan thei approched nygh Gaheries hem ascried, "Where lefte ye

Gawein abides in the bushes. Looth and his three sons ride on. When Looth cannot see Gawein, he bewails his loss.

The grooms bring the palfreys.

Gaheries asks where

they left Gawein. They say he is among the bushes on Gringalet.

Looth and his sons are glad when they hear of Gawein's safety.

Gawein springs out of the bushes among the Saxons,

and smites them down.

His shield is slit.

The Saxons chase him, but cannot overtake him. He returns upon them with his sword in his hand.

*[Fol. 183b.]

my brother?" "Sir," seide the gromes, "amonge the yonde busshes where he is lepte vpon the beste horse of the worlde, wher-from he hath smyte down a kynge, and thei that weepe and crye, sey that his name is kynge Clarion, and the name of the stede is Gringalet, and he toke vs this horse, and sente yow worde that ye sholde ride forth, for soone shall he yow ouer-take, whan he will; whan thei herde he was hool and sounde thei were gladde, and be-hielde toward the busshes, and whan Gawein saugh thei rode no ferther he seide he wolde shewe hem the[1] gode horse er he paste eny ferther. Than he spronge out of the busshes, and thider as he saugh grettest plente of peple that entended yet to make doell and sorowe, and saugh a saisne that hilde a merveilous short spere, and the shaft was grete and short, and the heed was a foote and a half of lengthe that was clier and trenchaunt. Than he put Calibourne his swerde in the scauberke and launched toward the saisne with grete raundon, and raced it oute of his handes so felly that he pulled hym to grounde, and *with* the same cours he smote a-nother that he fill stark deed, and plonged in depe a-monge hem, and after returned thourgh hem as tempest of thunder; but er he past oute his shelde felte it well, for it was all to slitte and hewen, but er he departed he hath mo than xiiij so araied that neuer sholde thei ride on horse in hele; and than he wente and a-bode no lenger, and the crye and the shoute a-roos so grete, and the chace that merveile was to se, but for hem myght he ne be ouertake; and whan he hadde lefte hem be-hynde he returned with his swerde in his honde, and smote so the firste that he mette that deed he fill on the grene, and thus taried sir Gawein longe while; and he wente and com in *soche maner till thei be come nygh the wode with-ynne a bowe draught where the kynge and his thre bretheren were.

When Looth sees Gawein he cries out

Whan the kynge Looth saugh the saisnes come soche foyson after his sone Gawein that he desired to se a-bove all thinge, he cried, "My sones, what do ye? is not that Gawein youre brother that here cometh that these glotou*ns* chace; lete it be to hem dere solde." With that the kynge loot laced his helme hastely and smote the horse with spores, and his thre sones also, and com a-gein the saisnes; and the kynge Loot mette with Gawein, and seide, "Feire sone, grete wronge haue ye do that thus leve me and youre brethern, and where haue ye thus longe taried. Coveyte ye alle these saisnes to discounfite, though ye slough at eche stroke x, ye sholde not haue do in a moneth." "Sir," seide he, "I haue wonne soche an horse that I wolde not yeve for the castell of Glocedon, and therfore I wolde hym preve, and I haue founde hym soche that me nedeth to seche noon better in no londe, now go we for I shall not leve yow no more to-day for nothinge that may be-falle." "Blame haue he," quod Agrauain, "that thus shall go seth we be thus be-fore er we haue slain moo of these saisnes." "Ye is that soth," seide Gawein, and thei ne hadde no speres, and thei drough oute theire swerdes, and these com prikinge and wende hem to take and to holde, and brake theire speres vpon theire sheldes and thei smote hem vpon the sheldes and helmes or ther thei myght hem a-reche, and fyghted fiercely that thei slough mo than xl er thei wente.

---

[1] The word "the" is repeated in the MS.

to his sons to assist him.

Looth meets Gawein; and asks him why he has tarried so long.

Gawein says he wished to try his horse.

Agravain wishes to kill some more Saxons.

They slay more than forty.

And whan the kynge Looth saugh it was tyme to go he seide, "Gawein, goode sone, bringe a-wey youre brethern, for ye se well it is nyght, and therfore take we oure io*ur*ney, ffor to batailes we shull come I-nowe that we shull haue bothe handes full;" and Gawein com to his brethern, and seide that now is tyme to go, and than thei departed, but first thei toke v speres of the saisnes and put vp theire swerdes; and as thei departed vij saisnes haue theire speres leide in fewtre, and com overtakinge Gueheret, and tweyne smote hym be-twene the two sholderes, and the other tweyne on the side, and other two vpon the sleues of the hauberk, and the vij^{e} smote the horse thourgh the body and bar to the erthe, bothe the toon and the other. Than returned the kynge Looth and wende well he hadde be deed, and seide, "Ha-las now be

Looth tells Gawein to bring his brothers away.

They take five spears from the Saxons. Seven Saxons overtake Gueheret, and bare him to the ground.

Looth grieves.

Gueheret leaps on his feet, draws his sword, and smites the Saxons.

*[Fol. 184*a*.]

Gawein kills one, and takes his horse to his brother.

The seven fly.

Gaheries kill one, and returns to his brothers.

The Saxons return to Clarion, who asks whether they have taken them.

He is sorrowful.

Loot and his sons ride forth on their way.

disparbled the foure frendes; ha! goode sone Gawein, this harme haue I thourgh yow, ffor yef ye hadde come with vs Gueheret ne hadde I had noon harme;" and while the kynge spake these wordes lepe Gueheret vpon his feet, ffor he was a noble knyght and an hardy, and he enbrace his shelde, and drough oute his swerde and made hym redy to diffende hymself; and the vij saisnes were returned, and ronne vpon hym; and he smote so the firste that he toke that he kutte his thigh a-sonder; and he smote another on the helme, but he myght not well come by hym, and the stroke descended *be-twene the body and the sholder, and kutte the gige with all the arme; and Gawein smote so hym that he mette that deed he fill to grounde, and than he caught the horse that was goode and ledde to his brother, and he lept vp lightly and hente his spere, for that wolde he not for-yete; and the kynge Looth, and Agrauain, and Gaheries haue felde other thre, and the vij^{e} turned to flight; and whan Gaheries saugh hym go, he priked after, and ouer-toke hym doun in a valei, smote hym with the spere a-gein the herte so harde that the heed passed thourgh-oute, and than returned a walop that wey ther his brethern be, and rode forth her wey, and it was nygh nyght; and the saisnes be-taught hem to the deuell all quyk, ffor for them sholde thei no lenger be chaced, and seide yef ther were x^{Ml} of soche men in the contrey, the kynge hardogabran and all his puyssaunce myght neuer a-gein hem endure; with that the saisnes returned ther the kynge Clarion lay, and founde his wounde stanched; and whan he saugh hem come a-gein, he asked yef thei hadde the glotou*n*s take, and they seide, "Nay," and tolde hym the harme thei hadde don after, and that thei myght not be take by no man of theires; and than was Clarion sorowfull and dolent, and returned toward the sege that was be-fore Clarence; and the kynge loot and his sones saugh it drough to nyght and rode forth theire wey, but who hadde sein theire armours he myght haue seide thei hadde not ben at soiourne, ffor theire sheldes were slitte and theire helmes to hewen, and theire armours all to rente, and theire horse all blode and brayn, and it semed that out of stronge stour thei were departed, with that thei be come to the grove ther the gromes hem a-biden, and thei a-light of theire horse, and lepe on the palfreyes, and the gromes ledde theire horse and bare theire speres, and theire sheldes, and theire helmes, and rode thourgh the wode that was grete till it was fer in the nyght, and the mone shone right clier till that thei come to a forester that was a goode man, and hadde foure sones that were feire yonge bachelers, and hadde a wif that was a goode lady.

They get off their horses, and leap on the palfreys.

They come to a forester's place,

This foresters place was stronge and well closed with depe diches full of water, and was environed with grete okes, and ther-to to it was so thikke of bussħes and of thornes and breres that noon wolde haue wende that ther hadde be eny habitacion. Thider com the kynge Loot and his foure sones at the firste cok crowinge, and happed that her wey hem ledde to a posterne wher-by men entred in to the place, and made oon of theire gromes to crie and knokke till the gate was opened; and oon of the foresteres sones hem asked what thei were, and thei seide thei were V erraunt knyghtes that wente vpon theire grete nede. "Sirs," seide the yonge man, "ye be welcome, and ledde hem in to the middill of the Court, and thei a-light of theire horse, and ther were I-nowe that ledde hem to stable, and yaf hem hey and otes, ffor the place was well stuffed; and a squyer *hem ledde in to a feire halle be the grounde hem for to vn-arme, and the Vavasour and his wif, and his foure sones that he hadde, and his tweyne doughtres dide a-rise, and light vp torches and other lightes ther-ynne, and sette water to the fier, and waisshed theire visages and theire handes, and after hem dried on feire toweiles and white, and than brought eche of hem a mantell, and the Vauasour made cover the tables, and sette on brede and wyne grete foyson and venyson, and salt flessh grete plente; and the knyghtes sat down and ete and dranke as thei that ther-to haue grete nede, and the Vauasours two doughtres be-hilde sir Gawein tenderly, and his brethern, and sore thei merveiled what thei myght be; and the fforesters foure sones serued be-fore the

which is strong.

They knock at the postern gate.

One of the forester's sons welcomes them, and leads them in.

*[Fol. 184b.]

The Vavasour and his family light up torches.

They wash them,

and set meat on the tables.

The two daughters look at Gawein tenderly.

knyghtes and the maidenes serued of wyn, and the lady satte be-fore sir Gawein, and the hoste be-fore Agravain, and Gueheret, and Gaheries to-geder; and the kynge loot satte euen be-side his hoste a litill a-bove, and thei were well serued as a-boute soche hour, for it was full nygh mydnyght, and whan the clothes were vp the forester seide to the kynge looth, "Sir hoste, yef it sholde yow not displese, ne to these worthi men that be here, I wolde gladly knowe what ye were, and what is the cause that ye traueile yef it be not shame to aske." "Trewly," seide the kynge loot, "we shull neuer ther-of haue shame yef god will, but telle vs be-fore to whom lo*n*geth this forest and this contrey a-boute." "Certes, sir," seide he, "it is the kynges Clarion of Northumberlonde, and I it kepe vnder hym, and am forester and his liegeman, and these squyers that beth here be my sones, and these maidenes be my doughters." "For-sothe, sir," seide the kynge, "I knowe not a better man of his age than is the kynge Clarion, ne he myght no better haue be-sette the baille than vpon yow as me semeth, ffor ye haue a feire meyne a well lerned." "Sir," quod he, "yef thei will be goode men, thei haue worthi knyghtes of theire lynage that ben now in the Court of kynge Arthur of the moste preised and beste be-loved, and as it is tolde me thei beth newly be-come the quenes knyghtes, and by my lorde sir Gawein, the sone of kynge loot is this co*m*pany made, and it is seide how the kynge Looth is a-corded with the kynge Arthur." "And who be thei," seide the kynge Loot, "that aperteyneth to youre sones?" "Trewly, sir," seide the forester, "this lady that is here is suster to Meranges de Porlesgues, I can not sey yef ye knowe hym, and is cosin germain to Ayglin des vaux and to kęhedin le petitz, and to Ewein lionell [that] is my nevew, for he is my brother sone Grandilus, the Castelein doucrenefar, and I my-self hadde I-nough of londe ne were these saisnes that haue all wasted." "And what is youre name?" quod the kynge to the forester. "Trewly, sir," seide the forester, "my name is mynoras, and am lorde of the new castell in Northumbirlond." Than seide the kynge loot, "Alle these that ye

They sit at table.

The forester asks Looth who they are.

Looth asks first to whom the forest belongs.

The forester says it belongs to King Clarion of Northumberland.

Looth says he does not know a better man.

The forester speaks of the court of King Arthur, and the queen's knights.

The sister of Meranges de Porlesgues.

The forester's name is Mynoras.

haue named knowe I well, and ye sey soth thei be goode knyghtes at devise these that ye haue nempned, and wolde god that *the kynge Clarion satte by me as nygh as ye do." "How so?" seide Mynoras, "ar ye a-queynted with hym?" "Ye," seide he, "I shall neuer cesse of traueile till I haue spoke with hym." "Sir," seide mynoras, "so moche desire I the more to knowe what ye be, more now than I dide beforn." "And I shall telle yow than," quod the kynge loot; "ye may sey to alle hem that yow aske who was loged with yow, that it was the kynge looth and his foure sones." "Ha! sir," quod the forester, "we ar worthi to be deed, for we haue yow no better serued," and than thei aros from hym. "Sitte ye stille," quod the kynge, "and meve yow not, for so moche haue ye doon that ye haue wonne oure love for euermore, and youre meyne shull haue profite." "A sire," seide Mynoras, "what seche ye in this contrey?" Quod the kynge, "We seche that we myght speke with the Barouns of this contrey that we myght haue a Parliament to-geder on the kynge Arthurs be-halve to se how that we myght put oute these saisnes of this londe, and eche of vs to helpe other as brethern." "And where trowe ye for to assemble hem," quod Mynoras. "In Arestuell in Scotlonde," quod the kynge looth, "that is the nexte marche, and ther we shull assemble yef we may." "Sir," quod Mynoras, "yef it plese yow I shall wele lete my lorde haue witinge, and so moche shull ye haue the lesse to do, and tell me whan he shall fynde yow ther." "Trewly," seide the kynge, "I can yow thanke, and ye sey full well, and therfore now telle hym that he shall fynde me ther on seinte Berthelmewes day, and bidde hym loke that he be ther, for ther shull be alle the other princes." And Mynoras seide that it sholde be don, and badde hym thinke on the remenaunt, for of that was he quyte, after thei spake of o thinge and other till the beddes were redy, and than thei wente to reste, for thei were wery of traueile, and it was fer in the nyght, and thei slepte till it was day. But now a litill cesseth of hem, and speketh of kynge Pelles of lytenoys, the brother

*[Fol. 185a.]

Mynoras asks if Looth is acquainted with Clarion.

Looth tells him who he is.

Mynoras says they ought to have served them better.

He asks what Loot seeks. Loot answers to get the barons to agree with Arthur.

They are to assemble at Arestuell.

Mynoras will tell Clarion.

Loot will be there on St. Bartholomew's day.

They talk till bed time.

of kynge Pellynor, and of kynge Aleon that were brethern germain.

The son of King Pelles

will not be a knight till the best knight in the world gives him arms,

and he will show him the way into this country.

*[Fol. 185b.]

The king says it is of no use to show the knight the way, for he must come by himself, and inquire after the Saint Graal.

The squire wishes to go to the court of King Arthur,

and serve Gawein.

King Pelles says he will find it difficult to get there be-

This kynge hadde a feire sone that yet was no knyght, and he was of xv yere of age, but he was right semely and well barnysshed of body and bones, and ther-to was of grete bewte, and his fader hym asked whan he wolde be knyght, and he ansuerde that he wolde neuer be knyght before that the beste knyght of the worlde that eny man knewe hadde yove hym armes and the a-coole. "In feith, sone," than seide the kynge, "than may ye longe I-nough a-bide." "I can not seyn," seide the squyer, "but firste shall I serue hym thre yere er he make me knyght till that I haue lerned I-nough of armes a-boute hym, and wite ye whi. I will knowe and se of what prowesse he is and soche may he be, that I will teche hym the wey in to this contrey, for to a-cheve the a-uentures that hastely shull be-gynne, as it is seide, and to youre-self hath it be *seide often tymes, and I wolde be right sory, yef I myght not se myn Vncle made hooll of his woundes that he hath thourgh his thighes." "Ffeire sone, seide the kynge, "neuer therfore shall he not spede, though ye teche hym the wey, ffor hym be-hoveth to be of soche chiualrie, and so a-ventourouse, that he come by hym-self and enquere after the seint Graal that my feire doughter kepeth, that is yet but vij yere of age, and so hit be-houeth on hir to be engendred that childe by the best knyght that eny man knoweth, ffor to a-chieve the a-uentures ther be-houeth to be thre, wherof tweyne shull be virgins, and the thirde shall be caste." "Sir," seide the squyer, "my volunte is soche that I will go to the Court of kynge Arthur, ffor I here sey that ther ben the beste knyghtes of the worlde, and ther is oon that is his nevew that is cleped Gawein, whiche is the beste knyght of the worlde, hym will I go serue, and be his squyer yef hym plese to haue my seruise, and yef he be soche as men recorde, I shall take of hym myn armes, and the a-coole." "Ffeire sone," than seide the kynge Pelles, "ther be so many passages be-twene this and that. That it is no light thinge to go thider, ffor the saisnes be spradde thourgh the contrey that all do distroye and waste, and on that other side ther is so grete discorde be-twene Arthur and the barou*n*s of the londe, that I shall neu*er* be in ese till I se yow a-gein hool and sounde," "Ffader," seide squyer, "we be alle in auent*ure*, ne we may not deye but on soche deth as god hath vs ordeyned, and knoweth it well that I shall neuer cesse of labour till I be there, and I will meve to morowe erly." "Ffeire sone," seide the kynge, "I se well thow wilt go and that nothinge shall the lette, and me liketh it well for that thow coveytest prowesse and valour, and of gret corage it cometh, and on that other side me heveith, for that I trowe the neuer to seen. Nowe telle me whom thow wilt haue with the." "Sir," seide he, "I shall go sooll be my self, and haue with me but oon squyer to bere me companye. But aray me horse and armes soche as ye knowe be to me mystier." And the kynge seide as for that sholde haue no dowte, for all his thinges were ordeyned redy.

cause of the Saxons.

The squire says he will go on the morrow.

The king is glad that he has courage.

His son will only take one squire.

Thus ended the parlement be-twene the fader and the sone; and on the morowe his fader hadde appareiled hym horse and armes, and all thinge that was nedefull hym to diffende, and delyuered hym a squyer bolde, hardy, and wise, and well servinge; and this squyer trussed on a somer his armes, and his robes, and money I-nough, and whan he hadde all made redy, the childe lepte vpon an ambeler, and departed fro thens with-oute lenger a-bidinge, and comaunded his fader and his frendes to god, and thei hym also that god sholde diffende hym from euell and all aduersite, and than departed he and *his squyer, and traueiled many dayes that neuer thei fonde no man ne woman that seide nought to hem but goode; and so thei traueiled be theire iourneyes till on a day as thei com thourgh the playns of Roestok in to a depe valey, and ther-ynne was a feire river that com rennynge from a welle springe oute of a thorn, where-as Pignarus and Monagins two kynges of the saisnes that were restinge with v^c men of armes that were come from the roche of saisnes, and wente to Clarence to the grete seige that xxx kynges dide holde, and ledde w*ith* hem xl

The father gives his son horse and arms, and a bold squire.

They depart.

*[Fol. 186*a*.]

When they come to Roestok they find two Saxon kings, with 500 men,

that are going to Clarence.

somers trussed with vitaile, and thei were sette vnder the hawethorn in the shadowe by the broke, and let theire horse pasture down the medowes while the heete was so grete, for it was a-boute mydday.

When the king's son sees them he is afraid, and puts on his arms.

In to this valey that was so grete and depe entred this kynges sone and his squyer, and rode forth till thei come to an high hille, and fro thens myght thei well se the saisnes that ete vnder the hawthorne, and whan he hem saugh he was sore affraied, and asked his armes, and a-raied hym a-noon, and henge his swerde at the arson of his sadell, and than lepte on his horse, and comaunded his squyer to go be-fore that was cleped lydonas, and he dide his comaundement, and rode forth the streight wey till thei were euen falle a-monge the saisnes, and whan Pygnoras hem saugh, he made aske what thei were, and he ansuerde that he was of the other contrey, and wente on her iourney ther as thei hadde for to do; and Pignoras hit herde and comaunded his peple to arme and to lepe to horse, and comaunded hem to bringe hym a-gein other be force, or be otherwise, and this yonge squyer that rode forth the streight wey after his squyer hilde a grete spere, but he hadde no shelde, and rode softly. But er he hadde litill wey riden thei that folowe hym ascried hym with high voise, and seide, "Wy! yelde the, and thyn armes, and thyn horse to oure lorde that a-bideth under the hawthorne;" and he herde hem well and vndirstode, but he ansuerde hem no worde, but rode forth after his squyer and encresed his paas somwhat, and after that he rode a walop; and whan the saisnes saugh that he rode so faste, thei priked after, and manaced hym sore, and whan he saugh hem come he turned his horse hede, and a saisne com be-fore alle the other gripinge a grete spere, and hasted hym so faste in his comynge that he failed to smyte this yonge lorde, and he com so faste a-gein hym as his horse myght ronne and smote the saisne thourgh shelde and hauberke, and bar hym to grounde that he hadde no myster of no leche, and than he pulled oute his spere, and rode forth his wey a grete paas after lydonas his squyer that wente hym be-fore, for he desired not elles but

His squire's name is Lydonas.

When Pygnoras sees them, he asks who they are.

They ride on, but the Saxons follow them, and call to them to yield themselves up.

They ride on.

The young lord bears down one of the Saxons, and follows Lydonas.

from the saisnes to passe; and the saisnes priked after faste, for in no wyse thei wolde lete hym so ascape, and he rode euener a[t] a grete walop, his spere in his honde, that hadde chaunged his colour fro white in to reade, *ffor it was all blody of hym that he hadde slain, and thus he rode forth prayinge our lorde hym to diffende from deth a from prison, and the saisnes hym chaced with all the myght of theire horse, so that at laste thei hym atteyned, and x smote hym on the sholderes and on the sides, and he returned and smote so the firste that he mette, that the heed and the shafte of his spere shewed thourgh be-hynde, that he fill deed flat to the grounde, and a-nother he smote thourgh the throte, and he fill down of his horse in myddell of the wey; and the saisnes [com] hym a-gein with theire speres, that thei made hym to bend ouer his horse croupe, but he fill not from his sadell, for theire speres fly in peces; and he a-roos and with his spere smote oon of hem thourgh the body, that he fill deed to grounde a-monge his felowes, that were full wroth and angry, and ther-with brake his spere, and a-noon he leide honde to his swerde that henge at the pomell of his sadell, and drough it oute of the scauberke, and the saisnes ronne vpon hym on alle partyes, and he smote so the firste that he kute of his right sholdre, so that all the side opened that the bowels apered oute of the wounde, and he fill down deed, and than he smote a-nother that the heed fill of with all the helme, and than he smote the thridde that he slitte hym to the teth, and the remenaunt smyten hym full harde strokes; and whan he saugh he myght not longe endure a-gein so moche peple, but that he moste be take or elles deed, he lefte hem and smote the horse with the spores, and rode faste after lydonas his squyer; and than a-roos the showte and noyse vpon hym right grete, and whan he hadde over-take his squyer, he rode forth by hym, and seide he wolde not leve his harneys as longe as he myght it diffende; he helde his swerde in his honde all naked, and a saisne com with spere in fewtre, and smote hym a-bove the sadell that the hauberke dide folde, and he hadde fallen down ne hadde he holde hym by his horse nekke; and whan he was

The Saxons will not let them escape.

*[Fol. 186b.]

Ten of them smite the young lord.

He kills some of them.

The others break his spear.
He draws his sword,

and kills several.

He spurs his horse and rides fast, till he overtakes his squire.

A Saxon smites him, but

he slits him to the teeth.

He defends himself.

Pignoras and Monaquyns come after him.

When they see the dead bodies they ask who did this.

*[Fol. 187*a*.]

Pignoras says the squire must not escape,

but our Lord succours him.

The tale returns to Looth.

vp redressed he loked on hym that hadde hym smyten, and hitte hym so sore vpon the heed that he slitte hym to the teth, and than thei come rounde a-boute hym on alle parties, and he hym diffended as he that was of grete herte, and be-gan to sle of hem bothe men and horse, and threwe to grounde all that he dide a-reche. But all his diffence a-vailed hym but litill a-gein so many as were a-boute hym, and so it myght not be but that he moste be deed or taken, ffor Pignoras and Monaquyns were come after hym; and than he turned from hem and priked his wey as faste as he myght after his squyer, and Monaquyns and Pignoras that saugh noon of her men returne, thei lept to theire horse a com ridinge the wey as the squyer wente and saugh the deed bodyes that were lyinge in the high wey that the squyer hadde slain, and thei asked who hadde this don; and thei seide that he hadde don all this *that com ridinge by hymself, and than thei asked whiche wey he was gon; and thei seide, "Yonder down in a valey, where oure peple fighted with hym, but thei may hym not take." Than seide Pignoras, "Now after hym, and lete hym not thus ascape, for he hath don me grete harme;" and whan thei herde this thei lete renne after the squyer. Now god be his gide for his grete pite, for yef thei may hym take, he may not ascape in no wise with-outen deth. But he that in euery nede helpeth hem that in hym byleve, that is oure lorde Ih*esu* Crist, sente to hym a feire a-uenture, and ther-fore is seide a proverbe, that god will haue saued, no man may distroye, and here a litill stinteth the tale of hym, and returneth to the kynge Looth of Orcanye, and to his foure sones that be in his companye.

Looth and his four sons sleep well.

They arise early in the morning and ride forth.

That nyght that the kynge looth and his foure sones were herberowed with Mynoras, the forester of kynge Clarion, thei slepte all nyght after thei were brought to reste as thei that all the day suffred grete traueyle, and erly on the morowe thei a-rise and toke theire armes that was brought in theire chamber, and thei armed hem smartly and soone, and lepe on theire horse that were brought to the halle dore, and Mynoras and his wif*e* were at the takynge of theire horse; and the kynge

Looth and sir Gawein comaunded hem to god and thanked hem hertely of the herberow and the goode chere that thei hadde hem shewed, and than thei ride forth oute at the yate, and the forester and his foure sones rode with hem, and conveyed hem the wey; and the foure gromes rode be-fore and ledde the v horse couered vnder stiell, and bar theire helmes, and sheldes, and theire speres that the forester hadde he*m* yoven with heedes cler and sharpe; and whan Mynoras hadde conveyed hem a-while, the kynge hym returned and bad hym do his massage to the kynge Clarion of Northumbirlonde as he hadde promysed, and Mynoras seide that he wolde do it trewly with-oute faile, and a-noon toke his leve and returned to his manoir; and a-noon he made tweyne of his sones for to make hem redy and sette hem on two swifte horse, for doute of the saisnes yef thei mette eny on the wey that thei myght ride from theym yef it were mystier; and whan these tweyne squyers were redy, than seide Mynoras, "Ffeire sones, ye shull go to the kynge Clarion that is oure lorde, and telle hym how the kynge Looth of Orcanye sendith hym to wite that he sholde be with hym at Arestuell in Scotlonde on oure lady day in Septe*m*bre;" and thei ansuerde and seide this massage sholde thei do well, and a-noon thei toke forth theire iournei and com to the kynge Clarion, and fonde hym at a manoir of his with a prevy meyne full pensif what he myght best do with the saisnes that so wasted his londe and his contrey; and whan he saugh the two squyers be-fore hym that the kynge Looth hym sente, he was gladde and mery, and for theire goode tidinges he yaf eche of hem a goode horse, ffor he loved the kynge looth right tendirly, and seide he wolde be ther *with-oute faile, yef god hym diffende from myschief, and a-noon as thei hadde theire ansuere thei returned hem to theire fadres place myry and gladde, and presented the horse that the kynge hadde hem yoven, for love of kynge Looth that he hadde herberowed, and now we shull returne and speke of the kynge looth and his foure sones.

The forester and his four sons go with them.

Looth bids Mynoras return and give his message to Clarion.

Mynoras sends two of his sons to Clarion with the message.

They come to Clarion,

who is glad to see them. He gives them each a good horse, and says he will come without fail.

*[Fol. 187*b*.]

The messengers return to their father.

Whan the kynge looth and his foure sones were departed from the forester, thei rode thourgh the foreste that

When Looth and his sons ride through the forest, was grete and high, and delitable in for to traueile, and it was feire weder and stille, and that nyght hadde ben a grete dewe, and the briddes songen for swetnesse of the myry seson, and thei songe so myrily and so high in theire langage that all the wode ronge; and the kynge hem herkened, and his foure sones that were yonge and lusty, and remembred hem on theire newe loves, and so thei ride a two myle thinkinge on the briddes songe, and Gaheries that was amourouse be-gan for to singe a newe made songe, and he songe right wele and merily, and well entuned; and whan the sonne was vp and he saugh his brethern were somwhat fer be-hynde hym he turned be-side the wey to make his horse stale till thei were come to hym, ffor thei herkened hym gladly; and Gaheries com to Agravain and to Geheret, and seide, "Lete vs singe;" and than thei be-gonne to singe alle thre, and than seide Gaheries to Agrauain and to Gueheret, "Now telle me by the feith that ye owe to the kynge looth my fader and yours, yef ye hadde the two doughtres of oure hoste that was this nyght, and thei were now here, telle me what wolde ye do." "So god me helpe," seide Agrauain, "I sholde haue my wille." "So helpe me god," seide Gaheries, "so wolde not I do but I wolde bringe hem to saftee." "And ye, Gueheret, what wolde ye do?" Quod Gueheret, "I sholde make hir my love yef I myght therto hir entrete, but be force wolde I nothinge do, for than were the game nought, but yef it plesed hir as well as me."

the birds sing.

Gaheries sings a new song.

Gaheries, Agravain, and Geheret sing. The three brothers say what they would do if the two daughters of their host were with them.

While thei seide these wordes ouertoke hem the kynge looth and Gawein that wele hadde herde that thei hadde seide, and thei lough alle to-geder, and than thei asked whiche hadde seide beste. "Of that," quod the kynge, "shall Gawein youre brothere be Iuge." "And I shall soone haue seide," quod Gawein. "Gaheries hath seide beste, and Agravain werste, ffor Agravain sholde se that noon dide hem noon harme, but sholde helpe to diffende hem at his power, but me semeth ther were no werse enmy that he; and Geheret hath yet seide better than he, for he seith he wolde nothinge do be force, and that he seith so cometh hym but of love and

Looth and Gawein overhear their talk.

Gawein says that Gaheries has spoken the best, and Agravain the worst.

curtesie, and Gaheries hath seide as a goode man, for so as he seith wolde I do the same yef it were for me to do;" and than thei lough and Iaped with Agravain, and the kynge hym-self more than eny other, and rode to Agravain, and seide, "What Agravain, hate ye the doughter of youre hoste for youre foule delite, a feire rewarde yelde ye for the feire servise and the goode chere that she hath yow don, *ffor trewly she hath it evill be-sette." "Sir," seide Agravain, "thei sholde not therfore haue[1] no mayme of hande ne foote." "No," quod the kynge; "but thei shull lese all worship*pe*." "I can-not sey," quod Agravain, "of eny man that wolde hem spare, yef he hadde hem a-lone by hym-self, ffor after that he lete her passe she sholde hym neuer love." "But he sholde kepe and saue his honour," seide the kynge. "Certes," seide Agravain, "neuer after he hadde lefte hir she wolde but skorne and preyse hym the lesse." Quod the kynge, "I wolde not sette at a boton what oon seide, so that my worship were saued, so that I hadde no vylonye ne reprof." "Ya ther is no more of," quod Agravain, "but we shull vs yelden in to soche place ther we shull se no women." "Ha Agravain," quod the kynge looth, "yef ye yow thus demene as ye sey, wite ye well ye shull myscheve, and that shull ye well se;" and euen as the kynge seide so hym be-fill after that he langwissid longe a-boue the erthe for the vilonye that he dide to a mayden, that rode with hir frende with whom he faught till that he hadde hym discounfited and maymed of oon of his armes, and after wolde haue leyen by his love and fonde hir roynouse of oon of hir thighes, and seide hir soche vilonye that she after hurte his oo thigh and his arme, so that it sholde neuer be made hooll; but yef it were be tweyne of the beste knyghtes of the worlde to whom she sette terme of garison, as the booke shall yow devyse here-after, how that it was warisshed by Gawein his brother, and by launcelot de lak that was so noble a knyght; but of this matter speketh no more at this tyme, but returneth how

Gaheries spoke as a good man.

Looth censures Agravain,

*[Fol. 188*a*.]

who tries to defend himself.

Looth tells him he will come to mischief,

which he does afterwards.

A maiden gives him the itch.

He is cured by Gawein and Launcelot.

---

[1] The word "have" is repeated in the MS.

the kynge looth speketh to his sone Agravain that was prowde and fell, and thus thei rode in the foreste till it was paste pryme.

Than thei entred in to a feire launde that dured a-longe to Roestok a-longe by the wode side; and whan thei hadde a-while I-riden, thei mette lydonas comynge down the hille that was sore affraied for his lorde that faught at grete myschef as ye haue herde be-fore, and he drof the somer be-fore hym with the robes, and ledde his lord*es* palfrey in his right hande, and wepte and seide, "Lady seinte marie, vs helpe and socour*e*;" and thus he cried often, and smote that oon hande a-gein the tother; and whan the kynge looth and his foure sones hym a-perceyved thei hadde grete pitee, and Agravain hasted hym be-fore, and seide, "Why makest thow this doell and this sorowe;" and the squyer loked vp and seide, wepinge, "Sir, I haue cause I-nough wherefore, I wepe for a yonge lorde, the feireste creature that euer was formed on erthe that the saisnes haue asseilled in this valey be-nethe, and haue hym slayn, but god be his helpe and socour*e*." "And whider wente he," quod Agravain. "Sir," seide lydonas, "he was goynge to the Court of kynge Arthur for to seche sir Gawein and hym for to serue that hath so grete valour as it is seide, ffor *so moche he hath herde spoken of hym that he will neuer be made knyght but of sir Gawein;" and than he seide at the tother worde, "Ha! las caytef, now I haue hym loste, and neuer I shall se hym more," and made so moche sorowe that for litill he wolde hym-self haue slayn, and Agravain hym asked of what contrey he was. "Sir," seide lydonas, "of the reame of lystenoys, and is the riche[1] kyng*es* sone Pelles;" and Agravain loked on sir Gawein and seide, "Brother, here ye not what a-uenture yow a-bideth;" and he seide, "Yesse, he hadde it welle herde." Than thei laced theire helmes, and toke theire sheldes and lepte on theire horse, and Gaheries seide to Agravain, "Now thenke vpon the maydenes that ye this morowe

Looth and his sons meet Lydonas,

who cries and smites his hands against each other.

Agravain asks him why he weeps.

He says his lord is nearly killed by the Saxons.

He was going to seek Sir Gawein.

*[Fol. 188*b*.]

Lydonas tells who his lord is.

Gaheries and Agravain mock one

---

[1] The word "riche" is repeated in the MS.

haue be so goode a werkere, and loke that ye be as goode a knyght at armes a-gein the saisnes that thei may conne yow gree." "Gaheries," quod Agravain, "I pray yow be as curteyse to the saisnes as ye were to the maidenes that ye durste not assaile ne se, and no more shull ye do to the saisnes as I trowe." "Sir," seide Gaheries, "ye be elther than I, and therfore it shall be sene how ye will do better." "So god spede me," seide Agravain, "I were but litill to preise, but I dide better than ye, and elles hadde I but little power, ffor I will neuer lette for youre cowardise." "Sir," quod Gaheries, "at the leste it is no curteisie a man to a-vaunte of hym-self, but whan ye come ther do the beste that ye can;" and whan Agravain herde this, he swore and seide he sholde go in to soche place where he durste hym not sewe, for the iyen in his heed; and Gaheries be-gan to lawgh, and was nothinge wroth, but seide all in game, "Go ye than be-fore, and ye can go in to no place but I shall yow sewe;" and Gawein lowgh of that thei hadde seide, for he wiste well that Gaheries pleide and Iaped, and tolde to Gueheret and his fader the wordes that thei hadde seide; and a-noon the kynge seide, "Ffeire sones, go we after hem that thei do no folye, ffor I wote well Agravain is wroth;" and whan lydonas saugh hem go he asked what thei were, and thei seide thei were of the meyne of kynge Arthur, "and he is here in our companye that ye go sechinge." "Ha! god mercy," quod lydonas, "than will I go no ferther till I wite how it shall be." "No," quod the kynge looth, "but turne a litill oute of the weye till thow knowe how it shall be-falle, and go in to the thikke of this foreste;" and the squyer seide, "So shall I do." And while thei spake so to-geder thei saugh this other squyer come prikynge faste with his swerde in hande all blody and CC saisnes after hym as thei myght ride, and often he turned and smote hym so that he dide a-reche that noon armoure ne waranted hym, and whan he hadde don his power he rode forth his wey; and whan he hadde a while fledde he returned and faught, and thus he demened hym till he mette with hem that com

another about the maidens.

Gaheries says he will follow wherever Agravain goes.

Lydonas asks who they are.

Looth tells him to turn into the forest.

The other squire comes with 200 Saxons after him.

He calls to the five to help him.

*[Fol. 189*a*.]

ridinge hy[m] a-geins; and whan he saugh hem v. he cried with *lowde voyce, "ffor goddes love cometh and helpe me and haue pite of me, for ye se the grete nede that I haue;" and Agravain seide, "A-bide and haue no drede."

Agravain smites the first he meets.

Gaheries kills another,

and calls out to Agravain.

The squire asks the king who he is.

He is joyful when he knows Sir Gawein.

Looth and the squire smite in among the Saxons.

The squire follows Gawein, who draws out Calibourne,

Than Agravain spored his horse and brandisshed his spere that was sharpe and kene, and smote so the firste that he mette, that shelde ne hauberke myght hym helpe that he sente the spere heed thourgh the breste, and he fill deed to grounde; and Gaheries that com after hym smote a-nother thourgh shelde and hauberke that he fill deed vp-right, and than brake the spere, and a-noon he drough oute his swerde, and seide with high voise, "Agravain, brother, where be ye, now lete se what ye do, ffor I peyne me for these ladyes sake for curtesie, and ye peyne yow for theire vilonyes." Of these wordes lough Gawein and Geheret. Whan the kynge looth saugh hem laugh and Iape, he seide, "What do ye my children, se ye not youre brethern a-monge youre enmyes." Whan the squyer vndirstode these foure knyghtes were his sones, and that he monestede he*m* to do well, he asked what he was, and he hym tolde that his name was kynge looth of Orcanye, "and these knyghtes be my sones, and lo hym ther that thow sechest with the shelde of synopre," and shewed hym sir Gawein; and whan the squyer that vndirstode that the kynge hadde seide, he hadde grete ioye of the tidinges that he tolde, and hilde vp his handes toward heuene and thanked oure lorde that he hadde hym so I-founden; and than seide he to kynge looth, "How knowe ye whom I seche?" "I wote well," quod he, "that thow goiste to seche Gawein, and lo hym there;" and with that he smote in a-monge the saisnes and the squyer with hem that thre the firste that thei mette thei drof deed to the erthe, and than thei rode forth and smote other thre down deed to grounde, and ther-with brake the speres, and than thei drough oute swerdes and smote on the right side and on the lifte, and the squyer lefte the kynge looth and pursued Gawein in euery place where he wente, and Gawein hadde drawen oute his suerde Calibourne, and be-gan to slee so moche peple that alle that saugh hym do soche maistries fledde be-fore hym whan thei saugh hym come, and durste not a-bide his strokes, and he was gon so fer be-fore that he wiste nothinge of his fader, ne his brethern; and Agravain hadde so chaced and Gaheries xx saisnes that thei surbated on Pignoras that com with an hundred saisnes; and whan thei saugh how thei were chaced and were but tweyne, he cried vpon his men and medled hym a-monge hem, and thei smote tweyne so harde that deed thei fill on the grene, and than renged hem x saisnes and smote hem on alle partyes that thei bar Agravain to the erthe, and thei smyte Gaheries so harde that he bente bakwarde in his sadill be-hynde, and whan the speres were broken he smote in to the presse and be-gan to do merveiles, and Agravain was *lepte on fote and griped his swerde in hys right hande, and hente his shelde hym be-forn, and thei hym assailed full harde, and he hym well diffended as he that hadde I-nough of herte and force, and Gaheries spored his horse that wey ther he saugh his brother, and rode be-twene hym and the saisnes that sore hym assailed, and he hym diffended vigorously, that noon durste hym a-bide for the strokes that thei saugh hym yeve, and in this manere thei fought longe while, ffor the saisnes coveited hem for to take, and thei hem diffended to warante theire lyves; and the kynge Looth and Gueheret fought right harde, and wente thourgh the bataile sechinge her felowes, and so thei fonde Agravain on foote a-monge the saisnes, his swerde in his honde all naked, wherwith he yaf hem many grete strokes, and Gaheries was by hym that dide grete peyne hym to helpe and for to remounte. Than the kynge looth smote in a-monge hem and fought sore a-gein the sarazins thei foure and sloughen many of hem, and sir Gawein hadde so gon that he was come vpon the hill with his swerde all blody in his hande. Than he loked bak and saugh he hadde alle perced thourgh, and the squyer was by hym at the spore and seide, "Sir, I wolde sue yow full gladly yef my servise myght yow plese so that it liked yow for to make me knyght, whiche tyme I wolde yow requere;" and Gawein ansuerde that he was right welcome,

and kills much people.

Agravain and Gaheries chace twenty Saxons.

Pignoras and his men bare Agravain to the earth, and smite Gaheries.

*[Fol. 189b.]

Agravain leaps on foot, and grips his sword.

Gaheries defends his brother.

Looth and Gueheret fight hard.

They come to the other two.

Gawein says he must seek his father and brethren.

He sees them.

and with-hilde hym with-oute mo wordes, and than he badde hym to kepe hym by hi*m* that the saisnes dide hym not hurte ne diffoule, "ffor I moste seche my fader and my brethern that I ne wote neuer where thei beth be-come;" and than seide the squyer, "Lo hem yonder in that grete prees, for I se swerdes lifte a-loufte that bright shyneth, and a-noon Gawein knewe his fader by the helme, and than he seide, "It is my fader, sue me."

He and the squire throw down all before them.

The squire cannot keep up with Gawein;

he says there is not such another knight in the world.

He follows as well as he can.

Gawein finds Agravain weary,

*[Fol. 190*a*.]

and Gueheret borne to the earth.

Gaheries rescues his father,

And than he smote his horse with the spores on bothe sides that he spronge oute xviij foote, and drof in fiercely a-monge the saisnes more than he hadde don all the day be-fore he and the squyer that thei throwe down all that be-fore hem stode, and the squyer cowde not so faste spore hys horse that he myght hym ouertake, and fonde the wey strowed full of hem that were ouerthrowen; and than seide the squyer, "Lady seint marie, I am a-ferde to lese hym here a-monge these mysbelevinge peple; ffull trewe seide thei that tolde me ther was not soche a-nother knyght in the worlde, ffor he ne gabbed no worde, for he hath in hym more goode than was seide, and yef the knyght be goode, he hath a horse at his device, and I trowe yef he will do all his power that he sholde discounfite soche xx as be here. Now wolde god that was born of the virgine marie that my fader the kynge hadde hym ones seyn, for I wote wele he wolde holde it a merveile." Thus devised the squyer what he wolde, and euer sued after Gawein as moche as he myght; and sir Gawein hath so gon that he fonde Agravain so wery for traveile that he lened on his shelde and his swerde in his honde, and myght not helpe hym-self but litill, and thei yaf hym ever *a-monge grete strokes with speres and swerdes as thei myght come to; and on that other side he saugh that Gueheret was smyte be-twene the sholdres with two speres that he was born to the erthe vp-right, and also he saugh xi saisnes that hilde his fader be the helme, and smote hym with the pomeles of hir swerdes; and Gaheries hadde caste his shelde to the ground and hilde his swerde in bothe handes, and yaf soche strokes that thei myght be herde right cleer, ffor he smote of handes, and armes, and hedes, and legges, and slitte hem to the teth, and shewde ther soche prowesse that noon durste hym a-bide, but lefte the kynge Looth magre hem alle; and the kynge loked and saugh it was Gaheries his sone that hadde hym rescowed, he seide, "Ha! feire sone, yef we hadde youre brother Gawein with vs we shull nought lese this day for alle these false peple, and Agravain and Gueheret where be thei." "Thei be in theire enmyes handes that nygh haue hem slayn."

and shows great prowess.

With these wordes com Gawein brekinge the presse, and sleinge all that he myght a-reche, as quarell oute of arblast for swyftnesse of his horse, and hilde his swerde in his hande and smote on eche side so hevy strokes oute of mesure that alle yede to grounde that stode in his weye; and the squyer was euer [nigh] hym that for nothinge wolde hym leven, and yaf many a grete stroke with his swerde, wherfore he was be-loved after of alle the brethern; and [it befell] that mette Gawein Monaquyn that was oon of the goode knyghtes of alle the saisnes, and was a-rested vpon Gueheret for to take hym to pryson. But Gawein smote hym so harde with Calibourne that he slitte hym from the sholdre to girdell; and whan the squyer saugh that, he blissed hym for the merveile that he hadde, and blessed the arme that soche a stroke yeve; than he caught the horse be the reyne, and ledde to Agravain, and badde hym skippe vp lightly, and he dide so a-noon right as he that ther-to hadde grete nede, and the squyer helde hym the stirop, and Agravain hym thanked hertely, and seide he sholde hym quyte yef he myght.

Gawein breaks into the press.

The squire is near him.

Gawein meets Monaquyn and kills him.

The squire catches the horse, and leads it to Agravain.

Whan Pignoras saugh his brother deed he was sory and wroth, and gripid an ax with bothe handes, and com towarde the kynge Looth, and smote hym so sore on the helme that he fill flatte to the erthe, but he hadde no grete harme but that he was sore astonyed, and than he smote Gaheries that he fill to the erthe vp-right, and than was Gawein full wo, and smote the Gringalet that wey with Calibourne in his hande, and whan he saugh hym come he covered hym with

Pignoras is angry, and

smites Looth and Gaheries.

Gawein kills Pignoras.

The squire catches the horse, and leads it to Gaheries.

*[Fol. 190b.]

The Saxons turn to flight when they see their two lords killed; but Maundalis calls them cowards, and they return.

Gawein smites those he meets, and kills Maundalis.

The squire leads the horse to Gueheret.

The Saxons turn to flight.

Gawein kills many of them.

They ride into the forest,

and say that their enemies are fiends of hell.

his shelde and with his axe. But Gawein smote the axe helue a-sondre, and the stroke descended on the shelde and the right sholdre and slitte hym to the breste, and the squyer caught the horse and ledde to Gaheries, and he lepte vp delyuerly; and than he toke the horse that his fader was fallen fro, and brought it to hym hastely by the bridell, and hilde the *stirop till he was vp, and than he made a new assaute vpon hem that so short hadde hem holden. But the saisnes were so abaisshed of theire two lordes that were ther deed that thei turned to flight, and toke no more hede hem to diffende, and Maundalis theire stiwarde hem ascried, "Ha, cowarde peple, what do ye that a-venge yow not on hem that haue youre two lordes slayn in this maner, and ye se well thei be but vj, and ye be yet thre hundred, and ye may be a-shamed that thei haue so longe endured;" and thei returned to the vj, and sir Gawein com be-fore and mette with hem as he that well knewe their corage, and hilde Calibourne, his goode swerde, and smote so the firste that he mette that he fill deed on the grene, and than the seconde, and the thridde, and than the fourth, and than he smote Maundalis that the heed fill from the sholderes, and the squyer caught the horse and ledde to Geheret; and whan the saisnes saugh theire stiwarde deed, thei turned a-noon to flight, who that myght sonest, so that noon a-bode other, and thei hem enchaced that sore hem hated a-bove all thinge, and slough and smote dowon all that thei myght a-take, and sir Gawein satte vpon the Gringalet that swyftly hym bar, and he made a-monge hem soche martire that it was wonder to wite, and hilde hem so shorte that thei myght hym not ascape vp ne down, ffor thei myght no side turne, but euer he was be-fore, and whan thei saugh thei myght not ascape, thei rode in to the depe of the forest for socour, and fledde oon here, a-nother there, that thei a-bide nother frende ne brother, and cursed the hour and the day thei with hem metten, "ffor thei be no peple as other be, but it be fendes of helle, for ther be but vj, and that fill neuer that so moche peple were discounfited with so small peple as we be now be hem, and therfore may we sey that thei were neuer of carnell men conceyved, ffor neuer mortall man myght do that these haue vs don."

Thus seide the saisnes theire volunte, and were discounfited be the prowesse of sir Gawein, and the remenaunt that ascaped lefte neuer till thei come to the siege be-fore Clarence, and tolde theire grete damage to the kynge Hardogabran what the vj knyghtes hadde hem do, ffor thei haue oure two kynges slain, and oure stiward Maundalis; whan the kynge hardogabran herde this, he was nygh woode for wrath, ffor the tweyne were his cosins germain, and cursed the hour and the day that euer thei entred in to the londe, "ffor," quod he, "we haue resceyved grete damage." But now cesseth the tale of the saisnes and speketh of the kynge Looth.

The Saxons that escape come to Hardogabran, who is very wroth.

The tale returns to King Looth.

Whan the saisnes were discounfited in the valey of Rorestok, the kynge looth was gladde for the squyer that thei hadde rescowed, and than thei wente to the somers that the saisnes sholde haue ledde to the siege before Clarence, and gadered hem to-geder and be-helde hem gretly; and than seide Gaheries a worde that was well herde. "Lord god," *quod he, "why be ther so many pore bachelers in the contrey whan thei myght thus wynne I-nough. Certes thei lese nothinge but for slouthe and cowardise, ffor thei ne sholde not slepe in no bedde, but wayte a-boute on the marches." "Ffeire sone," seide the kynge, "so myght thei haue euell suerte, ffor who that soche thinge will vndirtake yef oon tyme hym happe wele, hit falleth hym foure tymes euell;" and than seide Gaheries to his fader, "Sir, aske Agravain my brother yef he haue eny talent now to rage within these maydenes yef he hadde hem here on this playn;" and Agravain loked on hym a trauerse full proudly, and seide to hym in reprof, "Gaheries, it is not longe tyme past that ye hadde no talent to iape whan the saisne smote yow down of youre horse with his axe, and ne hadde be Gawein ye hadde mette with hym in euell tyme." "Though I fell," quod Gaheries, "I may no more do ther-to. But I was not at so grete myschef, but I me diffended so as it myght be; and of that ye myght wele haue holde youre pees,

They gather the sumpters together.

*[Fol. 191*a.*]

Gaheries and Agravain mock each other.

for I saugh yow to-day at soche pointe, that though the feirest lady of the worlde hadde preide yow of love ye wolde not haue ansuered hir a worde, for a maiden of v yere of age myght haue take from yow youre breche;" and whan Agravain vndirstode this, he was wroth and angry, and for that he cleped hym recreaunt, wax he rody for shame, and loked on hym with maltalent, and yef thei hadden be a-lone he wolde with hym haue foughten; but the kynge turned the wordes in to other maner, for he wolde not haue in no wise distrif be-twene hem two, and than he asked what sholde be do with the somers. Sir," quod Gaheries, "asketh of Agravain;" and than be-gan Agravain sore to wrathe, and seide he sholde it a-beyen, and hilde a tronchon of a spere in his honde, and smote Gaheries on the helme that it fly all to pec*es*, and Gaheries remeved not but suffred; and Agravain recouered and smote twys or thries, so that nought of the tronchon lefte in his handes, and his brother Gueheret ne hys fader cowde hem not so departe, but euer he ran vpon hym as he myght from hem ascape.

Agravain is very angry,

and smites Gaheries on the helm thrice.

Than com Gawein from the chace, and asked what a-ray that was, and the kynge tolde hym all worde for worde; and Gawein com to Agravain and blamed hym sore for that he hadde so I-don; and Agravain swor all that he myght swere that neuer he wolde it hym for-yeve, and whan Gawein vndirstode the grete felonye, he seide he sholde abye on his body, but yef he wolde be ruled. "Ffy," quod Agravain, "in dispite of the deuell this were of the newe that I sholde lette for yow to do ought." "Now shall it be sene," quod Gawein, "what thow wilt do." Than Agravain smote the horse with the spores and ran to Gaheries with swerde drawen, and smote hym on the helme that the fire sparcled oute. Ne Gaheries ne remeved litill ne moche for nothinge that he dide, and whan Gawein saugh this he drough oute Calibourne and swor by his fader sowle that in euell tyme he hadde it be-gonne, *and whan the fader be-hilde all this, he seide, "Now vpon hym feire sone, and go sle this harlot, for he is fell and proude;" and Gawein thought well what he wolde do, and com to Agra-

Gawein blames Agravain, who swears that he will not forgive Gaheries.

Agravain smites his horse, and runs upon Gaheries with his sword drawn.

*[Fol. 191*b*.]

vain, and smote hym with the pomell of his swerde vnder the temple that he fill from his horse to the erthe so astoned that he wiste not where he was; and Gaheries seide to Gawein, "Sir, be not wroth for nothinge that he doth to me, for he is fell and proude, and therfore taketh nothinge to herte that he doth to me ne seith." "Ffle from hens," quod Gawein, "mysproude lurdeyn, neuer shall I love the whan thou wilt not spare for my lorde my fader ne for noon of vs." "Sir," seide Gaheries, "he is myn elther brother, and it sitteth me to do hym honour and reuerence. Ne for nothinge that I dide, ne seide to him ne dide I but Iape." "He is a fole and prowde," quod Gueheret, "but all that hast thow meved, and therfore have thow euell happe;" and Gaheries hym ansuerde, "Full euell sholde I pleye with a straunger whan I may not pley nother with yow ne with hym, and wyte ye well," quod he, "this is the firste tyme and the laste that euer I shall pleye or Iape with hym or with yow, and yef it were not for be-cause that we be comen oute to-geder, I wolde returne anoon right that no more companye sholde I yow holde;" and Geheret seide a-gein, "Euell happe haue Agravain, but he quyte yow this dere for this a-colee that he hath hadde for yow." "So god me helpe," quod Gawein, "yef owther of yow do eny thinge othir-wise than ye owe to do, I shall sette yow in soche place where ye shull not se nother hande ne foote this vij monethes, and therfore I diffende yow as dere as ye haue youre owne bodyes that ye loke ye do hym noon euell." "Sir," seide Gueheret, "we shull kepe vs ther-fro right wele seth ye it comaunde, ffor a-gein youre comaundement ne may we not do, ne we will not. But it hevyeth me whan ye will medle yow agein vs for hym, and that ye haue Agravain thus diffouled for nought." "Ffor nought is it not," quod Gawein, "whan a-gein my deffence he ran vpon hym in dispite of me in my fader sight and myn. Ne neuer Gaheries ne wrathed for buffet that he hym yaf. In dispite of the devell sholde he be so proude, ffor his pride shall greve bothe the and hym." "So helpe me god," quod the kynge Looth, "for litill I shall take

Gawein smites Agravain,

but Gaheries tells him not to be angry.

Gueheret says that Gaheries provoked Agravain.

Gawein says that if Gueheret or Agravain do any evil to Gaheries he will punish them.

Looth says

he will take away their arms and leave them.

a-wey all the armes that thow haste, and of Agravain also, and leve yow in myddell of the felde like lurdeynes." "Sir," seide Gueheret, "ye speke not this of youre owen mouthe but of others; ffor of this that ye sey ye haue no talent for to do ne power yef other ne were." "Ha boyes," quod the kynge, "thow art fell, and for-swollen. Verile art thow his brother, for ye bothe be cont*ra*riouse, and I comaunde my sone Gawein that yef thow or Agravain do ought to my sone Gaheries that he do vpon yow as grete reddure as vpon harlott*es* or ribaudes."

The squire comes to Agravain, and brings him his horse.

*[Fol. 192*a*.]

Gawein tells Agravain to go, for he will no more have him in his company.

Whan the squyer saugh that Gawein hadde smyte down Agravain, that he bledde bothe at mouthe and nose, he ran to take his horse and brought hym by the bridill, and made *hym for to lepen vp, and Gawein com to hym and seide, "Harlot fle from hens, for with the haue I nought to do, and loke that I se the neuer more in my companye, and go where thow wilt for with me shalt thow come no more, and go ye alle forth with hym that love hym better than me and with me that love my companye;" with that Gawein rode forth his wey, and Gaheries and Gueheret and the kynge Looth asked what sholde he do with the somers. "Sir," seide Gawein, "ye shall sende hem to Mynoras the forester, that so well dide vs herberowe; ffor he serued vs well and feire in his place, and therfore well it is on hym be-sette, and better it is that the goodeman hit haue than it here be loste, ffor we it may not condite ne lede, and we may wele come in soche place that we myght all lese." "Certes," seide the kynge, "ye sey full well, but who shall it lede." "Sir," seide Gawein, "the squyer of this gentilman, and oon of youre gromes." "On god*es* name," seide the kynge; and a-noon was the squyer sought till he was founden, and charged with the message and the present that he sholde make, and after to turne after hem the right wey to Roestok; and he seide that all this wolde he well do, and toke a yoman with hym to conveye hym the wey, and wente forth with alle the somers, and ledde x stedes cowpled by the bridelis that oon to the tother, and hilde the streight wey till thei come to the rescette of Mynoras that grete

Looth asks what they shall do with the sumpters. Gawein says they must send them to Mynoras,

and the squire shall lead them.

The squire takes a yeoman with him, and leads the sumpters to Mynoras, who is very ioye made of this present, and served hem so well and so feire that no peple myght be better serued than thei were, and on the morowe thei toke theire wey as soone as thei myght se the day for to go after theire lordes as thei were comaunded.

joyful, and treats them well.

They return to their lords.

As soone as the kynge looth hadde sente these somers by lydonas, and by oon of his yomen to mynoras the forester, thei rode forth her wey alle vi toward Roestok, and lefte alle the wordes of reprof that thei hadde spoken, ffor that thei saugh Gawein was ther-with greved; and than thei ride to-geder, the kynge, and Gawein, and Gaheries, and asked of the yonge squyer of whens he was, and what was his name, and he seide how his name was Elizer, and was the sone of kynge Pelles of listenoys, and nevew to the kynge Alain of the forain londes, and to the kynge pellynor of the sauage fountain that hadde xj sones that alle were of the age of xvij yere, and the eldest was newliche come to the court of kynge Arthur for to take armes, "these be my cosins germain, and I go toward the court of kynge Arthur to my lorde sir Gawein for to serven hym, and I thanke god I haue founde hym nerre, and he hath me with-holde in soche manere that he shall make me knyght whiche tyme that I hym requere." "Even so I graunte yow sir," quod sir Gawein, "for ye [be] right welcome." Thus thei rode till it was nyght, that thei fonde nether house ne herberowe, and the foreste was high and full of shadowe; but the weder was softe and stille; and than fill it that *after mydnyght thei fonde an hermytage all closed with diches, and with rayles, and the[i] cleped and called till it was opened to hem, and thei a-light from theire horse, and dide of theire brideles and the sadelis, and yaf hem grasse, for ther-ynne was nothinge elles, and thei ete soche vitaile as the hermyte hem brought, and that was breed and water, and after that thei lay down to slepe vpon the grasse for other quyltes ne pilowes hadde thei noon, and thei were wery for traveile, and were soone a-slepe, alle saf Gawein and Elizer, thei wolde not slepe, but were euer in susspecion of the saisnes that were so many in the londe, and

Looth and the others ride forth towards Roestok.

They ask the young squire who he is. He says his name is Elizer,

and that he came to seek Sir Gawein, and is glad to have found him.

They ride till night, but find no lodging.

*[Fol. 192b.

After midnight they find a hermitage.

The hermit brings them bread and water, and they sleep on the grass.

Gawein and Elizer will not sleep.

Gawein hears the cries of a lady and a knight.

He and Elizer ride fast,

and arrive at the place from whence the cries come.

The knight is beaten by five pantoners. The woman cries for succour.

soone after mydnyght thei herde a grete complaint of a lady and of a knyght that passed by, and Gawein ther-of hadde grete pite and comaunded to sadill the Gringalet and bridill hym in all haste, and Elizer lept vp a-noon and brought it hym redy dight; and Gawein toke his armes and lept vp delyuerly, and rode faste after hem that ledde the lady, and Elizer lept vpon his horse also that in no maner wolde hym leve as longe as he hadde where-on to ride; and thei[1] rode so longe till thei com in to a thikke queche in a depe valey, and than Gawein hoved stille, and herkened and herde dolerouse cries, that seide, "Ha, lorde god, what shall I do, where haue I deserued to suffre this turment and an*n*oye," and praied oure lorde that he wolde sende hym hastely the deth ffor lever he hadde for to be deed than langour in soche maner, and [t]his was a knyght all naked in his breche that v pantoners dide bete with scorges that the blode ran down by his sides; and on that other side vndirstode sir Gawein a full dolerouse cry of a woman, and well it semed that she hadde grete nede of helpe, and she seide so lowde that Gawein myght it well heren. "Seint marie, blissed lady, socoure this wery caytif. Trewly," quod she, "sle me ye may well, for I shall neuer to yow concent."

Gawein does not know which to assist first.

He rides to the lady, and finds her held by seven pantoners.

One of them smites her.

Whan Gawein vndirstode the voyce, he wiste well she hadde grete nede of helpe, and be-thought hym whiche wey he sholde turne first, for he hadde grete pite of that gentilman that he herde so waymenten, and on that other side he hadde so grete pite of the woman that sholde be diffouled, but she haue the soner helpe, and thought in his herte that better it were to suffre the knyght to endure his peyne than the woman to be diffouled while he were in helpinge of the knyght; and than he smote the horse with spores down the valey where the voice cried euer more and more, "seint Marye, goode lady, helpe me and socour;" and as Gawein behelde he saugh vij pantoners that hilde this lady vnder a tre a-gein the grounde, and oon of hem smote hir grete buffett*es* with his hande I-armed on the visage; and she turned and cried, "Certes, sle me ye may well, but neuer other thinge shall I not do;" and for that she seide so, he trailed hir by the tresses that were so feire, that he griped in his handes, and a-noon as Gawein it saugh, he cried to hym that hir hilde, "Sir knyght, lete be that damesell;" and he be-hilde be the mone light, and cried to hem *that were with hym to go a-gein hym, and so thei dide all vj, and asked hym, "Sir knyght, haue we eny drede of yow;" and Gawein seide he assured hem of nothinge, "ffor I will helpe that damesell the whiche that pantoner trailed so vileyusly, and therfore diffende yow fro me;" and than he spored the Gringalet thourgh hem vj that he mette, and com to hym that yet hilde the woman be the tresses, and smote hym with his spere a-gein the breste that the shafte shewed thourgh the bakke be-hynde, and he fill deed vp-right, and the other vj com a-gein hym with sp[e]res, and smote hym on the shelde and sholdres, and on the sides, and he bowed on his horse nekke, and the tymbir of the speres fly in peces, and than Gawein dressed hym in his sadell and ficched hym in his stiropes that the Iren folded, and drough his swerde and smote so the firste that he mette, that deed he fill to the erthe, and than he smote a-nother that the sholdre departed from the body; and the thirde that the heed fly in to the feilde, and than he a-raught so the fourthe that he slitte hym to the teth; and whan the other saugh theire fellowes deed, and how at eche stroke he hadde slayn oon, thei turned to flight and durste not a-bide; and Gawein com to the maiden and sette hir vpon his horse hym be-forn, and the two felowes that fledden be comen to their felowes that were discended vnder an olyvere hem for to resten, and were leide on the grasse for to slepe; and as soone as thei com nygh, thei cried with high voise, "Gentill knyghtes, what do ye here; ffor here is a knyght that hath slayn Sortibran and foure of oure felowes, and resceved the lady; now faste rideth after hym;" and whan thei vnderstode this thei a-rise hastely angry and wroth, and lepe to theire horse, and ride after Gawein as faste as thei may that

---

[1] The words "and thei" are repeated in the MS.

Gawein cries out to him to let her alone.

*[Fol. 193a.]

The six come against him.

He kills the one who struck the woman.

The six smite him.

He kills four, and the other two turn to flight.

Gawein sets the maiden on his horse before him.

The two men come to their fellows and tell what Gawein has done.

They ride after him.

goth to lede the damesell to savete; and now a-while cesse of hem, and speke of the squyer that is cleped Elizer.

Elizer rides to where he heard the voice of the knight.

He cries out to the pantoners,

and kills two of them.

*[Fol. 193b.]

He overtakes one, and kills him.

The others fly.

He bids the knight leap up behind him,

and rides to Gawein, who he finds fighting with 20 knights.

Elizer kills two.

Anoon as Gawein was turned to helpe the damesell, Elizer that folowed after, rode thider; ther he herde the voice of the knyght, and whan he cam there he saugh vj pantoners holde hym, and hadde so beten hym that he myght not stonde vp-right, but was falle to grounde, and hadde no power to speke no worde; and whan Elizer saugh hym in this maner hit hevyed hym sore, and than he ascried hem, and cleped hem, "Fitz a-putein lechours why demene ye so that gentilman so foule what hath he trespased that ye be a-boute to sle hym in that manere." Whan thei herde hym so speke thei loked on hym, and seiden, "What is it to the, for thy wordes ne shull we nothinge lette;" and than Elizer wax right angry, and seide he sholde no more harme haue *with*-outen hym, and he hilde a grete spere and com toward hem that hilde the knyght, and alle thei lefte hym, and he smote so the firste that he mette of the vj that he drof down deed on the playn, and he drough oute his spere and ther-with he slough a-nother, and drough it a-gein to hym, and priked his *horse a-gein a-nother; and whan thei saugh hym come, thei made hym wey and disparbledde here and there, and he smote oon that he ouertoke so rudely that the spere ran thourgh bothe sides; and whan he loked after the tother he ne wiste where thei were be-come, ffor thei were fledde in to thikke of the foreste, and it was but litill past mydnyght that oon myght not se fer; and whan he saugh he hadde hem loste, he com to the knyght and badde hym lepe vp be-hynde hym, and whan he vndirstode this, he hadde for-yete all his peyne, and lepte vp be-hynde hym with grete peyne, and than he rode the streight wey thider as he wende to fynde Gawein. But he hadde but litill gon that he fonde hym fightinge with xx knyghtes that sore hem peyned hym for to greve with all theire power, and he hadde sette the damesell in a thikke busshe a-gein the wode side; and whan Elizer hym saugh he comaunded the knyght to a-light down, and he dide so a-noon; and Elizer hente his spere that yet was hooll and spored his horse, and smote so the firste that he mette that he a-boode no lenger in the sadell, but fill deed to the erthe, and after he smote a-nother that the spere heed a-pered thourgh his bakke be-hynde, and Gawein hadde so don with calibourne his good swerde that he hath slain of hem vij, and vj that he hadde slain be-fore at the rescew of the lady; and Elizer hath broke his spere, and drough oute his swerde and smote so a knyght that he slitte hym to the teth; and whan Gawein saugh Elizer that so dide hym helpe, he smote the horse with the spores, and blessed the hour that he com in to the contrey, and blessed the body that he was of co*n*ceyved, ffor he saugh well he myght not faile to be a noble knyght; with that he com that wey as he saugh hym holde the medle, and smote grete strokes, and slough and slitte all that he ouertoke a full stroke, and so thei two haue don that thei haue hem alle slain, saf thre that fledde in to the foreste for socour, and the nyght was woxen so derke with clowdes that thei wiste not whiche wey that they were fledde.

He breaks his spear and draws his sword. He kills another knight. Gawein blesses the hour he came into the country.

The two kill all but three, who fly.

Than toke Elizer two horse, as he that was wight and hardy at euery nede, and brought hem to the knyght, and to the damesell, and made hem to lepe vp ther-on; but first he made the knyght to be clothed in oon of the deed bodyes robes, for his owen were loste; than thei putte vp theire swerdes, and ride forth to-geder toward the hermytage, and than Gawein drough hym to the damesell, and asked hir of whens she was, and she seide she was suster to the lady of Roestok, and the knyght was hir cosin germain. Than seide sir Gawein, "How were ye thus I-taken?" "Sir," seide the damesell, "my cosin and I repeired thourgh the forest and com toward Roestok, and hadden sente oure companye be-fore, and we turned in to a lane oute of oure wey, for we toke so grete hede of oure talkinge of many thinges that we turned oute of oure wey, *and com in to a grete wode where these traitours weren a-light for to ete; and thei lepe a-noon ageins vs, and toke vs, for we myght not a-gein hem endure, ffor my cosin was all vn-armed, and neuer-the-lese he smote oon so on

Elizer brings two horses to the knight and the damsel.

They ride to the hermitage. Gawein asks the lady who she is. She says she is sister to the lady of Roestok, and that the knight is her cousin.

*[Fol. 194*a*.] They were taken prisoners in a wood.

The knight

was unarmed.

the heed that he hym slough, and therfore thei dide hym dispoile so vilously, and dide hym so bete that nygh thei hadde hym slain; and whan thei wolde haue for-leyn me by force he me diffended, and neuer me lefte for no feer of deth, but yaf hem grete strokes and merveilouse as he myght hem atteyne with his handes, for he hadde noon other armure; and than v of tho pantoners hym toke and ledde hym forth betinge hym dolerousely, and I praye yow and requere that ye will telle me what ye be, and for what cause ye be come?" and sir Gawein seide he was a knyght of the reame of logres, "and we go on soche a nede that we may not telle;" and as thei rode thus talkynge thei be come to the hermytage, where thei fonde yet her felowes slepinge, and thei a-light and dide of theire brideles of the horse, and yaf hem grene grasse to ete and lay down by hem and slepte till it was day, that the kynge looth a-roos and cleped Gueheret and Gaheries that were by hym, and hadde well slepte well all the nyght, and saugh Gawein a-slepe and Elizer, and the maiden and the knyght that were leide be the horse side, and Elizer hilde the Gringalet be the halter, for he was somwhat raginge amonge the other horses; and whan the brethern saugh the mayden lyinge by hem, thei merveiled fro whens she was come; and the kynge cleped and seide, "Now arise, Gawein, goode sone, ye haue slept I-nough se how it is feire day;" and the knyght a-woke that was sore hurte, for he slepte nothinge wele, ne the maiden neither, and thei satte vp wakinge; and the kynge asked hem fro whens thei were come; and the knyght ansuerde and seide, "Thei wiste not fro whens these two worthi men hadde hem brought thider, and praied god sholde hem diffende from perile, of the whiche oon of hem is a knyght that hath rescewed this maiden, and the squyer hath rescewed me, god make hym a good man, and sende hym ioye and honour." "Whiche ben thei," seide the kynge, and he hym shewed sir Gawein and Elizer; and whan Agravain vndirstode this, hym for-thought that he hadde not be there, and seide that he myght holde hym a cowarde, that he hilde hym no companye to go with hem; and Gaheries

The lady asks who Sir Gawein is.

They come to the hermitage, and sleep till it is day.

Looth and Gueheret and Gaheries get up. They are surprised to see the lady and the knight.

The knight tells Looth how they have been rescued.

Agravain complains that Gawein did not take him with him.

ansuerde as he that was full noble and worthi, and he loved wele to Iape in honest and myrthe, and seide he durste not yow a-wake, for ye thenke so moche on youre love that ye slepe but litill; and the kynge asked hir how she was taken, and she tolde euery worde how it was hem be-fallen, so that no-thinge was for-yeten; and than thei lepe to theire horse and rode forth theire wey toward Roestok, and rode so fro morowe to euen that no distrouble thei ne hadde till thei com to Roestok, and thei be-hilde the town that was right feire, and well sette in feire contrey and holsom air, ffor the town was envyroned a-boute with the wode and the river, and the *walles shone a-gein the sonne and the bourgh, and the castell stode right feire; and the kynge and his foure sones preised it moche whan thei it syen; and whan thei com to the yate thei fonde it clos and faste shette, and the knyght that was rescewed called the porter right lowde and the damesell hirself; and the lady hir-self was a-bove on the walles that knewe hem wele a-noon as she hem saugh, and comaunded the yate to be opened delyuerly, and a-noon the mayden counseiled with hir suster, but thei wiste not where-of, and a-noon as thei hadde spoke to-geder she com to the knyghtes and made hem grete chere, and made hem a-light be-fore the paleys, and the castelein hym-self com hem a-geins that was the lorde, and made hem to be vn-armed and waish theire mouthes and theire visages with warme water, and after thei were sette and spake of many thinges while the soper was in makinge; and whan it was all redy and the clothes leyde, thei waish and satte to soper, and were well served, and richely of all maner thinge; and after soper the lorde asked his suster fro whens she com, and she hym tolde all hir aventure that was hir be-fallen, and whan the lorde herde this he be-gan to make soche ioye and gladnesse that ther myght be seyn noon gretter, and the kynge looth asked of whom this castell was holden, and the lorde seide that it was of the fee of kynge Arthur; and than the Casteleyn hym asked what he was, and he seide his name was the kynge looth of Orcanye, and these foure knyghtes be

They ride to Roestok.

*[Fol. 194b.] The castle is very fair.

The knight calls the porter. The lady on the walls commands the gate to be opened.

The Castelein makes them wash.

They sit to supper.

The lord is very joyful,

and asks who King Looth and his sons are, and where they are going.

The Castelein will send to the King de Cent Chivalers for him to come to Arestuell.

my sones. Than the lorde lepte vpon his feet, and made grete ioye, and asked what thei wente sechinge; and he seide that he yede to seche trewys of the princes and the barou*n*s from the kynge Arthur that the saisnes myght be driven oute of the londe; and than the Castelein thanked oure lorde. "And what wey shull ye go first?" quod he, "from hens;" and he seide that he wolde be at Arestuell in scotlonde; and than he seide that he wolde he sholde sende a massenger to the kynge de Cent Chiualers, and telle hym in my name that he be on oure lady day in Septembr*e* at Arestuell in Scotlonde, and that he faile not for nothinge, for I shall be ther, and alle the other princes; and the Castelein seide he wolde sende thider on the morowe with-oute more taryinge, ffor he trowed well he were at the Cite of Molehaut.

Looth and the Castelein speak of many things.

In the morning Looth and his sons go on their way.

The Castelein sends a messenger to the King de Cent Chivalers.

*[Fol. 195*a*.]

That nyght the kynge looth and the Castelein spake of many thinges till it was tyme to go to bedde, and sir Gawein wolde not be knowen of no man, for he thought for to serche the auentures in the contrey privele that no man sholde hym knowe in no place ther he com; and whan it was tyme thei yede to slepe all the nyght well at ese till it was day, that thei toke leve of the Castelein of Roestok, and of the lady and the maiden that was rescued, and of the knyght that hem conveyed a-while on the wey, and than returned a-gein; and whan the Castelein saugh thei were gon, he toke a massenger and sente hym to the kynge de Cent chiualers from the kynge looth of Orcanye, and tolde his massage as he was comaunded to sey, and the kynge made grete ioye for love of the kynge looth that he loved with all his herte, *and for the masseger that was a noble knyght he yaf hym a good horse as be-fill for soche a worthi man, and now shull we returne to the kynge looth and his sones.

King Looth comes to Cambenyk where he hears a great cry.

Whan the kynge looth was departed from the castell of Roestok, he toke the streyght wey toward Cambenyk be-fore the Castell of leuerop, where he was herberowed a nyght, and on the morowe he rode till he com a two myle from Cambenyk, and than he herde so grete shoute and cry that hym semed all the contrey was sette on fire and flame; and it was no merveile yef ther were grete noyse and cry, and that the contrey were sore affraid, ffor ther were x^{Ml} saisnes that hadde forreyed and gadered prayes, and distroyed all the contrey, and robbed townes, and ledde so grete plente of prisoners that all the contrey was covered, and the Duke Escam was comen oute of the Cite with thre thousande men, and faught with hem longe, but in the ende was he discounfited and driven oute of the felde, and he was so wo therfore that nygh he yede oute of his witte; and the crye and the noyse was so grete that wonder it was to here, ffor eche man complayned of his losse and harme that was right grete and outragiouse.

10,000 Saxons had destroyed the country.

Duke Escam is discomfited, and almost out of his mind.

Whan the kynge looth and his sones approched that peple, thei laced theire helmes and a-light from theire palfreyes, and toke theire horses and theire sheldes and com the streight wey to the place ther the bataile hadde I-be, but now thei were with-drawen towarde the Cite; and the Duke Escam was be-hynde that diffended his peple merveillously, and hadde grete peyne and traueile as he that was in grete doute to lese his Citee; and the kynge looth that was full sory and wroth for that he saugh it so go, and[1] sped hym so that he passed the bregge, and com hym a-geins and his foure sones theire hedes bowed down vnder theire helmes, and sore affiched in theire stiropes, and com a grete walop as thei that thought longe er thei were medled with the saisnes; and whan the Duke hem saugh he a-bode stille, but he knewe hem not, and seide a worde that well a-p*er*tened to a man that was in grete nede. "Ha, lorde god, now helpe and socour thy seruaunt in this grete myschef that we be now ynne, and on that other side all that euer thy seruauntes sholde lyven by, these false vntrewe saisnes lede a-wey, and all oure richesse that was lefte in this contrey;" than he be-hilde the v knyghtes that he saugh come, but he knewe noon of hem, for theyre sheldes were all to-hewen with the strokes that thei hadde resceived, and

Looth and his sons come to the battle.

The duke does not know them, but asks for their help.

---

[1] The word "and" is repeated in the MS.

my sones. Than the lorde lepte vpon his feet, and made grete ioye, and asked what thei wente sechinge; and he seide that he yede to seche trewys of the princes and the barou*ns* from the kynge Arthur that the saisnes myght be driven oute of the londe; and than the Castelein thanked oure lorde. "And what wey shull ye go first?" quod he, "from hens;" and he seide that he wolde be at Arestuell in scotlonde; and than he seide that he wolde he sholde sende a massenger to the kynge de Cent Chiualers, and telle hym in my name that he be on oure lady day in Septembr*e* at Arestuell in Scotlonde, and that he faile not for nothinge, for I shall be ther, and alle the other princes; and the Castelein seide he wolde sende thider on the morowe with-oute more taryinge, ffor he trowed well he were at the Cite of Molehaut.

and where they are going.

The Castelein will send to the King de Cent Chivalers for him to come to Arestuell.

Looth and the Castelein speak of many things.

In the morning Looth and his sons go on their way.

The Castelein sends a messenger to the King de Cent Chivalers.

*[Fol. 195*a*.]

That nyght the kynge looth and the Castelein spake of many thinges till it was tyme to go to bedde, and sir Gawein wolde not be knowen of no man, for he thought for to serche the auentures in the contrey privele that no man sholde hym knowe in no place ther he com; and whan it was tyme thei yede to slepe all the nyght well at ese till it was day, that thei toke leve of the Castelein of Roestok, and of the lady and the maiden that was rescued, and of the knyght that hem conveyed a-while on the wey, and than returned a-gein; and whan the Castelein saugh thei were gon, he toke a massenger and sente hym to the kynge de Cent chiualers from the kynge looth of Orcanye, and tolde his massage as he was comaunded to sey, and the kynge made grete ioye for love of the kynge looth that he loved with all his herte, *and for the masseger that was a noble knyght he yaf hym a good horse as be-fill for soche a worthi man, and now shull we returne to the kynge looth and his sones.

King Looth comes to Cambenyk where he hears a great cry.

Whan the kynge looth was departed from the castell of Roestok, he toke the streyght wey toward Cambenyk be-fore the Castell of leuerop, where he was herberowed a nyght, and on the morowe he rode till he com a two myle from Cambenyk, and than he herde so grete shoute and cry that hym semed all the contrey was sette on fire and flame; and it was no merveile yef ther were grete noyse and cry, and that the contrey were sore affraid, ffor ther were x^{Ml} saisnes that hadde forreyed and gadered prayes, and distroyed all the contrey, and robbed townes, and ledde so grete plente of prisoners that all the contrey was covered, and the Duke Escam was comen oute of the Cite with thre thousande men, and faught with hem longe, but in the ende was he discounfited and driven oute of the felde, and he was so wo therfore that nygh he yede oute of his witte; and the crye and the noyse was so grete that wonder it was to here, ffor eche man complayned of his losse and harme that was right grete and outragiouse.

10,000 Saxons had destroyed the country.

Duke Escam is discomfited, and almost out of his mind.

Whan the kynge looth and his sones approched that peple, thei laced theire helmes and a-light from theire palfreyes, and toke theire horses and theire sheldes and com the streight wey to the place ther the bataile hadde I-be, but now thei were with-drawen towarde the Cite; and the Duke Escam was be-hynde that diffended his peple merveillously, and hadde grete peyne and traueile as he that was in grete doute to lese his Citee; and the kynge looth that was full sory and wroth for that he saugh it so go, and[1] sped hym so that he passed the bregge, and com hym a-geins and his foure sones theire hedes bowed down vnder theire helmes, and sore affiched in theire stiropes, and com a grete walop as thei that thought longe er thei were medled with the saisnes; and whan the Duke hem saugh he a-bode stille, but he knewe hem not, and seide a worde that well a-p*er*tened to a man that was in grete nede. "Ha, lorde god, now helpe and socour thy seruaunt in this grete myschef that we be now ynne, and on that other side all that euer thy seruauntes sholde lyven by, these false vntrewe saisnes lede a-wey, and all oure richesse that was lefte in this contrey;" than he be-hilde the v knyghtes that he saugh come, but he knewe noon of hem, for theyre sheldes were all to-hewen with the strokes that thei hadde resceived, and

Looth and his sons come to the battle.

The duke does not know them, but asks for their help.

---

[1] The word "and" is repeated in the MS.

ne hadde not be that, he hadde knowe the kynge looth anoon; and whan he saugh that thei drough nygh, he knewe well that thei were not of that contrey, and neuertheles he com a-gein hem as he that was well taught, and seide, "Feire lordes, ye be welcome what wey purpose ye to go, ffor me semeth ye be traueillinge knyghtes." "Sir," seide the kynge looth, "we wolde be at Arestuell in Scotlonde." "Certes," seide the Duke, "ye *haue right moche to done, ffor fro hens thider is full felon passage, and yef ye will a-while a-bide in this contrey we shull be gladde and myri, and it is the beste that ye may do, ffor it is but fewe dayes past that the saisnes assembled vpon vs." "Sir," seide the kynge looth, "how moche is it fro hens to Arestuell?" "Sir," seide the Duke, "hit is well thre grete iourneis." "What be ye, sir," seide the kynge looth, that vs preyen for to a-bide?" "Sir, hit shall not from yow be conceiled. I am lorde of Cambenyk and of this contrey as longe as god will vouche-saf. But these vntrewe saisnes come vpon me dayly, and now I was come oute a-gein hem, and thei be crewell and so proude as ye may se all day." As the kynge and the Duke hilde theire Parliament the Duke saugh his peple come fleinge and the saisnes after, that hem pursued harde at the spore; and whan the kynge looth saugh hem come in soche manere, he seide to the Duke, "Sir, seth we be falle in to youre companye, and do pray vs to a-bide, we shull helpe yow this day with all oure power." "Gramercy lordes," seide the Duke; and than seide Gaheries to sir Gawein, "Go we a-geins hem lo where thei come."

Looth says he is going to Arestuell,

*[Fol. 195b.]

and asks how far off it is.

Looth says he will help the duke.

Than the Dukes men toke hem other helmes for theires were all to-brosed, and[1] thei hadde them sette on theire hedes, and well knyt and laced, thei turned toward hem that fledde, and whan thei saugh the Duke come that was theire lorde, thei a-bode ffor thei hadde in hym grete truste, for he was a noble knyght and a sure; and whan the saisnes saugh thei dide stinte, thei ronne vpon hem, for thei wende hem alle

The duke's men give them new helms.

---

[1] The word "and" is repeated in the MS.

for to a-taken at her wille; and sir Gawein hym derenged first of alle, and smote a saisne thourgh the body that he ouerthrewe down deed; and whan Gaheries saugh his broder medled with the saisnes than he spored his horse and smote so the first that he mette thourgh shelde and haubrek that on that other side shewed the shafte, and ther-with brake the spere that no lenger myght endure, and he drough oute his swerde, and folowed after sir Gawein in the trace as he wente, and made soche martire that alle that hym be-hilde hadde wonder; ffor he ne smote noon but he felled hym or his horse, and Gaheries dide so well that Gawein hy*m* preised and comended, and neuer in no place hadde he seyn hym do so well, and ther-of he merveiled sore, and was gladde that he myght so moche suffre in armes.

Sir Gawein kills a Saxon.

Gaheries smites another, and follows his brother.

Gawein praises Gaheries.

On that other side was the kynge looth, and Gueheret in the medle, and eche of hem hadde smyte down a saisne that deed he moste nede be; and whan the speres were broken thei drough swerdes and be-gonne a bataile, so that of v knyghtes was neuer sein more fierce bateile; and than the Duke sued after, and dide right well hem to rehete, and to contene in that grete nede, and he saugh hem do so moche er he departed fro hem that he wondred that euer mortall man myght so moche suffre of armes. But whan mydday was passed, than dide Gawein alle the merveiles of the worlde, and satte vpon *the Gringalet that was so good and feire; and he that satte a-bove was wonder wight and deliuer, and hilde Calibourne his swerde, wh[ich]e slitte helmes, and sheldes, and knyghtes, and horse, and all that he ouertoke, and com thourgh the renges as it were a tempest and slough euer*e* as he com, and he was so chaufed whan it was a-boute the hour*e* of noone that nothinge myght agein hym endure, and euery stroke of his swerde semed as it hadde be a dynte of thonder, so com it with grete ravyn and grete force; and whan the saisnes it perceived thei seide, "Lo ther a devell that is come oute of helle;" and so yede the tidinges that boydas, and Maundalis, and Oriaunces, and Dorilas, these foure hit herden that were maistris of the hoste and conditoures.

Looth and Gueheret each kill a Saxon.

The duke follows them.

The marvels that Gawein does.

*[Fol. 195*a*.]

The Saxons say he is a devil from hell.

Boydas, Maundalis, Oriaunces, and Dorilas come to find Gawein.

The duke Escam has only 2,500 men

against 10,000 Saxons.

Gaheries follows Gawein all the day, so that he loves him more than all his other brethren.

Whan these foure kynges herde the merveile that these v knyghtes dide, thei asked whiche wey thei were, and thei that hadde hem sein taught hem to the brigge ende vpon the river; with that com the foure kynges thide[r] as Gawein dide m*er*veiles the grettest of the worlde, that euer were don by oon knyght a-lone; and the Duke escam was com in to her companye with as moche peple as he myght haue of his foure Ml men that he hadde at the begynnynge, he ne myght not assemble, but two thousande and v^{c}, so were thei alle discounfited; but as soone as the kynge looth and his sones weren assembled to them, thei returned agein, and thei that hem chaced were mo than x^{Ml}, and ydonas a proude saisne that moche harme hadde hem do of her peple, and neuertheles the cristin hem putte oute of the place, and made hem to rusen vpon the foure kynges that com hem to socour; and as soone as thei were medled with the cristen ther was grete stour and right merveilouse; but the myschef was grete, ffor the cristin were not foure ^{Ml}, and the sarazins were xviij^{Ml}, and ther-fore thei moste remeve whether thei wolde or noon, and were alle discounfited ne hadde be the vj knyghtes, ffor thei wolde voide no grounde, but gate londe vpon hem. Ther dide Gawein soche merveiles that alle thei hadde wonder that eny man myght soche maistries endure, and Gaheries hym sued all the day, so that Gawein hym-self hadde merveile that he myght so moche suffre and endure, and therfore he loved hym euer all his lif more than alle his other brethern that were so goode knyghtes that ther were but fewe better in theire tyme.

The battle between 2,500 Christians and 8,000 Saxons is very great.

Dodalis, Moydas,

*[Fol. 196b.]

Grete was the bateile and the stour mortall in the plains of Cambenyk, at the brigge foote of Saverne of the two thousande and v^{c} cristin a-gein viij^{Ml} saisnes, but the cristin ne myght but litill space endure, ne hadde be the well doinge of the v knyght*es* of the reame of logres, and so dide well the Duke Escam of Cambenyk, ffor he was a noble knyght and a sure of his body, while thei entended to breke the presse, com Dodalis, and Moydas, and Oriaunces, and Brandalis vpon swifte stedis gripinge grete speres, and mette *the Duke Escam a-monge the renges that full wele hadde don all the day, that he ought well to be wery for traueile, and happed that Boydas and Braundalis mette hym bothe attonys, and smote hym so on the shelde that he reuersed on his horse croupe, and Oriances and Dodalus smote his horse with theire speres thourgh the flankes that he fill deed be-twene his legges and bare down to grounde bothe that oon and the tother, and whan the Duke was fallen thei a-bode vpon hym alle foure with swerdes drawen, and soone ther he myght haue ben loste, but as his men com hym for to socoure, and the saisnes com on that other side hym for to encombre, and ther was grete slaughter of peple on bothe parties; and ther was the Duke foule turmented with horse feet, ffor the saisnes were so many that the Dukes men hadde no power hym to remounte. Ne his enemyes no power hym to take, but the saisnes were so many that the cristin myght hem not sustene, but most leve place wheder thei wolde or noon; ffor thei haue take the Duke and ledde hym a-wey, magre hem alle betinge hym foule. Than the kynge loot and his sones com drivinge with swerdes drawen and fonde grete plente of peple hym for to lede. Ther were buffetes I-nowe yoven and resceyved, but ne hadde be the weldoinge of Gawein thei hadde not endured litill ne moche; ffor he was euer in the former fronte, and hilde Calibourne in his right honde and smote on the right side and on the lifte, and slough so many men and horse, that thei that saugh the merveiles turned to flight, and thourgh his prowesse he brake presse magre hem alle, and lefte not till he cam to the Duke Escam that the saisnes ledde. Ther was than fell stour and mortall, ffor ther was Agravain smyten down and Gueheret, and the kynge peyned hym sore hem to remounte, and the presse was so grete and the noyse that it was merveile; and Gawein and Gaheries ne toke ther-of noon heede, but entended to rescue the Duke so that thei haue hym geten be fyn force, and sette hym on horse, and theym that hadde hym taken thei haue driven oute of the place magre hem alle.

Oriaunces, and Brandalis meet Escam.

Oriances and Dodalus kill his horse,

and when he is fallen all four come upon him.

Loot and his sons come.

Gawein is ever in the front.

Agravain and Gueheret are smitten down.

Gawein and Gaheries rescue the Duke and set him on a horse.

And on that other side whan the kynge saugh his two sones vnder the horse feet in a-uenture to lese theire

so many that he and his horse are all stained with blood.
All return but Gawein and Elizer.

so many in the chace that he and his horse were steyned with blode as he hadde fallen in a blody river; and whan thei hadde chaced hem to nyght, than returned the kynge, and his sones, and alle the other saf Gawein, that thei wiste not where he was be come ne Elizer his squyer, ffor thei had chaced the saisnes that of fin force thei drof hem in to the river of Saverne, and ther thei drof in so many that the water chaunged colour, and whan thei saugh thei were ouer he returned a-gein a softe paas, and the Duke Escam a-bode at the pray, and ledde it home with his men, and sir Gawein past by and spake no worde; and whan the kynge looth saugh him come he made merveilouse ioye, and asked how he hadde don, and he seide right euell whan eny of hem ascaped and returned as recreaunt whan thei durste not passe the foorde ther thei passed; and the kynge seide that was no light thinge to do a man a-lone for to passe.

They drive the Saxons into the river, so that the water changes colour.

Looth is joyful when Gawein returns.

The duke praises Gawein.

This worde that Gawein seide vndirstode the Duke, and seide that he hadde don right wele, ffor he and his companye hadde brought to an ende that he and his peple ne myght not do, and Gawein rode forth and spake no worde, and well semed by his armes that he hadde not be at soiourne that day; and the kynge looth hym asked where he hadde lefte his squyer, and he seide how the saisnes hadde hym all to-hewen, and ther-fore be hym to purchase a-nother, and the Duke seide he wolde yeve hym a-nother myghty and stronge, and he seide "gramercye." Than the Duke asked of the kynge looth, and praide hym full hertely to tell hym his name, for that he herde hym clepe Gawein his sone; and he ansuerde that his name was neuer hidde for no man, ne fro hym sholde it not be kept pryve, and than he seide, "Ye ought me well to knowe, for many an euell iourney, and many myry dayes haue we hadde to-geder;" and he seide how he was kynge looth of Orcanye, and how these foure were his sones; and whan the Duke this vndirstode, he seide that he was welcome, and "so verily helpe me god," quod he, "as I knewe yow not, and blissed be that goode lorde that sente yow hider, ffor this day hadde we all be distroyed ne hadde ye ben, and of this ye seide full trewe that

Looth asks him where he has left his shield.
The duke says he will give him another.

Looth tells the duke who he is.

moche wele and moch*e* woo haue we suffred to-geder. Sir, are these foure knyghtes verily youre sones?" and he seide, "Ye trewly." "So helpe me god," seide the Duke, "thei be full noble and worthi men, and goode knyghtes, and yet shull be better yef thei live to age."

The duke asks if the four knights are really his sons.

*Thus thei rode alle vj to-geder spekinge till thei com to the Citee of Cambenyk, and wente to the maister paleys and a-light at the greeces, and Elizer was besy to serue sir Gawein and stable Gringalet, and helped him to vn-arme, and also the kynge looth, and while thei were in vn-armynge thei saugh comynge the squyer of Elizer, and the yoma*n* that hadde made the present to Mynoras the forester, and salued the kynge fro Mynoras, and from his wif and alle his children, and seide how thei alle hym thanked of his grete bounte. Than Gaheries be-hilde Agravain his brother, and be-gan to laugh, and asked lydonas how the doughtres of Mynoras ferden, and he seide how thei hem salued alle. "Trewly," quod Gaheries, "thei haue reson yef thei knewe the dought of my brother Agravain." At this worde thei lowen alle bothe Gueheret and Agravain hym-self and wax rody, but he spake no worde, for he wiste well that he Iaped, and thus thei laughed and pleyde till the mete was redy, and than were sette and well serued and richely, and hit neded not to aske yef the Duke were besy and gladde hem for to wurship, and that were ther-ynne; and after soper the Duke asked the kynge the names of his sones, and the kynge seide how the eldest was cleped Gawein, and the seconde Agravain, and thridde Gueheret, and the fourth Gaheries. "And this feire yonge gentilman," quod he, "that is so comely and well faringe, and is so worthy and noble, what is he?" And the kynge seide that he aparteined not to hym, "but he is the sone of a kynge that is of high lynage, and by his debonerte is come for to serue sir Gawein my sone, for of hym he will take his armes." "So helpe me God," seide the Duke of high herte, "and gentill cometh hym that corage, and blessed be the body that hym bar for he doth as debonair and gentill, and god sende hym encrece of vertu, for he is full of high

*[Fol. 198*a*.]

All six ride to Cambenyk and go to the palace.

Elizer serves Gawein.

Elizer's squire and the yeoman come back from Mynoras.

Gaheries asks Lydonas how the daughters of Mynoras fared.

The duke asks the king the names of his sons,

and who Elizer is.

He says he is full of valour.

valour*e* and worthinesse, and therfore he may not faile to come to high prowesse, yef he lyve eny while;" and than he asked whi he wente so to Arestuell with so fewe in his companye so hastely. "That shall I telle yow," quod the kynge looth, "ye se and knowe how the saisnes be entred in to this londe, and waste and distroie, and it is more than two yere that thei cessed neuer to robbe and to pile oure londes, and therfore me semeth it were grete profite to sette soche counseile how thei myght be chaced oute, and ye se well that all our force ne a-vaileth not a-gein hem. Ne for vs shull thei neuer be putte a-wey, but yef god and other peple helpe ther-to, ffor we haue foughten with hem thre tymes, and we spede neuer but loste; and ye knowe well that all this londe oweth to be holde of the kynge Arthur, and thei that holde a-gein hym bith a-cursed, and therfore it were good ther-of to be a-soyled, and theire londes to be delyuered from the saisnes, and who that this myght bringe to an ende had he not well spedde." "Yesse trewly," seide the Duke. "Now shall I sey yow," quod the kynge, "how it shall be. I haue take a parliament with the kynge Clarion of Northu*m*birlond*e*, *and the kynge de Cent Chiualers at Arestuell, and with the kynge Arthur hym-self at the feste of seint Mary day in Septembre, and ye and alle the worthi princes shull be there, and we shull take trewis in soche manere that eche of vs shall assemble his power as grete as he may a-gein the day that shall be named and sette, ffor to fight with the saisnes whan we be alle assembled, and but yef thei be driven oute in this manere thei shull neuer be hadde oute of this londe;" and the Duke ansuerde that this were the grettest almesse that myght be do, "and wolde oure lorde that this were don, and wite ye wele that I haue thought often that the saisnes hadde neuer entred this londe ne were for the synne that is a-monge vs, and be my will we shall a-corde with the kynge Arthur so that we shull neuer haue a-gein hym werre, but do that he vs requereth with-oute eny delay, ffor seth he is a-noynted and sacred hit is no light thinge hym to depose that the clergie and the peple of the londe haue chosen; and the

He asks why Looth goes to Arestuell.

Looth tells him

how all that are against Arthur are accursed,

and that he is going to meet King Clarion and the King de Cent Chivalers.

*[Fol. 198*b*.]

All the worthy princes are to be there.

When all are assembled they will fight the Saxons.

The duke *thinks* the Saxons would not have entered the land if they had not sinned *against* Arthur.

It is no light thing to depose him

remes of Beynok, and of Gannes holde with hym, and we se well we may neuer haue the better." "Yef ye haue thought thus," quod the kynge looth, "soone shall the pees be made be-twene yow and hym, and of my partye I sey not nay but that hit is made. Ne ye may not hens-forwarde, neyther ye ne noon other make no werre a-gein Arthur, but ye haue werre a-gein me." "How so," quod the Duke, "be ye with hym a-corded?" and he seide, "Ye, with-oute faile."

whom the clergy and people have chosen.

Looth tells the duke he is at peace with Arthur.

Than he tolde hym all how the pees hadde be made, and all the traueile as it hadde be, and how his childeren hadde hym lefte, and tolde hym all in ordre, and spake so to-geder be-twene the kynge and the Duke, that the Duke hym graunted to be at Arestuell at the day that was named, and seide the pees sholde not be letted for hym, and than yede thei to bedde to reste, for thei were wery for traueile of the grete stour that thei hadde ben ynne; and on the morowe erly the kynge looth a-roos for to here masse, and so dide his sones, and the Duke Escam, and wente to the mynster, and whan the masse was seide, the kynge com to the Duke, and seide, "Sir, it were well don that ye toke foure messagiers, and sende to the kynge ydiers of Cornewaile, and a-nother to kynge Vrien, and the thridde to kynge Aguysans, and the fourthe to kynge Ventres of Garlot, and sendeth to theym in oure be-halue that thei be at Arestuell at oure lady day in Septembre, and than sende a-nother to kynge Tradilyuaunt of North Wales, and to the kynge Belynaunt his brother, and to the kynge Carados, and to the kynge Brangore, that thei be at this parliament at Arestuell on seint Mary day in Septembre;" and he seide this sholde gladly be do, and a-noon thei sette forth the messagiers and spedde hem so that thei be come to the princes, and dide right well theire message as thei were comaunded; and the princes com as soone as thei hadde herde the message, but of hem alle now resteth a-while, and speke of the kynge looth and his sones.

The duke agrees to be at Arestuell.

They go to bed.

On the morrow they hear mass.

Looth asks the duke to to send four messengers to Ydiers, Urien, Aguysans, and Ventres,

and others to Tradilyvaunt, Belynaunt, Carados, and Brangore.

They send the messengers.

As soone as the messagiers were departed from Cambenyk, the kynge looth and his sones rode forth theire wey

Looth and his sons ride

forth to Arestuell.

*[Fol. 199*a*.] The duke makes ready to follow.

Looth finds Tradilyvaunte in his city, who tells him he will be at Arestuell.

Looth and his sons come to Arestuell, and sojourn there four days before any prince comes. Clarion arrives.

towarde Arestuell, and the Duke hem conveied on the wey, and yaf eche of hem a shelde peynted with soche armes as thei were wonte to bere and helmes fresch *and newe, and than the Duke toke his leve and returned hom a-gein, and made hym redy for to come after the kynge looth, and thei hilde her streight-wey toward north wales to a Citee that longed to the kynge Tradilyuaunte, and fonde the kynge in the Citee that gladde was of theire comynge, ffor he loved well the kynge looth and asked hym in to what contrey he was goinge; and the kynge looth tolde hym all as it was; and Tradilyuans seide how a messager hadde tolde hym the same that the Duke Escam hadde hym sent, "and ther shall I be yef god will that I haue so longe lif and hele." And than was the kynge looth and his sones gladde and iocunde; that nyght was the kynge looth and his children richely served, and as soone as it was day, thei toke theire wey and com to Arestuell in Scotlonde where thei soiourned foure dayes er eny prince were come, and ledde meri lif, and a-bode after the princes till that the kynge Clarion com alther firste the lorde of Northumbirlonde that was oon of the gentillist and deboneir prince of the worlde, and ther-to he was a good knyght, and the kynge looth made of hym grete ioye, and so dide he of hym and of his foure sones, for he hadde hem not seyn be-fore.

On the morrow comes the king de Cent Chivalers; after him come Escam, Tradilyvans, Belynans, Brangore, Carados, Urien, Aguysans, Ydiers, and Ventres.

On the morowe com the kynge de Cent Chiualers, of whom theire myrthe be-gan gretly to encrece, and than cam the Duke Escam that was a good knyght and a sure, and after com the kynge Tradilyuans of No[r]th walis, and the kynge Belynans his brother, and after com the kynge Brangore and the kynge Carados of Strangore, and than the kynge Vrien and the kynge Aguysans of Scotlonde, and the kynge ydiers of Cornewaile, and the kynge Ventres of Garlot, and than com the lorde of the streite marche; and whan thei were alle assembled the kynge looth seide that on the morowe he wolde hem telle wherefore he hadde made hem to assemble, and this was on seint marie even in Septembre, and eche of hem made to other grete ioye and myrthe, and rested ther all that nyght; and on the morowe thei assembled to-geder all the prevy counseile, and sir Gawein and his thre bretheren, and whan thei weren all sette vpon a cloth of silke that was leide vpon the grene grasse, than a-roos Gawein by the comaundem*en*t of his fader the kynge looth, and seide, "Ffeire lordes, we be come hider for to speke with yow in the name of the kynge Arthur with whom we be, and my lorde yow sendeth and prayeth as to hem that he wolde gladly haue to his frendes yef it myght be, that ye sholde yeve hym trewys saf to come and saf to go by feith and suerte be-twene this and yole; and ye also to go and come thourgh his power suerly, and he in yours at youre plesier; ffor yef it plese yow that we go alle to-geder and fight with the saisnes that be come in to this contrey till that we haue hem oute chaced, and yef god will ordeyne that thei be discounfited than acorde yow to-geder yef ye may be, and the pardon is yoven and graunted to alle tho that will go fight with the saisnes, that thei shull be clene quyte of alle ther synnes as thei were the day of theire birthe."

They assemble in council,

and Gawein addresses them.

He says that Arthur prays them to make a truce.

They can then fight the Saxons.

*Whan the princes herde the request of sir Gawein of that he dide hem amoneste, thei asked the kynge looth his advise, and he seide it was the grettest bounte that euer was seide or don. "And I do yow to wite I sey it nothinge for that I am his sworn man, but I sey as longe as ye haue ben a-geins hym ye haue mys-happed, ffor as I trowe this peple hadde neuer entred in to this londe yef we hadde holden to-geder, and knowe it verily that it cometh thourgh oure synnes." "What!" seide the kynge Vrien, "haue ye don hym homage, ye haue nothinge do as a trewe knyght, and I will telle yow whi, ffor yef it fill so that we yede vpon hym, hit be-hoveth vs to go a-gein yow." "That were right," seide the kynge looth, "with-oute faile, and wite ye well who so hath werre a-gein hym hath werre a-gein me." "Ffor sothe," seide the kynge Vrien, "that is vn-trewly don, ffor ye be oon of vs, and ye sholde not vs so leven." "Sir," seide the kynge looth, "I dide it magre myn, and a-gein my will, ffor I do yow to wite that day I wende hym moste to greve or a-noyen. I

*[Fol. 199b.]
The princes ask Looth for his advice.

He says that they have mishapped as long as they have been against Arthur.

Urien asks if he has done homage to Arthur.

Looth answers, Yes.

Urien says he has acted untruly.

Looth says Gawein made him act as he did.

The princes agree to keep a truce, and fix a day when each will come with all his power to Salisbery.

They say they will break the truce when the Saxons are driven out. Gawein threatens them.

dide hym homage, and all this made me Gawein for to do, that ye here se." Than he tolde hem alle worde for worde how the cas was be-fallen; and whan the other princes herde this, thei seide he myght noon other do seith it was so he was not moche to blame, and some of hem that were there wolde right gladly that thei hadde happed in the same manere. Thei[1] spake of oo thinge and of other, that thei accorded to holde the trewis, and ther-to thei it assured in sir Gaweins honde hit trewly to holde, and sette hem a day that eche of hem sholde be with all his power on the playn of Salisbery with all his peple as eche of hem myght bringe. But thei seide well that whan the saisnes were driven oute of the londe that thei dide the kynge to wite that he diffende hym from theym; and sir Gawein hem tolde that whan it were come ther-to that yef thei wolde hym ought mysdon thei sholde fynde that thei sholde haue bothe theire armes wery and ouer-charged.

Some of the princes laugh, and others frown at Gawein's words.

They take leave of each other.

The land is absolved by the legate. The princes assemble their people, and come to the plain of Salisbery.

*[Fol. 200*a*.]

Whan the princes vndirstode the wordes of sir Gawein ther were some that lough and some frowned with the heede, and the kynge de Cent Chiualiers that liste not hym to a-vaunte ne noon other to manace, seide he wolde be ther at halowmesse yef god hym sende lif in the playn of Salisbery, and so seide eche of hem for his partye; and the kynge looth seide that he wolde not thens remeve till he hadde assembled all his power, and than thei toke leve eche of other, and departen, and eche of hem wente in to his contrei, and the londe was assoiled by the legat; and thei moustred and assembled all the peple that thei myght gete, and sente for to seche frendes and kynnesmen thourgh-oute all cristindome and dide proclame all the pardon that was graunted, and he that first myght assemble his peple wente in to the playn of Salisbiry, and loigged in tentes and pavilou*ns*, and ther a-bide eche of hem other, and as the story seith thider com alle that myght eny wepen weilde, and on that othir side of the *londe of kynge Clamedin, and of the londe of kynge Guygueron, a riche baron of the londe of Sorloys, and thider com the kynge Brangores, and ther was moche peple of the kynge looth of Orcanye, and of the londe of kynge helain, and of the londe of kynge pellynor, and of the londe of kynge Pelles of lystenoys, and of the londe of the Duke Roches. But here resteth the tale of hem and returneth to the kynge Arthur and his wif Gonnore.

---

[1] The word "thei" is repeated in the MS.

The tale returns to King Arthur.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ADVENTURES OF SEGRAMOR, GALASHIN, AND DODINELL; MERLIN'S VISITS TO BLASE AND TO THE PRINCES; ARTHUR'S PREPARATIONS FOR THE WAR.

Now seith the storie that myri lif ledde the kynge Arthur and his wif after that the kynge looth and his sones were departed, and the kynge looth sente to the kynge Arthur that the trewis were graunted, and therfore was arthur gladde and iocunde, and the quenes knyghtes, and so were the knyghtes of the rounde table, and so were also the two kynges that were brethern; and on the morowe that the tidinges were come to court Segramor a-ros erly, and Galasshin and Dodinell le sauage, and armed hem right wele of alle parties, and yede to disporte in the foreste that was grete and depe, for on the nyght be-fore hadde thei caste for to a-rise erly hem to pley and disporte; and whan thei were come thider hit hem liked well, for thei herde the songe of the fowles and briddes that myrily were entuned, and thei seiden that thei wolde go serche the forest and the contrey for to wite yef thei myght finde eny a-uenture where-by thei myght be preised and comended; and also on that other side were there dissevered thre knyghtes of the rounde table from the Courte, and hadde taken straunge armes for thei wolde not be knowen, and thei desired sore for to mete with the quenes knyghtes for to prove hem-self a-geins hem; and that oon of the knyghtes was Agrauandain the brother of Belynans, the beste knyght destramors that after werred the kynge Arthur.

Arthur and his wife lead a merry life.

They are glad when they hear the truce is made.

Segramor, Galasshin, and Dodinell go into the forest

to seek for an adventure.

Three knights of the round table—

Agravandain,

Mynoras, and Monevall—

also go into the forest.

They ride towards the Castle de lespine, till they come to three roads, where they separate.

The seconde was Mynoras, and the thirde was Monevall that was a noble knyght and richely armed of alle pointes, and whan thei were in the playn felde thei ronne with theire horses oon a-gein a-nother with-oute smytinge of eny stroke, and than seide Mynoras to his felowes, lete vs go for to pley vs and disporte in this foreste to assay yef we fynde eny aventure, and his felowes therto graunted a-noon with goode chere, and ride forth towarde the Castell de lespine, for that it was the more auenturouse than eny other wey, and thus these thre felowes ride in companye till thei founde thre weyes that made hem departe, so that eche rode sooll by hym-self as auenture dide falle. But now we moste cesse of hem awhile, and returne to speke of Merlin.

Merlin goes to Blase.

He tells him of Arthur's marriage, and of the false Gonnore.

*[Fol. 200b.]

How Arthur sent Gawein to Logres.

How Gawein took his own father prisoner.

How the queen's knights tourneyed against the knights of the round table.

How the princes were assembled at Arestuell.

Blase writes it all in his book.

Here seith the boke that whan Merlin was departed from the kynge Arthur from a thiside of Toraise in Carmelide, that he wente in to Northumbirlonde to Blaise his maister, that gladde was of his comynge, ffor he loved moche his companye; and whan Merlin a-while hadde be ther he tolde hym how the kynge Arthur was spoused to his wif, and how she sholde haue be by-traied, and how Vlfin and Bretell *hadde hir rescewed, and how the false Gonnore was banysshed, and how Bertelais slough the knyght, and of the turnement that the knyghtes made be-fore Toraise, and how the kynge Arthur hadde sente Gawein his nevew to logres for to somowne his court, and how the kynge loth wolde haue refte a-wey his wif; and how that Gawein com and hym socoured, and toke his owen fader, and how the avowis were made at the Court, and how the quenes knyghtes turneyed a-gein the knyghtes of the rounde table, and the merveles that sir Gawein ther dide, and how the kynge Ban yaf counseile to the kynge Arthur that his knyghtes sholde neuer haue turnement oon a-gein a-nother, and the counseile that kynge looth yaf for to sende messages to the princes, and all that be-fill hym and his sones on the wey, and how the princes were assembled at Arestuell, and how the trewys were take for to go vpon the saisnes; and Blaase wrote all this in his boke, and by that haue we the knowinge ther-of, and than Blase asked yef thei myght haue peple I-nowe for to fight a-gein the saisnes; and Merlin seide, "Nay be-fore that the peple were come oute of litill Breteigne, and thei of the reame of Carmelide, and thei of lamball that was longinge to the kynge Amaunte that Gosenges hilde, and as soone as I go fro hens I will go fecche the peple of kynge Ban and of kynge Bohors in the two reames, and make hem to come hider, and I do yow to wite," quod Merlin, "that ther shull come peple hider of many londes for the sauacion of theire soules, and for to diffende the cristin feith, and I do yow to wite it is grete nede that oure lorde helpe at this tyme, ffor neuer be-fore was ther sein so moche peple as shall be now at this assemble. Ne neuer for no power shull thei be put oute of this londe be-fore that the princes ben acorded with the kynge Arthur;" and Blase seide that he a-parceyved well that he loved a lady where-of the prophesie sholde falle and hadde be seide, and Blase hym preide full hertely and seide,

He asks if there will be enough people to fight the Saxons.

Merlin will go to fetch the people of Ban and Bohors.

So much has never been seen as will be assembled.

Blase speaks of the prophecy,

"Merlin, dere frende, I praye yow for the love of god that ye will telle me who shall be-gete the lyon to the two messages, and whan this shall be do." And Merlin seide that the terme drough faste on that it sholde be do; and blase seide that it was grete damage; and yef I knewe the tyme and place I wolde fain do my peyne it for to cesse; and Merlin seide, "Write soche lettres as I shall yow devise, and than shall ye knowe whan ye may hem helpe, and he hem wrote that seide in this wise, "Cest li comenchemens *et* li contes des auentures de pais pur coy li merveilleux lyons fu enseres et q*ue* fitz du roy et de royne le destraindra et couenra q*u'* il soit chastes et le myldres ch*eualie*rs del monde," and these l*ett*res that Blase wrote Merlin sette by alle the weyes where the auentures were, and ne myght neuer be taken a-wey, but by theym that sholde hem acheve, and ther-fore were the knyghtes the better willed for to labour. Ne neuer other-wise was distroied the grete lyon; and than seide blase, "How is it that I may it noon other weyes helpe;" and Merlin seide, "Noo." "And shall I lyve so longe," quod Blase, "that I may it knowe."

and asks who shall beget the lion.

He writes such letters as Merlin tells him.

How the lion shall be destroyed.

Blase asks if he shall live to see it.

"Haa! dere frende," seide Merlin, "ne dowte it not, and many *other merveiles shull ye se after these." Than made Merlin Blase to write soche letteres as he dide hym devise, and bar hem ther as he wolde, and sette hem by the passages in high weyes, and than comaunded hym to god, and than he wente in to litill Breteigne; and whan he toke his leve of Blase it was a-boute the hour*e* of pryme, and a-boute the houre of noone he com in to litill Breteigne, and fonde leonce the lorde of Paerne, and Pharien that grete chere hym made and ledde hym with hem full debonerly and were with hym gladde and myry thre dayes hooll; and on the forthe day thei asked Merlin why he was come in to that contrey, "ffor we knowe well that for nought be ye not come," and he hem tolde that thei moste passe the see with as moche peple as thei myght haue oute of that contrey. "Sir," seide leonce, "in to what place shall we go?" and Merlin seide "to the Roche flodomer, and fro thens in to the playn of Salisbery where ye shull fynde peple of many dyu*er*se langages that alle shull be come thider for the same cause that ye shull come fore, and ye shull loigge ther by youre-self with alle youre peple, and remeve yow not till ye se me a-gein, and loke ye make youre baner all white and ther-ynne a rede crosse and no more, and so shull haue alle the other princes that shull come thider, and noon of hem knoweth no worde of other ne wherefore it is don, and ther-ynne is grete significacion:" and leonce and Pharien seide this sholde be don. "Now," quod Merlin, "loke that ye take with yow alle the beste peple that ye may haue, ffor I do yow to wite that ther*e* shall be grete multitude of peple a-geins hem." "And who shall kepe this londe," seide leonce. "Haue no doute of the kepinge," quod Merlin, "ffor ther shall noon a-bide to kepe it, but lambuges and the nevew of Pharien, and Banyns the sone of Gracien of Trebes, and Galiers the lorde of the haut moor; and ye shull lede the hostes of youre two reames, and Grascien shall lede the hoste of Orcanye, and the stiwarde Antyaume shall be with yow, and Pharien and Dionys shull lede theym of Gaule, and loke that ye neuer leve for noon avoir, but with-

*[Fol. 201*a*.]

Merlin goes into Little Britain,

where he finds Leonce and Pharien.

They ask Merlin why he has come. He says they must take much people over the sea to Salisbery,

and stay there till he comes.

Leonce asks who shall keep the land. Merlin says Lambuges, Banyns, and Galiers shall remain.

Leonce, Grascien, Antyaume, Pharien, and Dionys shall be the leaders.

holde all the peple that ye may haue of sowdiours yow for to serve." And leonce seide that this sholde be do as he hadde devised.

Than Merlin be-taught hem to god, and praied hem to go hastely, for it myght not be taried, "and I ne may no lenger with yow a-bide." "Sir," quod leonce, "god haue yow in kepinge, for I dare not pray yow to a-bide, for ye knowe better what is for to do than I." Than departed Merlin, and com to Nimiane his love, whiche of hym was gladde and ioyfull as soone as she hym saugh, and the love of hym encresed so moche that loth he was to departe, but taught hir grete part of his connynge; and than he wente in to the reame of lamball, that was the kynges Amaunte that the kynge Bohors hadde slayn, and bad Gosengos that he ne sholde leve in no maner but that he sholde be on the playn of Salisbery at halowmesse with all his peple, and he seide he wolde be ther with-oute faile. Than wente Merlin in to the reame of Carmelide, and dide his message ther on kynge Arthurs be-halue, and thei seide thei wolde go thider with good chere, and meved a-noon thiderward with xx^{Ml} of bolde men and hardy; and Grascien and *Pharien and Dyonis spedde hem so wele that in litill terme thei assembled xl^{Ml} men in the medowes be-fore Gannes; and whan it was tyme for to meve, these felowes toke theire wey and spedde so theire iourneyes be londe and be water till thei com in to the playns of Salisbiry, and ther thei fonde the xij princes that were there with as moche peple as thei myght assemble to-geder, and ech kepte his hoste by hym-self, and Nabulall that hadde be stiward with the kynge Amaunt somowned his peple and assembled hem to-geder, and preied the sone of the kinge Amaunt for to come with hym; and he dide his counseile, ffor he was a feire yonge squyer, bolde and hardy, and hadde loved the quene Gonnore, and fayn wolde haue hadde hir to his wif, yef he hadde be knyght, but the werre be-twene the two fadres it letted; ffor the queene hadde hym desired more than eny other man while she was a maiden, and yet ech of hem desired other to se, and sente ofte*n* messages that oon to the tother [and] tokenes.

Merlin commends them to God.

He goes to Nimiane,

and teaches her his cunning.

He goes to Lamball,

and bids Gosengos go to Salisbery.

He goes to Carmelide.

*[Fol. 201*b*.]

Grascien, Pharien, and Dyonis assemble 40,000 men in the meadows before Gannes, and go to Salisbery, where they find the twelve princes.

Nabulall summons his people, and prays the son of Amaunt (a fair young squire who loved Gonnore) to go with him.

The young lord comes to Nabulall, who tells him the king's will.

The young lord says he will go with him.

Merlin comes to Bandemagn, who assembles his people.

Merlin comes to Logres, where he

Whan this yonge lorde com to Nabulall that kepte the reame to the be-hofte of kynge Arthur, he tolde hym how the kynge wolde fight with the saisnes, "and sente me in comaundement," quod Nabuall, "that I sholde bringe alle hem that myght armes bere bothe moche and litill, and therefore I wolde knowe youre will yef ye will come thider." And he seide, "Ye, trewly;" and than was Nabulall gladde, and seide thei wolde go to-geder to se alle the worthi men of the worlde; and than Nabulall assembled all the peple that he myght till he hadde xx^{Ml}, and spedde hym so till that he com in to the playn of Salesbiry; and Merlin com to Bandemagn as soone as he was departed fro Nabulall and badde hym sende to the hoste the grettest people that he myght; and the kynge Bandemagn assembled his peple that he hadde xx^{Ml}, and Merlin bad hym a-bide and sende with his hoste Patrides his stiwarde for to lede his peple, and thei shull finde at the Court Guyomar and Sadoyne, and Guyret de lamball that shull go with hym, and helpe to lede thy peple ther as thei shull go; and ther-with Merlin departed from the kynge and com to logres the same day that the vj knyghtes were gon hem to disporte in to the foreste auenturouse, where-of ye haue herde speke a-fore how thei wente for to seche her auenturous.

finds Ban, Bohors, Arthur, and the queen leaning out of the window.

They are joyful to see him.

*[Fol. 202a.]

Merlin tells of the people that are as-

Whan Merlin com to court, he fonde the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and the kynge Arthur, and the quene that lened oute at the wyndowes of the paleys, and loked on the medowes, and the thre knyghtes that were go in to the foreste, that were of the companye of the rounde table of whom the names were rehersed to yow be-fore; and the lordes wiste no worde till that Merlin com in euen vpon hem, and a-noon as thei were of hym war thei ronne ageins hym and made hym the grettest ioye that thei cowde; and whan thei hadde spoke to-geder of many thinges, than com Merlin to Arthur, and *bad hym sende for all his power in all haste with-oute taryinge, and dide hym well to wite how the kynge looth hadde right wele spedde, and tolde hym also how the straunge peple com oute of dyue[r]se contrees, bothe on horse and on fote, in to the playns of Salisbery, and he [asked] hym what peple ther com, and he tolde hym how the kynge looth rode with all his power, "and ye hadde full noble counseile for to take the trewys, and what peple trowe ye shall come on youre partye, ye shull haue the power of kynge Ban of Benoyk, and of kynge Bohors of Gannes, and thei be well xl^{Ml};" and whan the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors vndirstode this, thei sterte vpon hire feet and asked by whom that was; and Merlin hem ansuerde a-noon, and seide he hadde do the message hym-self, "and thei trowed me well god yelde it hem," and the two brethern ansuerde that ther-of he hadde right well spedde, and that of nothinge myght he haue made hem so gladde; and than Merlin seide to kynge Arthur,

sembling at Salisbery, and of the 40,000 men of Ban and Bohors. The kings start up astonished.

"Sire," quod he, "wite ye who cometh hider also, ther cometh Nabulall de Camadayse of the reame of kynge Amaunt, that the kynge Bohors that is here slough in bataile, and with hym cometh a yonge lorde that is yet no knyght, and hider cometh all the power of Carmelide that Cleodalis the stiward doth lede; but the kynge leodogan ne cometh not, and all this chiualrie haue I yow somowned, and therfore I owe to haue guerdon." And the kynge seide, "Merlin, I can not sey what I sholde yow ofre, but I will that ye be lorde of me and of all my londe, for by yow is all that I haue." "Sir," quod he, "whan I com thus sodeinly vpon yow right now, what dide ye be-holde so ententifly down the medowes." Quod the kynge, "We loked on thre knyghtes that we saugh entre in to the foreste." "Wote ye euer," quod Merlin, "who thei be." "No," seide the kynge." "Wite it verily," quod Merlin, "that it be thre knyghtes of the rounde table that be full noble and hardy. But foles thei ben and folily haue thei don, for thei be envyouse; and I telle yow trewly that neuer in theire lif hadde thei so grete nede of socour and helpe as thei shull haue er thei come a-gein, and all is thourgh her owne folye." "Merlin," seide the kyng, "telle me who thei be I praye yow." "Sir," quod he, "that oon is Agrauadain des vals de gailore, and the seconde is Mynoras ly engres, and the

Merlin tells of Nabulall and the young lord. The king Leodogan will not come.

Merlin asks what the kings were looking at when he came in. Arthur answers—three knights. Merlin says they are of the round table, and that they will require succour;

for they will fight three of the queen's knights,

and the king should send to divide them.

The queen says send Sir Ewein, Kay, and Gifflet.

*[Fol. 202b.]

They go,

and ride at a great galop.

thridde is Monevall; and I lete yow wite that thei ne hadde ride but litill wey er thei shull meete with thre of the queenes knyghtes that shull fight with hem, and therfore yef ye do wisely sendeth after hem, ffor but yef thei be departed ther shull some be deed, and that were grete damage and pite." "Haa? lorde god," quod the kynge, "who shall go hem for to disseuer a-sonder." "Sir," seide the quene, "sir Ewein and kay the stiward, and Gifflet." "Sir," quod Merlin, "the quene seith well, sende hem forth a-noon hastely;" and a-noon the kynge hem cleped and comaunded hem to armen, and thei dide so a-noon right, and whan *thei were redy araide thei com to the kynge, and asked whider thei sholde go, and Merlin bad thei sholde go in to the foreste the streight wey to the crosse, "and ther shull ye finde vj knyghtes fightinge, and loke that ye hem departe;" and whan thei this vndirstode thei wente out of the paleis and toke theire horse delyuerly, and rode a grete walop in haste as thei were comaunded, but er thei were come there were strokes yoven. But now we shull returne to speke of the vj knyghtes how thei haue spedde.

The three queen's knights alight and rest.

The three fellows of the round table come towards them.

As the storie seith the thre knyghtes of the quenes haue so riden thourgh the foreste that thei haue founde a feire launde, and thei a-light and rested hem on the grene herbes, and Galashin seide to his felowes, "Wolde our lorde god that sir Gawein and his brethern were now here, and we wolde go se the saisnes yef ye wolde assent;" and than seide Dodinell the sauage that it were a shrewe to go, for in this foreste is noon rescett*es*, and oure horse sholde dyen for the faute and for hungir; and while thei spake of these thinges, com the thre felowes of the rounde table disgised of theire armes, for fayn wolde thei haue be pursued of some of the quenes knyghtes; and Segramor asked of his felowes yef thei knewe hem ought, and thei seide, "Nay," and euer thei come faste on. Than seide Agrauadain to his felowes, "I se yonder soche thre felowes that me wolde for-thinke that thei sholde lede a-wey with hem theire horse hom a-gein." "How so," quod Mynoras, "be not we thre as well as thei;" and while thei spake thus, the thre knyghtes laced theire helmes that thei hadde don from theire hedes for to take the air; and thei lepte on theire horse, and wolde haue gon theire wey as they thought noon euell, seth that noon hem nought asked; and whan these other thre saugh hem goinge, thei hem a-scried with lowde voice, "Iuste yow be-houeth or elles ye shull vs leve youre horse, and so may ye passe quyte;" and whan Segramor that vndirstode, he turned the heed of his horse and seide, "What be ye than robbours that lyve be soche mysteir, wite it verily whan ye com home to youre hostell to nyght, ye shull have but litill to ete of the wynnynge that ye shull bringe from vs, for we yow diffie." Than thei smyte the horse with the spores that the blode stremed oute on bothe sides, and sette the sheldes be-fore theire brestes and the speres a-gein the assels of theire sadelis; and whan Segramor and his felowes saugh hem come in this maner thei dide the same, and com hem for to mete, and fill so that Segramor*e* and Agrauadain mette with speres a-gein the sheldes so rudely, that thei perced thourgh-oute, and the hauberkes brosten agein the lifte side, and Agrauadain felte the sharp*e* spere so depe that the blode folowed after; and Agrauadain brake his spere on Segramours hauberke at the same cours, and Segramor that hadde herte I-nough and force shof so harde that he threwe hy*m* to grounde and his horse bothe. But Agrauadain that was wight and delyuer, and full of grete hardynesse, lepte on his feet full lightly and drough his swerde, and appareiled hy*m* self *to diffende, and whan Segramor hadde parformed his cours he drough a litill a-side and sette foot to grounde, and tacched his horse to his spere, and Agravadayns horse ran faste to the wode, and Segramor drough his suerde and dressed his shelde, and com towarde Agravadain a grete spede, and he com for to mete hym vigerously, and smyte grete strokes vpon the helmes, and over all ther thei myght atteyne, and so endured the medle of hem longe while; and Segramor seide, "Sir knyght, thow art deed, but thow yelde;" and Agrauadain ansuerde "that to that pointe was he nothinge yet comen;" and Segramor seide he sholde come ther-to soner than

The three queen's knights leap on their horses.

The other three cry to them to joust or leave them their horses,

and then they rush on them.

Segramor and his fellows come to meet them.

Segramor throws Agravadain to the ground.

*[Fol. 203*a*.]

They fight with swords.

Agravadain gets the worst in the fight.

he wende, and that other ansuerde that right litill he hym douted, and seide he cowde well manace; and Segramor seide that verily it was the maner of a fooll, and ther-fore is seide a proverbe, that foles love neuer a thinge till he take the a-coole, and so is it yow be-fallen. Than thei ronne to-geder and fought longe, but Agravadain hadde the werse of the bataile.

Galasshin smites Mynoras to the ground.

They fight with swords.

On that othir side mette Galasshin and Mynoras, and fill that Mynoras brake his spere vpon Galashyns shelde, and Galashin hym smote with soche vigour vpon the penon of the shelde that he shof the spere thourgh his thigh, and thourgh the horse flanke that thei fill to grounde vpon an heep, and his horse slode also with all foure feet that he also fill to the erthe, but soone was he vpon his feet, and so was Mynoras, and drough theire suerdes, and[1] be-gonne the medle be-twene hem two full grete and fell with all theire power.

Dodinell meets Monevall, and throws him to the ground.

They fight sword in hand.

The queen's knights call to the others to yield. Segramor fells Agravadain.

And also ran to-geder Dodinell le sauage, and Monevall, and mette with speres wher-of the hedes were sharpe I-grounden that the sheldes were perced and stinte at the hauberkes that were harde, and the speres bothe fly on peces; and in the passinge forth Dodinel hurteled so harde with his shelde and his body that Monevall fill to grounde, but a-noon he a-roos a-gein, for he was hardy and delyuer; and whan Dodinell hadde parformed his cours he returned with swerde drawen, and fonde hym redy hym to diffende. Than he drough a litill a-side and a-light, and com with his suerde in honde gripinge his shelde, and be-gonne to medle and to scirmyssh strongely. Thus faught these vj knyghtes longe from prime to mydday, and the quenes knyghtes be-gonne to gete grounde vpon hem of the rounde table, and somwhat ledde hem at hir volunte; and whan thei saugh hem glenche thei hem ascride, and seide, "Yelde yow;" and thei seide thei hadde lever be deed; and whan thei saugh it wolde noon other be thei ronne vpon hem fiercely, and Segramor saugh that his felowe wolde not yelde, and he lepte to hym lightly, and hitte so Agravadain on the helme that he slitte it on two partyes, and the coyf of maile that he wounded sore hym in the heed that he fill to grounde all a-stonyed; but he lay not longe, for he douted sore a-nother stroke, and covered hym vndir his shelde the beste that he myght, and Dodinell caste a stroke of skirmerye to monevall, and smote hym so harde vpon the arme that he hilde with his shelde, that the shelde fill *to grounde that ner he hadde hym shente; and Galashin smote so Mynoras on the helme that he bente down to the erthe, and fallen hadde he; but as he kepte hym on his handes, and than Galashin hente hym by the helme and raced it of his heed so felliche that nose and browes bledde, and yaf hym soche a buffet with his swerde that he fill flatte to grounde, and than he lepte to and a-valed the coyf of maile from his heed and seide he wolde smyte it from the sholdres, but he wolde hym yelde outerly; and he seide he wolde it not do in no wise, and Galashin seide than sholde he dye with-oute raunsom.

---

[1] The word "and" is repeated in the MS.

Dodinell strikes Monevall.

*[Fol. 203b.]

Galashin fells Mynoras.

And while thei demened hem in this maner, com kay the stiwarde, and sir Ewein, and Gifflet the sone of Doo of Cardoell that the kynge hadde sent, but to longe hadde thei taried; ffor Segramor hadde so araied Agrauadain, that he was all couered in blode, and dide but glenche here and there fro oo place to a-nother, and Segramor hym chaced for to take hym a full stroke, and Dodinell hadde his felowe so be-seyn that he hadde nother shelde ne helme on his hede, and dide but glenche for to eschewe the deth, and Galashin helde his felowe at the grounde, and with that oon hande hilde hym by the ventaile, and his swerde in the tother hande redy to smyten of his heed, and in short tyme alle thre sholde haue loste theire lyves; but as sir Ewein, and kay, and Gifflet com walopinge as faste as thei myght, and cried with lowde voice, "I-nough it is, for we se well how it is, and we shull hem plegge of what ye will hem aske;" and Segramor turned toward hem and knewe hem wele, and ansuerde to sir Ewein, "Sir, gladly for more wolde I do for yow than this a-mounteth;" and in the same wise seide Galashin and Dodinell, and lefte hem with that, and these com

Kay, Ewein, and Gifflet come to the fight.

Agravadain is covered with blood.

Monevall has neither shield nor helm. Galashin is about to smite off Mynoras's head, when Ewein, Kay, and Gifflet come galloping to them.

They blame the queen's knights, but Segramor says the others began the fight.

Ewein says they mean no evil.

to hem and blamed hem for that thei hadde be-gonne soche folye; and Segramor ansuerde hastely, and seide, "How so, my lorde, sir Ewein haue we vs so mys-taken whan of these thre vassals we haue rescewed oure horse, that thei wolde vs haue be-refte. Nay than hadde we be more shame-worthi yef thei hadde hem taken be force, ffor than sholde we neuer haue hadde honour in no place that we hadde comen, and full euell sholde he diffende his felowe that dar not diffende his owne thinge." "Ha," quod Ewein, "thei dide it for noon euell ne for no felonye that thei wolde yow haue don, but pleide with yow;" and Galashin be-gan to laugh vndir his helme, ffor he aparceived be that sir Ewein seide that thei were of the companye of the rounde table, and Dodinell seide that "blissed be soche pley, and hem that it be-gynne, for so shull we well lerne."

Ewein says they must repair to court.

*[Fol. 204*a*.] Segramor asks what the three knights are. Ewein tells them.

Dodinell asks Monevall who he is.

"Lete be these wordes," quod sir Ewein, "and take youre horse, and lete vs repeire hom to the Court, ffor ther is noon so myghty ne puyssaunt that ne shall haue I-nough bataile with-ynne these vj monethes;" with that these thre knyghtes be lepte on theire horse, but the tother thre be trist and dolent. Than Segramor asked of sir Ewein what *thei thre weren. "What," quod sir Ewein, "ne knowe ye hem nought." "So moche ought thei haue the more damage;" "wite it verily," quod Ewein, "that these with whom ye haue foughten it is Agravadain des vaus de gailore and felowe of the rounde table;" and Segramor*e* seide he knewe hym not, "but seth it is so be-fallen I may no more do." "And Galashin hath foughten with mynoras." "What," quod Galashin, "Mynoras be that ye, so helpe me god ye haue yow to moche mystake a-gein vs whan that ye knewe vs well, and com vpon vs with-oute oure knowinge of yow." Than Dodinell drough hym to monevall, and asked hym what he was; "ffor," quod he, "I will here it of youre mouthe." And he seide in bas voice, "I am monevall." "Ye be-gan the foly," quod Dodinell, "and seth ye folye haue sought, folie haue ye founden, and therfore may ye seye verily that ther nys noon so moche a fole but he may finde his felowe." "Now lete be all this," seide kay, "for thus shull the knyghtes of the rounde table go to a-venge the deth of the wrenne;" and than be-gonne thei all to laughe saue the thre that were hurte sore, ffor thei hadde no talent to laugh; ffor thei were shamefast and mate for that was hem be-fallen; and forth thei riden to-geder alle ix till thei com to the court at logres, and the thre wente to their hosteles hem to vn-arme, ffor thei hadde nede of reste, and the tothere vj wente to court and fond the thre kynges, and the quene, and Merlin that yet were at the wyndowes of the paleys, and spake with Merlin, for longe hadde thei hym not seyn; and the vj knyghtes wente in to a chamber hem to vn-arme; and whan thei were vn-armed sir Ewein com to the kynge, and as soone as the Quene hym saugh, she seide, "Sir, telle vs of youre tidinges." "Madame," quod Ewein, "men may telle I-nowe." Than he be-gan to telle how he hadde founde the vj knyghtes fightinge, and the kynge asked whiche hadde the werse; and he tolde hem all euen as it was, and the scorn that kay hem yaf, and Dodinell and Segramor ther-at lowen faste I-nough, but sone thei lefte the wordes, for thei saugh the kynge pensif and dolent; and Merlin stode forth and seide, "Wite ye why is this discorde be-twene the knyghtes of the rounde table, and the quenes knyghtes; wetith it well," quod Merlin, "that it is but enuye that the ton hath a-gein the tother, and therfor thei will preve to-geder theire prowesses;" and thei asked whiche were the beste knyghtes owther the rounde table or the Quenes knyghtes, and the kynge seide that thei were all the Quenes, ffor the rounde table wente all by hir; and than the kynge Ban seide "that the beste myght soone be chosen, for it is my lorde, sir Gawein," and thei seide all how it was trewe; and the kynge seide that he sholde hem companye with the rounde table as soone as thei were come a-gein; and Merlin seide that sholde not be by-fore that the saisnes were chaced oute, and than thei lefte the tales and wente to mete, and after mete a-noon the kynge sent his messages thourgh the londe *to alle hem that were his men that eny armes myght bere that thei sholde come to hym araied, for to diffende the londe and mete with hym

They all laugh but the three who are hurt.

The six come to the court. The other three go to their hostels.

The six knights unarm and come to the king.

Ewein tells how he found them fighting.

Merlin speaks of the envy between the knights of the round table and the queen's knights.

Sir Gawein is the best knight.

*[Fol. 204b.]

The king sends messages through the

land for all who bear arms to come to him.

vpon the playn of Salisbery, and that there-of thei sholde make no delay.

Arthur, Ban, Bohors, and Merlin go to the three knights of the round table.

The king blames them.

They say they will be well in eight days.

The king tells them to follow him to Salisbery.

The knights of the round table want to tourney with the queen's knights;

but the queen prays them not to speak of it.

The king commands all to make ready to start on the morrow for Salisbery.

Thus sente the kynge his messages thourgh all the londe, and a-noon as thei were fro hym departed, the kynge Arthur toke the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and Merlin, and seide, "Lete vs go se oure felowes that be seke;" and thei wente a-noon, and with hem many a knyght; and whan thei wiste it was the kynge thei wolde haue risen to haue gon a-geins hym; but the kynge hem so surprised that he wolde not suffre hem to a-rise, and blamed hem for the folye that thei hadde don; and thei seide thei myght hem not with-holde, and thei wiste not how it com, and than the kynge delyuered hem leches to couer theire woundes; and they bad the kynge be not dismayed, for with-ynne viij dayes thei sholde be hooll and sounde, so that thei myght bere armes and ride at hir own will; and than the kynge comaunded hem to god, and seide to hem at his departinge that as soone as thei were hooll thei sholde come after hym to playns of Salisbery, "ffor I go now," quod the kynge, "and ther shall be moche peple and grete assemble." With that the kynge departed, and com in to the halle, and fonde knyghtes I-nowe that wolde haue sette a turnement as many for as many a-gein the Quenes knyghtes, for that sir Gawein was not there, and for to a-venge theire felowes that were wounded; and the quene hem diffended, and seide that thei spake a-boute nought, ffor neuer shull ye haue turnement oon agein another, and ther-fore I pray yow for the feith that ye owe to my lorde and me, that neuer ye ther-of speke till that I comaunde;" and they seiden that neuer more wolde thei speke ther-of seth that she dide it comaunde, and at euensonge tyme the kynge comaunded that alle men sholde hem appareile on horse bakke, and on foote alle that myght armes bere, ffor on the morowe erly wolde he ride toward the plain of Salisbery, where-as the comou*n*te of the peple sholde assemble; and as soone as the kynge hadde comaunded, thei made hem redy in the beste wise thei myght fo[r] to go on that grete nede: knyght, and squyer, and burgeise; and than a-roos soche brut and soche noyse thourgh the town that men myght haue herde it half a myle, and on the morowe com the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors, and the kynge Arthur, and the quene, and alle that euer ther were assembled rode forth v dayes hool er thei com to the plain of Salesbiry, ffor thei made but smale iourneyes; and whan thei were come, thei loigge a-monge theire owne peple, and kay the stiward hadde brought the grete baner wherof the champe was white as snowe, and the dragon was a-boue the crosse, ffor thus comaunded Merlin; and whan the kinge was loged he ledde his companye in grete myrthe and ioye, and a-bode ther the Princes, and the peple com on alle parties out of many a contre.

A great noise rises in the town.

They ride forth to Salesbiry.

Kay bears the banner.

The princes abide with King Arthur.

*Renomee that thourgh the worlde renneth wente so thourgh the contrey, that the saisnes it wisten by theire esspies, that thei hadde thourgh the contrey, that brought tidinges to the sege at Clarence, that the peple of the londe and the contrey assembleden on the playns of Salesbiry, but thei knewe not whiche wey thei sholde ride; and the kynge hardogabran sente for his xix kynges, and thei com to hym a-noon, and than he tolde to hem his aspies hadde hym brought tidinges how the cristin made assemble in the plain of Salisbiry, and ther-fore he asked her counseile; and thei seide it were best to wacche well her hoste bothe be day and be nyght that thei were not surprised in slepinge, ffor by day light hadde thei no drede of all the peple of the londe, ffor thei hadde so grete multitude of peple that thei thought noon myght a-gein hem endure. But for all that seide thei "we rede that alle oure peple holde, and we holde vs to-geder, and that noon go no more on forrey fro hens-forth with-oute xxx^{Ml} men at armes, or mo, so that yef thei be mette that thei be not founde oute of aray, and ye knowe well that in all this londe that is so longe and brode is not the fourthe part of peple that we haue," and in the fin thei acorded to this counseile that thei sholde alle holde hem to-geder and make gode wacche; and than repaired the xix kynges to theire tentes, and so departed in soche maner and appareiled hem full well, and comaunded alle hem that

*[Fol. 205*a*.] The Saxons learn the tidings from their spies.

Hardogabran sends for 19 kings.

They counsel to watch the host;

and that none go out without 30,000 men.

The kings depart to their tents.

The siege of Valdesbiry is raised.

were vnther theire Iustice, that eche man sholde euer be redy and make goode wacche; and thei lete this be knowen at the sege of Valdesbiry, and made hem alle to leve the sege, and com alle to the sege be-fore Clarence, and so ther was so grete assemble and so huge that the sege aboute the Cite dured v myle of lengthe, and the herberowes lasted fer. But now lete vs leve the saisnes, and telle how the princes com to the playn of Salesbiry oon after another eche by hym-self.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PARLIAMENT OF THE PRINCES AT SALISBURY; THEIR HOMAGE TO ARTHUR; AND DEFEAT OF THE SAXONS.

The princes that come to Salesbiry are

Duke Escam,

King Tradilyvans.

King de Cent Chivalers,

King Clarion,

*[Fol. 205b.] King Belynans, the father of Dodinell,

Here seith the storye that so spedde hem the Princes after the Parliament that was take of the trewys that thei be meved to come towarde the plain of Salesbiry wele appareiled as soche myghty princes ought for to do; the firste prince that com in to the plain of Salesbiry was the Duke Escam of Cambenyk, and brought in his companye vij^{Ml} men of armes well a-raied of alle maner thinges, and thei hem loigged streite and clos to-geder, and renged in tentes and pavelouns; after that com the kynge Tradilyuans of North-walys with vj^{Ml} men of armes vpon stedis of pris, for thei hadde a riche contrey and a plentevous of alle godes, and thei loigged hem next the Duke Escam vpon the playn; after hym com the kynge de Cent chiualers with x^{Ml} men wele a-raied, and loigged next after; and than com the kynge Clarion of Northumbirlonde that was a feire knyght, and a wise and bolde and hardy, and in his companye viij^{Ml} men, and hem dide condite with a baner as white as snowe ther-in a reade crosse, and soche baners hadde all thei that com thider, and these hem loigged; after hym *com the kynge Belynans of South walis that was brother to kynge Tradilyuaunt, and with hym x^{Ml} men, and he hadde grete desire to se his sone Dodinell le sauage that he loved so well, and loigged hym by the kynge Clarion that was so gentill and curteise. After hym com the kynge Carados of Strangore that was a felowe of the rounde table of hem that were firste founded; but after the discorde fill be-twene Arthur and the princes neuer after wolde he be at the rounde table; and he brought with hym x^{Ml} men, and loigged hym by the kynge Belynans that was a good man; and than he asked yef the kynge Arthur were come, ffor hym thought longe to se his thre nevewes that were with Arthur, and that oon was Aglins des vaus, and the tother kay destranx and the thridde kehedin le petitz; but at that tyme was not the kynge Arthur I-comen, but he taried not longe after; and after the kynge Carados com the kynge Brangores, and brought in his companye x^{Ml} men, and loigged hym by the kynge Carados, and sore he desired to se hys wifes nevew that was in the court of kynge Arthur, ffor that he herde hym preised and comended of merveilouse bewte and valour, and his name was Segramor of Costantyn*no*ble; after the kynge Brangore com Mynoras the Senescall of the kynge lak of the grete ynde that the kynge lak hadde sente only for the love of god for to haue the pardon that the legat hadde graunted and p*ro*claymed thourgh all cristindom, and brought in his companye vij^{Ml} men well araied; after hym com the kynge Pelles of lytenoys with vj^{Ml} men that his stiward brought for the love of oure lorde, and thei were richely armed and horsed, and hem dide condite Pellynaus the stiwarde that was a full proude knyght, and he hym loged next Mynoras; after hym com the Senescall of the kynge Pellynour of the waste londes, and he brought vj^{Ml} men that the kynge Pellynour sente for the love of Ih*es*u Criste, and loigged by the peple of kynge Pellynaus; after hym com the Senescall of the kynge Alein of the forayn londes that was brother to the kynge Pellynour, and he brought vj^{Ml} men, and loigged hym by the peple of kynge Pellynor; after hym com Galehaut, the sone of the feire Geaunt that was lorde of the fer oute ylles, and brought in his company x^{Ml} men, and he com only for the love of Ih*es*u crist; after hym com Aguygneron, a merveilouse knyght, and

King Carodos,

who asks for his three nephews.

King Brangores,

Mynoras the Senescall,

King Pelles of Lytenoys,

Pellynaus the steward,

The Senescall of Pellynour.

The Senescall of Alien,

Galehaut,

Aguygneron

King Cleolas, who leaves from sickness.

Margoundes.

*[Fol. 206*a*.] King Arthur comes. Merlin says he ought to give thanks to God.

Arthur says he trusts in God.

was Senescall to Clameden the ky*n*ge of the yles; and this kynge sente thider vj^{Ml} men for the love of Ih*es*u criste, and he loigged next Galehaut; after hym com the kynge Cleolas that after was cleped the firste conquered kynge, and in his company vj^{Ml} men, and he loigged next Aguygueron, the Senescall of Clamedien. But this kynge Cleolas hadde but litill tyme be ther whan hym be-hoved to go thens for grete sekenesse, and lefte his peple to Guyonce his Senescall that was a goode man and a noble knyght; after hym com the Senescall of Sorloys for the love of god only, and with hym vj^{Ml} men, and his name was Margoundes, and he loigged hym by the Duke Belyas; and than *com the kynge Arthur and hym loigged; and Merlin com to hym, and seide in counseile, "Sir, now be-holde what oure lorde doth for yow, and for to saue youre peple, moche ought ye hym honoure and yelde graces with goode herte whan he thus you socoured and helpeth in soche nede." "Merlin," quod the kynge, "oure lorde foryeteth not his Synner; and he hath [shewed] me yet hidyr-to that he hath me not for-yeten, and yet I truste to his mercy he will shewe me better than he hath don yet, ffor I haue in hym full by-leve, and all my truste, In so moche that I putt [me] in his volunte whiche for his grete mercy and pite haue me in his kepinge bothe body and soule."

Merlin says as long as he believes in God, he shall have victory over his enemies.

Arthur will do what Merlin counsels him.

"The goode by-leve," quod Merlin, "that ye haue in oure lorde Jh*es*u, hath yow moche a-vailed and yet shall ther-of haue ye no doute, wherfore I rede yow kepe stedfastly in that purpos while ye lyve, ffor while ye be in godes purpos shull ye haue the victorie of your enmyes." "Merlin," quod the kynge, "I be-seche oure lorde suffre me neuer to departe fro his creaunce, but that I may holde it in soche maner that I yelde hym my soule whan it shall departe from the body;" and Merlin seide, "Amen. But now moste ye take goode hede [how] ye shull yow demene a-gein this baronye that is here assembled for to diffende the cristin feith, and to chace this mysbelevinge peple oute of youre londe." "Merlin," quod the kynge, "I will do euen in all thinge as ye will counseile, for with-oute yow I can nought do, and therfore I putte me in god and in yow." "Sir," seide Merlin, "I wolde ye dide ioy and honour these lordes that here be assembled to diffende youre reame, and goth to theire tentes eche by hymself, and thanke hem for the socour that thei haue brought; and in speciall hem that of yow nothinge holden ne be not youre men, but beth come in reverence and worship*pe* of god; ffor neuer shewde oure lorde so grete honour to no prince, ffor ther is no kynge born that euer assemblede so feire a companye wher-ynne were so many noble men and goode knyghtes. Ne neuer ther shall be so many goode knyghtes togeder assembled be-fore that the fader shall sle the sone and the sone the fader, and that shall be in this same place, and to hym shall remayne the londe of the grete breteigne with-outen lorde, and with-outen heir." Whan the kynge herde Merlin so speke, that in the same place the fader sholde sle the sone, and the sone sle the fader, and the londe of the grete breteigne a-bide with-outen heir and lordles, he hym prayed and requyred to telle a partye of that more clerly to his vndirstondinge; and Merlin seide it was not to be seide, "but I shall telle yow so moche after this iourney shall come the lyon vn-crowned, and bringe with hym foure lyou*ns* wher-of tweyne shull be crowned, and the thirdde is with-oute crowne; these shull devoure the shrewde ligne of the reame of logres. But aske me no more," quod M*er*lin, "but goth to the barou*ns* as I haue yow seide." "I shall so with goode chere," seide the kynge.

He is to go to the tents of the lords, and thank them for their succour.

There shall never be so many good knights assembled till the father slay the son, and the son the father.

The king asks for an explanation.

*Anoon the kynge lepe on his horse and ledde with hym the kynge Ban of benoyk, and the kynge Bohors of Gannes, and kay, and Segramor, and Ewein, and Galashin, and Galescoude, and Merlin. These ix com to the lordes to theire tentes, and whan thei knewe the comynge of kynge Arthur, thei com oute of theire tentes to mete hym, and the kynge and his companye a-light on foote, and salewed hem alle eche by hym-self, and thanked hem hertely of that thei were come to helpe hym in that grete nede a-gein the saisnes that thourgh theire vntrouth and felonye hadde distroied his londe, and haue also disire to distroie all cristin peple.

*[Fol. 206*b*.]

The king goes to the tents of the lords.

He thanks them.

The lords say they have come to help holy church.

"Sir," seide the lordes, "thei shull neuer haue ther-to power ne force, ffor to helpe holy chirche, and yow to diffende we be come and here assembled, and we will put oure bodyes in auenture of deth for to encrece holy chirche and the cristin feith to mayntene, and be the grace of oure lorde we shull do so moche er we departe oute of youre companye that holy cherche shall haue the victorye, and the saisnes shull haue the shame and the damage, and we will that ye wete that we be not youre men, ne neuer we hilde nought of yow, but we be come propirly for the love of god, and for to diffende holy chirche." "God yow quyte," seide the kynge Arthur, "in whos honour and reuerence ye it don, and bringe yow alle wele to youre repeire as he is al-myghty." "Amen," seide the lordes, "and be it so as ye wolde." Now reste a-while of Arthur and Merlin, and of the straunge lordes that be come hym for to helpe, and I shall telle yow of the xij princes that be alle assembled at the tente of kynge looth.

They are not Arthur's men.

The twelve princes go to thank the strange princes.

Whan the xij princes were come in to the plain of Salisbiry, thei wente alle to thanke the straunge princes of that thei were come for to diffende the londe from the hethen peple for the love of oure lorde god, and whan thei hadde this don, thei assembled alle at the tente of kynge looth, and satte down on a cowche that was covered with a cloth of silke, and spake of oo thinge and othir, and while thei were thus sette, entrid Merlin in to the tente, and as soone as thei saugh hym come, thei a-ros alle and wente to mete hym, and seide he was welcome; and he preide god yeve hem good a-uenture and grace to do so that it myght be savacion to theire soules, and honour to theire soules, and honour to theire bodyes; and that by hem myght holy chirche be diffended and caste oute of the power of her enmyes that by force were entred, "and it shall be mayntened, but yef it reste in yowre deffaute." "In vs," seide the Barons, "shall no defaute be founden, for we be come hider it to diffende." "Trewly," seide Merlyn, "the damage is full grete, but it is so be-falle that bothe prevy and straunge be here assembled for othinge and for oquarell, and

They assemble at Looth's tent.

Merlin comes to them.

He prays God that they may have good success.

well ought ye be reson a grete mater to bringe to ende be so that ye be of oon acorde, and of oon will, ffor other-wise may ye not spede, and good it were that ther were pees be-twene yow and my lorde the kynge Arthur which ought to be youre lorde, and so sholde ye be the more dredde and douted thourgh euery londe."

They will not speed well if they are not agreed.

*At this worde stode vp the kynge looth of Orcanye, and seide, "Lordes, Merlin seith wele, ffor it were grete honour to god and the worlde at this pointe, yef ye wolde acorde yow with hym." With these wordes the kynge Vrien a-roos full wroth, and stode vpon his feet full angry, and seide to the kynge looth, "Ye haue made vs to com hider by trewys till we hadde distroied the saisnes and chaced oute of the contrey, and than yef it were oure honour than myght we do as our hertes vs bar, and ye now wolde vs meve with other matcr*es* and tales other weyes, and ther-fore we pray yow and requyre speke no more ther-of; ffor as for me I shall it neuer do. I wote neuer what these other will do, but yef thei it ought do I shall sey thei be for-sworn a-gein me." "Certes," seide the kynge Ventres, "I will not be[1] for-sworn, for I will not do with-oute youre counseile;" and so seide alle the other, and ther-fore was the kynge looth full wroth, but he moste nede suffre, and so he seide no more at that tyme; and Merlin be-gan to smyle and seide, "Ffeire lordes, be not wroth ne angry, for the wratthe were nothinge good at this tyme."

*[Fol. 207*a*.] Looth stands up and urges them to be at peace with Arthur. Urien rises very wroth,

and says he will never agree with Arthur.

Ventres and all the others agree with Urien.

Looth is wrath.

While thei entended a-boute this talkinge, com the kynge Arthur, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and the straunge princes with hem, and saugh the xij princes that were at the teinte of kynge looth; and as soone as the kynge looth hym saugh, he lepe on his feet and seide, "Lo, here cometh my lorde;" and a-noon the princes hem dressed in honour and reuerence to hym, for that he was a kynge sacred and a-noynted; and the kynge Arthur that was full curteise and wise, and wele knewe what was for to do, hath hem

Arthur, Ban, Bohors, and the strange princes come to the twelve princes,

who do reverence to Arthur.

---

[1] The word "be" is repeated in the MS.

salewed first er thei were alle risen vp, and seide, "Welcome was al the companye;" and thei ansuerde alle attonys that god yeve hym goode a-uenture and alle his companye, and than he satte down vpon the kynge loothis cowche; and the kynge Arthur made hem alle to sitte down by hym as he that was the curteisest man of the worlde and beste taught; and than he seide, "Feire lordinges, I thanke yow alle hertely that ye be come hider at this tyme as I haue yow required for the profite of holy chirche, and the peple and youre londes to diffende, and warant a-gein the felon saisnes that haue a grete parte brente and distroide, and our peple slain and maymed, and for that ye be come at my request, I thanke yow hertely alle, and goode it were yow to a-raye in soche maner that we were not surprised ne blamed. Ne that the saisnes may not sein a-monge theym that thei haue vs founde foles ne musardes." "Sir," seide the kynge looth, "as of apparailinge be-hoveth Merlyn to devise, ffor he shall comaunde, and we shull do his comaundement; ffor he knoweth better what we shull do than we knowe oure-self;" and the princes seide that ther-to acorde thei well, and so thei putte the rule all to Merlin, and ther-with lefte the speche; and the kynge *Arthur repeired hem to his teinte, and alle the princes hym conveyed bothe prive and straunge, and after eche of hem repeired to his pavelon; and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and Merlin entred in to the chambre of Arthurs Pavelon, and than seide Merlin in counseile, "Ffeire lordes, these peple that be comen here ben wery of traueile, ffor some ther be that be come right ferre, and thei haue nede of reste and ese, and therfore will I that thei reste to-day and to-morowe, and on monday by goode distyne we shall meve alle to go towarde Clarence, for ther is the moste plente of saisnes, ffor thei that were at the sege of Valdisbery be ther alle assembled, and I shall do euery prince to wite by hym-self that thei be appareilled the same day to meve and to go vpon theire enmyes." To this counseile called the thre kynges sir Gawein with hem, and seiden alle be it so in the honour of Ih*esu* criste and his moder Marie, and than

Arthur sits on Looth's couch,

and addresses them.

Looth says they must do Merlin's commandment.

*[Fol. 207*b*.]

Arthur repairs to his tent.

Merlin says the princes should rest.

and go towards Clarence on Monday.

The kings agree.

thei departed from this counseile, and com to the maister pavelon and ther a-bide. Than com Elizer, Gaweins squyer, and kneled down be-fore sir Gawein, and seide, "Sir, I am come oute of lytenoys, and lefte the kynge Pelles my fader for to seche yow, and by the will of oure lorde I fonde yow in soche place that but god hadde sente yow thider I moste haue ben deed; but the grete prowesse of yow rescowed me from the saisnes that me wolde haue putte to deth, and ther-fore I knowe well that the renomee that renneth of yow thourgh the worlde is trewe, and I knowe also verily that of a more worthi man than ye myght I not take my garnementes wher-fore I pray yow and requyre of youre grete fraunchise that ye make me knyght. So that I may prove my firste chiualrye vpon these false mysbelevinge peple that thus desire for to destroye holy chirche, ffor I shall neuer be knyght of all my lif tyme, but I it resceyve of youre hande, and ye it me promysed the firste day that I yow saugh that ye shull me yeve armes at my request, and I yow require be-fore my lorde the kynge youre vncle that is here be-fore this baronye." Whan sir Gawein saugh Elizer his squyer be-fore hym on his kne, he a-reised hym vp be the armes, and seide swetely, "Dere frende, I graunte youre request, ffor ye be full digne to resceyve the ordre of chiualrie, and ther-fore all youre will shall be pe*r*formed." "Sir," seide the yonge lorde, "gramercy." Than sir Gawein be-helde and saugh Gaheries his brother, and seide, "Feire brother, do ordeyne me armes soche as is a fieraunt for a kynges sone, and to so noble and worthi a man as is this." "What is he than feire nevewe," seide Arthur. "Sir," seide Gawein, "it is the sone of kynge Pelles of lytenoys, and is nevewe to the kynge pellenor and to the kynge Alain, and wite ye well yef he lyve he shall be oon of the beste knyghtes of the worlde." Than he tolde the kynge of the grete occision and the merveile that he hadde sein hym do of the saisnes; and whan the kynge it herde he hadde grete wonder how so yonge a childe myght endure so grete dede of armes, and the two kynges ther-of were gretly astonyed; and the kynge Arthur

Elizer comes and kneels to Gawein,

and asks to be made a knight.

Gawein raises him,

and asks Gaheries to get him arms fit for a king's son.

Arthur asks who he is.

and wonders to hear of his deeds.

Arthur commands Gaheries to bring

*[Fol. 208*a*.] the richest arms in his coffers.

Lydonas brings Elizer's arms.

His hauberk is strong and light.

Gawein arms Elizer, and Gaheries helps him.

Sir Gawein gives him the embrace.

comaunded to *Gaheries that he sholde do be brought the richest armes that myght be founde in his cofers, "and the beste swerde after myn owne." "Sir," seide Elizer, "I haue armes and horse and al thinge that is to me mystier." Than he cleped lydonas his squyer and badde hym bringe his armes that his fader hadde hym yoven, and lydonas dide his comaundement as he that was ioyfull and Gladde, and brought hem be-fore the kynge and the other barou*n*s that hem be-hielde for merveile, ffor thei were alle white saf a bende of golde enbelynk, and his hauberke was stronge and well holdinge of double mayle. And ther-to it was so light that a childe of ix yere myght it bere, and arthur preysed it moche, and the other barou*n*s whan thei it saugh; and sir Gawein armed Elizer, and Gaheries dide hym helpe, and dide on his hauberk that was of grete bounte that in all the hoste was not the pareile. Than thei laced his aventaile that was as white as snowe, and whan he was all apareiled, sir Gawein dide on his right spore and girde his swerde on his side, and Gaheries dide on his lefte spore; and whan he was thus araied sir Gawein yaf hym the a-colee, and seide full debon*er*ly as he that was the moste deboner knyght of the worlde. "Holde, feire swete frende, and resceyve the ordre of chiualrie in the name of Ih*es*u crist oure saviour*e*, that in soche maner lete yow it mayntene that it be to the profite of holy cherche and youre honour*e*." "Sir," seide Elizer, "so graunte me oure lorde to his pleisier."

Gueheret and Gaheries take Elizer to the chapel to watch.

On the morrow Elizer sits between Ban and Bohors. They raise a quintain.

Elizer does well.

Whan sir Gawein hadde a-doubbed Elizer, the sone of kynge pelles of lytenoys, and toke hym a-noon Guehet a Gaheries, and ledde hym in to the kynges chapell for to wake, and thei bar hym companye till on the morowe that thei hadde herde masse, and than thei returned to the court of kynge Arthur that made grete ioye to Elizer; ffor he satte that day at the kynges table be-twene the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors, and after mete their dide reise a quyntayn on the plain, and these yonge bachelers yede hem to prove, and so dide the knyghtes of the rounde table and other, and that day was many feire strokes yoven with speres; and Elizer dide so well that moche was he comended, and seide neuer hadde the[i] sein a feirer Iuster*e* with spere; and the knyghtes of the rounde table wolde gladly haue taken a turnement a-gein other straunge knyghtes that were come in the hoste; but the kynge Arthur wolde it not suffre, for he douted that some sholde ben hurt, and therfore was it lefte, and repeired hem to their teintes gladde and myry.

The knights of the round table wish for a tournament.

Than com Merlin to the kynge Arthur, and seide, "Sir, ther is no more but eu*er*y man hym appareile and make redy, for to morowe erly be-houeth vs to meve, and loke that ye lete noon knowe whiche wey ye shull ride; but folowe me ouerall whider that I shall yow lede, and so shall I sey to alle the princes that thei be redy at the poynte of day for to ride." "Merlin," seide the kynge, "all be it at youre volunte, ffor I putt me all hooll in god and yow;" and than wente Merlin to the pavelons of the princes, and tolde oon after *another in counseile to be redy to ride erly on the morowe, and thei lete trusse teintes and pavilou*n*s and alle her other harneys and cart*es*, and chariet*es*, and somers, cofers, and malis, and lepe armed vpon theire stedes as hir bodyes to diffende and her enmyes to assaile, saf only of sheldes, and speres, and helmes that thei made theire squyers bere be-fore, and made the baners to be bore all white, and eche hadde a reade crosse in the myddell, and so hadde Merlin comaunded to all the princes at the be-gynnynge of theire comynge; and Merlin rode on a grete grey courser and bar the baner of kynge Arthur be-fore all the hoste, and thus thei departed alle in this maner from the playn of Salisbiry, and wente alle as Merlin dide hem gide the streight wey toward Clarence, that the kinge hardogobrand hadde be-seged and with hym xix kynges that alle his londe hadde environed, and he hadde sente his forriours thu[r]gh the londe a xx myle or xxx that distroied and wasted the contrey; and a partie of the forreyours com by the Cite of Garlot that was the Chief forteresse of the kynge ventre, and were in that companye foure myghty kynges, and with hem grete plente of saisnes that hadde sesed prayes by strengthe,

Merlin comes to Arthur, and says it is time to make ready.

He goes to the princes.
*[Fol. 208b.]

He bears the banner of King Arthur. They depart to Clarence.

The Saxon foragers come by Garlot,

and hadde do grete harme in the contrey and in esspeciall to hem of the town, ffor thei were come oute to hem to bateile for to rescowe the pray, and ther was grete slaughter of oon and other, but thei of Garlot myght not endure, ffor ther were of the saisnes grete force, so that thei of the town loste the pray and theire horse, and the moste parte of theire chiualrie; and the foure kynges swor that thei wolde neu*er* departe thens er thei hadde take the town, and the Quene that was withynne saugh the sege leide, and hadde grete drede to be taken by force, and toke counseile of hir stiward what were beste for hir to do, and hir stiward yaf hir counseile to go oute by nyght thei tweyne sooll by hem-self, by a posterne that opened a-gein the river, and sholde go to a-nother place of theires that was thens vj myle, that was cleped the rescouse, for that Vortiger was rescowed whan Aungis the saisne was slain and chaced oute of the place.

and do great damage to the people of the town.

The queen has great dread,

and takes counsel of her steward.

Euen as the quene and the stiward hadde devised thei diden, ffor thei wente oute a-boute mydnyght, and hadde no mo in her companye but two squyers. But the saisnes that were maliciouse hadde sette espies on euery side of the town, and so was the Quene taken and the stiward slain, wherof was grete harme, and the squyers fledden, and were wounded sore, ffor that oon was smyten thourgh the body with a spere, and the tother on the heed with a swerde, and so thei wente as a-uenture hem brought to the hoste that Merlin ledde, and thei stinte neuer of goinge till thei herde hem a foure myle from Garlot; and whan the squyers saugh the comynge of the hoste and parceyved the white baners with the reade crosses, thei knewe wele that thei were cristin and dressed hem that wey, and made the grettest dolour of the worlde; and whan Merlin, that com all be-fore, herde hem make soche doell, he asked hem what thei eiled, and thei hym tolde all *as was be-fallen, and how the saisnes ledde a-wey the Quene, "and whiche wey wente thei," seide Merlin. "Sir," seide thei, "she is yet in the hoste, but the pray goth by the cauchie;" and Merlin cried, "Sewe me, ffor the Quene shall thei not lede yef god will."

They go out at midnight with two squires.

The Saxons take the queen and kill the steward.

The squires come to the host that Merlin leads.

*[Fol. 209*a*.]

They tell what has befallen them.

Merlin calls out for the host to follow him.

Than he spored his horse and sir Gawein after, and Elizer, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors his brother, and ech had in his hande a stronge spere, and leonce of Paierne condited the peple of Benoyk; and Dionas theym of Gannes, and Gracien hem of Orcanye, and Dorilas condited the peple of kynge Ventre, and the other batailes com alle in ordre, and Merlin rode so till that he com do[w]nward of an hill, and than they saugh the pray that passed at the bregge, and ther were well a foure thousande saisnes; and whan Gawein saugh hem come, he seide now may we a-bide to longe. Than he spored the Gringalet, and than seide Elizer, "Sir, suffre and a-bide for guerdon of my seruise and for all frendship, and graunte me the firste stroke of the bateile, ffor I entred neuer in to no stour seth I was knyght." "And I it yow graunte," quod sir Gawein, all in laughynge, "for in yow it is right well employde."

Sir Gawein and the others do as he bids them.

They come to four thousand Saxons.

Elizer asks Gawein to let him give the first stroke.

With that Elizer hem a-scride, and seide, "Lete be the pray, ffor ye shall it no ferther lede;" and than com Dioglus that was the stiward of the kynge Magloras, and turned the heed of his horse, and he and Elizer mette with speres vpon the sheldes so harde that thei perced vpon the bokeles, and Dioglus brake his spere, and Elizer hym smote so harde that he shof the spere thourgh the breste, and caste hym down deed to the erthe, and his spere ther-with fly in peces. Than he drough his swerde and launced in a-monge the other that sore hem peyned to passe the pray, and smote so Antidolus that was stiward to the kynge Brandon that he slitte hym down to the teth; and Gawein seide to Merlin that he hadde wele be-gonne as of a newe knyght. "Ye," quod Merlin, "yet shall he do better." With that Merlin cried the signe of kynge Arthur, and than spronge forth Gawein and his companye a-monge the forreyours that many were there slain and wounded; and thei be-hoved to forsake place and fledde toward Garlot where the kynge Magloras was, and the kynge Brandon, and the kynge Pynsonars, and the kynge Pignores that right vigerously assailed the Castell, and thei were full wroth whan thei saugh her men com fleinge, and lefte the assaut and com to theym that

Elizer calls out.

He meets Dioglus and kills him.

He smites Antidolus.

Gawein and his company spring among the foragers, who fly.

The Saxon kings come to the host,

and slay horse and men.

*[Fol. 209*b*].

Brandon and Pyncenars do great marvels.

Pignores calls forty Saxons to lead the queen to Clarence.

fledde; and whan thei saugh the hoste comynge thei merveiled fro whens so moche peple myght come. Neuertheles thei sette in a-monge hem for thei were moche peple and stronge, and the cristin hem resceyved full fiercely, and made the saisnes for to resorte a-gein a spere lengthe; and whan the foure kynges that were hethen saugh sir Gawein and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and Elizer make of her men so grete slaughter, thei ascride her men, and be-gonne to sle horse, and men, and knyghtes as thei were wode, ffor thei were Geauntes, and the strengest peple of the worlde; and thei made the peple of kynge Ban and kynge Bohors to blush vpon the peple of kynge Ventre, and vpon the bateile of the Duke Escam of Cambenyk, and ther *suffred sir Gawein, and the kynge Ban, and his brother, and Elizer many sharp*e* strokes, and full sore were thei greved; and whan these two bateiles were come on, ther myght men se merveiles don of armes, and sore were the saisnes greved at that enuay, ffor many ther*e* were of hem leide to the grounde. But the kynge Brandon and the kynge Pyncenars dide grete merveiles bothe with theire bodyes and theire meyne that were full bolde and hardy; ffor after theire strokes a-bode but fewe cristin in sadell, and so were thei of the grete Bretigne sore a-basshed, ffor thei made hem alle resorte bakke hadde not be the grete prowesse of sir Gawein, and Elizer, and the kynge Ban and his brother, and the kynge Ventre of Garlot, and the Duke Escam of Cambenyk; and neuertheles Grascien, and Pharien, and Dorilas, and leonce of Paerne dide so wele that thei ought to haue no blame; and Merlin that rode fro oo renge to a-nother ascride hem often "ore auaunt;" and while thei were in this angwyssh the kynge Pignores cleped xl saisnes of the beste and moste hardy, and comaunded hem to take the Quene of Garlot, and lede hir to the sege of Clarence, and presente hir to the kynge hardogobran, and these seide thei sholde do his comaundement, and departed and ride forth the streight wey to Clarence, and ledde with hem the quene that grete doell made for the a-uenture that was hir befallen.

After that the kynge Pignoras smote in to the stour with his swerde in honde, and be-gan to yeve soche strokes that noon armure hym myght endure. So that the moste hardy douted hym to meten, for he smote down horse and men so thikke that the moste hardy made hym wey, till that Gawein that to euery nede was nygh it a-parceyved, and saugh the grete harme that he dide of her peple, and seide to hym-self yef this feende lyve eny while we may moche lese. This worde vndirstode Elizer that kepte hym euer nygh Gawein and smote his horse with spores thider as he saugh Pignoras that hadde all his arme be-soiled with blode and brayne of hem that he hadde slayn; and whan Elizer saugh the harme that he dide, he seide to hym-self, "Certes, it were to vs grete harme yef this deuell lyve longe, what mysauenture hath he be suffred so longe;" and than he drough ner and leide his reyne in his sadilbowe, and threwe his shelde at his bakke and ficched hym in his stiropes, and caught his swerde in bothe handes, and smote the kynge Pignores thourgh the helme that nother coyf ne helme myght hym warant till that the suerdes egge touched hys brayn, and he drough a-gein hys suerde and Pignoras fill down to grounde; and whan Merlyn hym saugh falle, he seide to sir Gawein, "This hath take with vs trewys." "Ye," quod Gawein, "god kepe vs that knyght that is so worthi;" and than thei smyte vpon the saisnes that be sorowfull and wroth for the deth of Pignores, and so dide theire other felowes that sore thei harmed the saisnes. But a-bove alle other dide sir Gawein wele, and Elizer, and the kynge Ban of Benoyk, and the kynge Bohors of Gannes, *and leonce of Paierne, and Grascien of Trebes, and Pharien, for thei were not yet assembled but v bateiles. But tho that were assembled dide wonder wele, for a-gein theire strokes myght endure nother Iren ne stiell; and whan the kynge Pyncenars, that was bolde and hardy, saugh his peple so a-peire, he seide he hadde leuer dye but Pignores were a-venged, and he hilde a swerde in his right hande, and ran in to the presse where he saugh it thikkest, and be-gan to throwe down all that he raught, and slough a knyght of the

He gives great strokes and smites down horse and men.

Elizer kills Pignores.

Gawein praises him.

Those that did well.

*[Fol. 210*a*.]

Pyncenars kills a knight.

reame of Benoyk, that wele hadde don in armes all the day; and tho the kynge Ban was nygh wood for Ire, and spronge that wey with his swerde vp teysed to hym that hadde his knyght slayn, and smote hym with so grete ire that he slitte hym to the teth, and that was a thinge that hym moste discounforte all the day, the deth of his knyght, and than thei closed the saisnes rounde a-boute, and the bateile was grete and horible, ffor the Bretouns were noble knyghtes; and whan Merlin saugh the hostes were assembled on bothe sides, he cleped Gawein, and Elizer, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and tolde hem how xl saisnes ledde the quene of Garlot to the sege of Clarence, "and yef thei lede hir thider it will turne to reprof, and therfore I rede we go after." "Now ride," quod Gawein, "and we shull yow sue." Than Merlin rode forth his weye, and well an hundred knyghtes in his companye; ffor thei douted to meten with moo peple on som part. But shull we speke of the xl saisnes that ledde the Quene of Garlot that was the wif of kynge Ventre.

Ban kills Pyncenars.

Merlin tells of the queen of Garlot.

He rides forth with a hundred knights in his company.

Whan the xl saisnes were past the bateile two myle, thei entred in to a wode, where-ynne was a feire medowe and a welle springe, and thei turned that wey hem for to a-kele and drinke of the clier water, and a-lighten with the quene be-fore the welle, that made the grettest doel of the worlde, and thei myght not hir conforte for nothinge that thei cowde do; but she cried with lowde steuen, "Haa, kynge Ventres, this day shall departe the love of me and of yow; ffor I trowe yow neuer to se no more;" and than she swowned in theire armes that hir hilde, and whan she was oute of hir swownynge she cried and made grete sorowe, and the saisnes were ther-of doelfull and wolde well she hadde be in place that she hadde liked beste, and counforted hir moche, but ther-of was no nede; ffor she braied and cride lowde, so that Gawein and his companye it herde clierly, and turned thider her wey, and saugh the knyghtes and the Quene that cried so lowede.

The Saxons alight with the queen,

who swoons.

Gawein hears her cries.

Whan Gawein saugh his aunte, he spored his horse and seide to the saisnes, "Ffeire lordes, lete be the Quene,

He calls to the Saxons to leave her alone.

and go youre wey quyte, ffor I can yow good thanke for that ye haue of hir pite, and gramercy for that curtesie." Whan Margou*n*s the botiller of kynge Pignores herde sir Gawein thus speke, he asked of his felowes what was her rede, and thei seide thei hadde leuer to dye than leve the Quene. "And to that ar ye come a-noon," quod Gawein. Than he ran to hem with swerde drawen, and smote so the firste that he mette that the heed fill on the grene *be-fore his aunte, and the saisnes sterte vp a-noon, and the myschef was grete, for that thei were on foote, and neuertheles thei slough bothe horse and knyghtes, for thei were of grete prowesse, but ther-of myght not a-vaile, for alle were thei deed, that nought oon ascaped, saf only Margons the botiller that hidde hym in a bussh, and sir Gawein and his companye com a-gein to the Quene, and counforted hir swetly, and she hem asked what thei were. "Madame," he seide, "I am Gawein, youre nevewe, the sone of kynge looth of Orcanye, and this lorde that is here is the kynge Ban of Benoyk, and these other knyghtes ben oure felowes." Whan the lady this vndirstode she was gladde, and thanked hem hertely of the socour, and than thei sette hir on a palfrey that thider was brought, and returned to the hoste where-as was the kynge Arthur and the other princes fightinge; and many of her frendes loste the cristin er the saisnes myght be discounfited. Whan Arthur hadde slain Magloras the kinge that was the sustenement of the saisnes, and the kynge looth hadde smyte of the hande of the kynge Syuarus, than fledde thei alle; and whan sir Gawein and his companye were returned, the hoste enchased the saisnes so nygh euer at the spore; and Brandons returned often, and he ne smote noon a right stroke, but he were ther-with a-noon deed; and whan sir Gawein saugh hym so demene, and saugh the grete slaughter that he made of the peple, he thought wele that he was som high lorde of grete lynage, and wele it shewed by his armes that he were a kynge or a prince, and Gawein preised hym moche in his herte, and fain wolde he hadde be cristin yef it myght haue be, and seide, "Knyght, thow art right bolde and full of grete hardynesse, art

He kills the first he meets.

*[Fol. 210*b*.]

None escape but Margons.

The' queen thanks Gawein and the others for their succour.

Arthur slays Magloras, and Looth smites off the hand of Syvarus.

Gawein meets Brandoris,

thow Duke or kynge that hast in the soche valour and strength?" "In feith," quod he, "my name is Brandouns, and am kynge of a partye of Saxoyne, and am nevew to the richest kynge of all the world, that is the kynge hardogabrant, that is chief lorde of all Saxonie." "Certes," seide Gawein, "it semeth well, for in the is grete valour and high prowesse, and it is grete harme that thow art no cristin, and fain I wolde that thow so were to respite the fro deth." "Of that," quod the kynge, "that thow spekest haue I merveile, for I haue lever to be deed than to be cristin." To that shalt thow come hastely," quod Gawein, "and that me repenteth sore, ffor moche wolde I love thy companye yef it the liked." "Hit shall neuer me plese," quod Brandouns; and whan Gawein that herde, he ran vpon hym full Irousely, and smote hym so with Calibourne his good swerde that the heed clef a-sondre; and whan the saisnes saugh theire lorde deed, thei were sore dismayed; and after that in hem was litill defence, and the cristin hem wounded on euery side, and hem slough, and all to-hewe; and whan thei hadde do this, thei thanked moche oure lorde of the grete honoure that he hath hem do at this iourney. Than com sir Gawein and the kynge Ban be-fore the kynge Arthur, and be-fore all the baronye, and presented the kynge Ventre with his wif, and tolde herynge hem alle how he hadde hir rescowed, and the kynge hem thanked hertely, and made grete ioye, and alle the barouns were gladde, and than thei drough a litill a-side from the felde where the bataile hadde be, and Arthur made *picche his teintes in the medow be-fore Garlot vpon the river, and so dide alle the other princes, and rested till on the morowe, and the Quene entred in to the castell of Garlot; and on the morowe, as sone as it was day, Arthur sette forth his peple the streight wey towarde Clarence. But now a-while shull we reste of Arthur and his baronye, and speke of Margouns the botiller.

and tells him he wishes he was a Christian.

He smites off his head.

Gawein presents Ventre's wife to him.

*[Fol. 211*a*.] Arthur pitches his tents before Garlot.

He sets forth for Clarence on the morrow.

So longe dide Margouns hidde hym in the busshes till that Gawein, and the kynge Ban, and her companye were gon with the Quene; and than he repeired to the welle and fonde his horse that he hadde tacched to a tre, and than he rode forth faste till he com to the hoste be-fore Clarence, and tolde the kynge hardogobran how alle the forreyers that he hadde sente be-fore the town of Garlot were deed and disconfited; and whan Hardogobran this dide vndirstonde he was sorowfull and pensif. Than sterte vpon his feet the kynge Gondofles, and seide to the kynge Hardogobran, "Sir, yef it like yow I will go se what it is, and lede with me Salebrun and Magaloes, and Sorbare, and Meliadus, and the kynge Brangore, and in oure companye xl^{Ml} men, ffor I may not trowe that foure so myghty kynges as the kynge Brandon youre cosin, and the kynge Pyncenars, and the kynge Pignores, and the kynge Magloras myght not be brought to disconfiture by no power of the cristin;" and while thei spake these wordes com Syuarus that hadde his hande smyten of, and tolde hem trewe tidinges, and the tokenynge of his arme; whan the kynge Hardogobran saugh the kynge Syuarus so araied, he was wo for sorowe, ffor he hadde hym moche loved; and whan he knewe the deth of the foure kynges than was he wood oute of witte, ffor Magloras and Brandou*n*s were bothe his nevewes; and than he comaunded to the kynge Gondofles to go take vengaunce for his nevewes, and he seide he wolde, and in all haste rode forth his wey, and with hym fifty Ml men, and devided her peple in v bateiles, and in euery bateile x^{Ml} men; and the first bataile ledde Salubru*n*, and the Duke lonor the lestregues that other, and the kynge Sorbares, and the kynge Meliadus, and the Eirll ffragelles the thirde, and the kynge Brangoires, and the Castelein Melekins the fourthe, and the kynge Gondofles, and his brother Transmaduc the fifte; these rode fro the sege of Clarence oon after a-nother towarde the Castell of Garlot, and rode so by day and by nyght till thei mette the hoste that Merlin dide gide in a feire grene medow that was a myle and a half*e* of lengthe, and ther hadde Merlin devised vij batailes that after hym dide folowe; and the first bateile condited the kynge Ventres, and the kynge Tradilyuaunt, and the Duke Escam with xx^{Ml} men, and the kynge

Margouns comes to Hardogobran, and tells of the defeat of the Saxons.

Gondofles says he will go to see.

Syvarus comes in.

Hardogobran is very angry,

and commands Gondofles to go and be revenged.

He takes with him 50,000 men.

They ride towards Garlot, and meet Merlin's host.

The leaders of the Christians.

The names of the leaders.

*[Fol. 211 *b*.]

The two hosts meet.

Triamores smites Salubrun, who kills him.

Escam kills Salubrun.

Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and the kynge de Cent Chiualers ledde the seconde with xxx^{Ml} men; and the kynge of Northumbirlonde, and the kynge of South-walis, and Nabulall the thridde with xxx^{Ml} men; and the fourthe ledde Cleodalis the Senescall of Carmelide, and the kynge Carados, and the kynge looth of Orcanye with xxx^{Ml} men; and Aguyneron the Senescall of kynge Clamedien, and ffamus the Senescall of Evadain, and the Senescall of kynge Pelles of lytenoys ledden the fifte bataile with xxx^{Ml} men; and the kynge Brangoires and the *Senescall of kynge lak ledden the vj bateile with xxx^{Ml} men; and Sir Gawein, and his brethern, and the companye of the rounde table were with the kynge Arthur in the vijth bateile wher-in were so moche peple that vnethe myght eny man hem nombre. In this maner mette the tweyne hostes of the Cristin, and the paynymes in the medowes from Garlot half a walsh myle; and as soone as the kynge Salubruns hem saugh he lete renne a-geins hem, and so dide Margons the botiller; and the Duke Escam com hem a-geins; but Triamores that was Castelein of Cambenyk rode be-fore, and smote Salubrun so harde a-mydde the shelde *that* the spere splindred on splyntes, and the hethen kynge hitte hym so sore that the shafte shof thourgh his body and bar hym deed vpright to the erthe; and than was the Duke Escam full angry, and smote Salubrun through the breste more than a spanne lengthe, and than he seide, "Hethen hounde, thy deth thou hast hent, yet haue I not my frende, and that me mysliked."

The two sides meet.

Ban, Bohors, and the King de Cent Chivalers run upon the Saxons.

Ther-with assembled the bateiles on bothe two sides, ther was many a grete growen spere frusshed a-sonder, and many a gome to the grounde glode in a stounde; but as soone as the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and the kynge de Cent Chiualers were come with the seconde bateile, and saugh the seconde bateile of the saisnes meve; than thei ronne to-geder fiercely, and ther myght a man haue sein many a helme hurled on an hepe, and many a shafte and shelde frayen to-geder, and many hauberke rente of double mayle; grete and hidyouse was the bateile, and the slaughter grete on bothe sides. Neuertheles whan Merlin saugh the saisnes so vertuouse, he ascride the kynge Ban, "Sir, what do ye now, ye myght haue hem putte oute of the place longe seth, ffor ye be moo peple be that oon half than thei be." Whan the kynge Ban and the other princes herde Merlin so crie, thei were half shamefast. Than thei ronne on the saisnes with grete vigour, and made hem resorte a-gein magre them alle, and made hem frusshe on the thridde bateile, that the kynge Meliadus, and ffragilles, and lanor de betinge*s* dide condite, and these sette hem a-geins; ther was harde bateile, and merveilouse and grete occision on bothe sides that piteouse was to be-holden, and grete traueile thei hadden on bothe parties. And than assembled Brancors and Malaquyn the Castelein with the fourthe bateile, and Gelegny*a*unt, and the kynge Cleoles, and ther was crewell bateile and fell that in litill while was the felde couered with deed bodyes and wounded peple. In that metinge was Margou*ns* the botiller deed, and he was sore regreted of the saisnes, and with-oute faile the kynge Ban hym slough with a spere; and whan the kynge Sorbares it saugh he hadde hertely sorowe, and he com to the kynge Ban, and wende to smyte hym on the helme, but he kepte the stroke on his shelde, and he smote ther-on so sore that he slitte it to the bocle, and the stroke glood and smote of the horse heed, and the kynge fill to grounde, and his horse be-twene his legg*es*, *and the kynge Sorbares a-bode vpon hym with swerde drawen. But Pharien com hym a-geins that full sory was that his lorde was fallen, and smote so harde to the kynge Sorbares vpon the helme that he clef hym to the brayn, and he drough to hym his swerde, and he fill down deed; than he caught the horse be the reyne, and brought it to the kynge Ban; and whan the kynge was vpon horse he smote in to the bateile wroth and angry; and the kynge Bohors, and Dionas, and the kynge Ventres, and the Duke Escam, and alle the other princes dide merveiles of armes, ffor after theire strokes a-bode noon in sadill, and the saisnes were so grete and so myghti that thei dide hem grete damage of her peple, ffor so many thei slough

Merlin tells Ban they ought to have driven the Saxons back.

The third division of the Saxons.

The fourth division.

Margons is killed by Ban.

Sorbares comes to Ban.

*[Fol. 212*a*.]

Pharien kills Sorbares.

Bohors, Dionas, Ventres, and Escam do marvels.

Many of the Christians are slain.

of the cristin that it was wonder; and so many were deed and wounded of cristin and hethen, that the felde was all couered, so that oon myght not come to a-nother but ouer deed cors.

While this grete occision and this mortall strif dide dure were alle the bateiles assembled on bothe partyes, saf only the bateile of kynge Arthur, and that Merlin ledde a trauerse till thei were come vpon hem be-hynde, and than thei girde in a-monge hem crewelly; and after sir Gawein, and his brethern, and Elizer, and sir Ewein, and Segramor, and the companye of the rounde table were come to the bateile, ther myght men haue sein a-pertly wonder chyualries shewed of armes; and thei slough horse and men, and made sheldes to shiver, and hewen helmes from hedes, and kutte handes and legges a-sonder, and dide so wonderfull dedes that vn-ethe myght eny man be-leve the merveiles ne the grete lardure that thei made of the saisnes; and kay the stiwarde, to whom Merlin hadde yove the grete baner to bere of the kynge Arthur, was euer in the fore frounte as he that was of grete hardynesse, ther be-fore alle other dide well sir Gawein, and so dide the kynge Arthur, ffor he araught no saisne a full stroke, but he were deed; and full wele dede the princes that were come for the honor of god, these dide so well in that iourney, that thei ought wele to haue the pardon; and also full wele dide the knyghtes of the quene Gonnore, ffor after theire strokes a-bode noon standinge, but straught to grounde all that thei myght atteyne; and whan the saisnes were thus for-closed, thei were sore a-baisshed and turned to discounfiture, and with-oute faile thei were waxen so feble that of v kynges, and an erle, and a Duke, and of fifty thousande saisnes ne ascaped not foure Ml that all ne were deed or maymed; and with-oute doute it was right dere I-bought, ffor thei hadde slayn so many of the cristin that it was sore be-wepte as longe as the kynge Arthur lyved, ffor many a gentill lady be lefte wedowe, and many a gentill mayden dysolat, and with-outen counseile.

The company of the round table do wonders.

Kay is ever in the front.

The princes do well,

as do the queen's knights.

Four thousand Saxons only escape.

*[Fol. 212b.]

Gondofles and Lanor de

*Whan the kynge Gondofles, and lanor de betinges saugh the grete slaughter of her peple that the cristin hadde slain and alle to-hewen, and sye how thei were for-closed in soche maner that thei myght not returne to theire hoste, and than were thei wroth, ffor thei sye wele thei were but deed, but yef thei toke counseile of hem-self. Than thei loked a-boute and be-helde towarde the see where thei saugh the cristin a litill vn-closed, and that wey thei toke the flight thourgh the medowes, streight toward the see that was ther nygh; and whan the kynge Arthur saugh hem goinge, he cried, "Now after hem alle attonys;" and ther*e* was many a stroke smyten in the chace, ffor the saisnes were grete and stronge, and bolde and hardy, and full of grete prowesse, and often thei returned vpon hem that hem pursued, and the cristin hem resceyved with good will, and ther*e* were many of the saisnes deed and sore wounded, and the chace so endured, turnynge often as thei were in flight, till that thei com to the see, where thei fonde thre of theire Galeyes, that Landalus dide guyde, and a-boode ther for vitaile that sholde come from hem that were gon in forrey to the Castell of Garlot; and whan the saisnes saugh the Galeyes thei were full gladde, and ronne in who that myght first in the grettest haste. But thei cowde not hem so hasten but ther was of hem drowned mo than two thousande, and thei that were entred kutte a-sonder the ropes and [dressed] theire sailes, and ascaped in to the see, and wente ther as the wynde and fortune wolde hem drive, that in euell maner hadde theire ioure araied; and whan the kynge Arthur and his barou*n*s saugh that thei haue hem so loste, thei returned to the playnes of Garlot to theire tentes, and yolde graces to oure lorde of the victorie that thei hadde in this bateile; and for thei were wery for traueile, thei hem resten at theire ese of all that thei myghten as thei that hadde grete myster, ffor wery thei were of the traueile of the strokes yevinge and also rescey[u]inge in the stour, that hadde be right grete, and than ete and dranke, and than loked the wounded and hurt peple, and hadde hem to the castell of Garlot, and were of hem xxxv knyghtes, and v were wounded of the companye of the rounde table, wherfore the kynge Arthur was full pensif and sory, and that oon was hervy de rivell, and

Betinges are very wroth.

They take to flight.

Arthur orders them to be followed.

The chace continues to the sea.

The Saxons are glad when they see the galleys, but more than 2,000 are drowned.

Arthur and his barons return to Garlot.

They are weary.

Five of the round table are wounded.

Arthur prays the leech to take care of them.

The host ride towards Clarence.

Merlin says that on this day the *[Fol. 213*a*.] prowess of Logres shall be shewn.

All are to do his pleasure,

and they will have the victory;

but the Saxons will not be defeated till the barons

males le bruns, and the thridde was Clamedos, and the fourthe was Arestobolus, and the v^e landou*ns* of Carmelide; and the kynge Arthur p*ra*ied the leche to take of hem good hede, and thei badde he sholde not be dismayed, ffor in short terme thei sholde be hool, and sounde with helpe of god; and ther-fore was the kynge gladde and alle the Barou*ns*, and ther thei soiourned that nyght till it was day, that Merlin bad hem trusse tentes and Pavilou*ns*, and that thei sholde come after hym redy armed her enmyes to assaile, and a-non it was don as he comaunded; and than thei ride forth toward Clarence, and whan thei were so nygh, that thei myght se tentes and Pavelou*ns*, Merlin hem shewed to the kynge Arthur, and seide, "Sir, lo yonder theym by whos comaundement the londe is distroied of yow and youre barou*ns*. Now shall it be shewed how ther-of shall be take vengaunce, ffor this day be ye come all for to lese or all for to wynne, this day shull men se who is bolde and hardy, or who is of valour, this day shall be sein who can smyte *with swerde or spere, this day shall be shewed the grete prowesse of the reame of logres, thys day is the grete nede and the myster, ffor this day shall the reame of logres be distroied or honoured, and I do yow to wete alle the barou*ns* that be here assembled that ye praye oure lorde to diffende the reame of logres from shame and myschaunce;" and thei alle seide, "Amen." And than alle thei cried bothe prevy and straunge that thei wolde alle do at his wille and at his pleiser; and he seide that seth thei wolde do after his counseill, thei sholde haue no drede of nothinge, and "ye shull haue this day the victorye;" and thei ansuerde, "We be alle ther-to redy and appareiled." Than seide Merlin, "I will that ye me graunte that in all thinge ye shull do my wille;" and thei seide thei wolde with good will. "Yet," quod Merlyn, "I will that the kynge Arthur me graunte firste of alle;" and than he graunted hym a-noon right, and so dide alle the other; and than seide Merlin, "Ffeire lordes, this day is come the grete distruxion of the grete Breteigne, but yef god put to his hande and his good counseile, ne it may not be distrued in no man*er*. Ne these peple shull neuer be disseuered ne departed er ye haue pees with the kynge Arthur, and that haue ye me graunted."

are at peace with Arthur.

Whan the barou*n*s this vndirstoden ther were some that it liked nothinge, but other-wise myght it not be, and so thei graunted alle to the volunte of Merlin, and dide homage to the kynge Arthur oon after a-nother, and of hym resceived theire londes and theire fees all tho that ought it for to do; and than the ioye was grete thourgh all the hoste; and than thei devised theire bateiles, and wente a-gein the saisnes that weren at the sege be-fore Clarence that it dide assaile from day to day, but it was so stronge that thei myght but litill wynne, ffor it was well garnysshed of good peple and vitaile, ffor alle tho that eny armes myght bere of x myle a-boute were with-ynne the town bothe knyght, and burgeise, and oon and other, wher-of ther was lv.$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ that many of hem were full bolde and hardy, and defensable, and diffended the town a-gein the saisnes full vigerously, and launched at hem many a quarell, and many a sharp*e* spere and dart wher-with many a saisne was slain and sore wounded, that neuer after ne dide ride ne go; and grete and hidouse was the assaut the same hour that the cristin com vpon; and Merlin and his companye com with the grete baner in his hande, and whan he com nygh the saisnes he sente his peple in four partyes of the hoste of saisnes, and smyten thourgh the tentes and thou[r]gh the pavelons, and kutte a-sonder ropes and cordes, and threwe down all that stode vpright, and the saisnes that of this comynge toke no rewarde, herde the noyse, and the bruyte, and the lowde cries, and saugh theire pavelou*n*s ouerthrowen on euery side, thei were gretly affraied and lefte the assaute, and turned that wey who that myght sonest, eche hastyer than other; and than ther was soche noyse and shoute whan eche man cried his ensigne that oon myght here it a myle of lengthe; and than be-gan the bateile fierce and merveilouse, and smyte sore with speres and swerdes that oon vpon the tother, and grete was the slaughter on bothe sides. But for oon *that was deed of the cristin was foure deed of the saisnes, neuertheles thei were moo peple, and

The barons do homage to Arthur.

They go against the Saxons.

The people of Clarence defend the town.

Merlin and his company come with the great banner. They throw down the tents of the Saxons.

The battle is very sore.

*[Fol. 213*b*.]

of gretter strengthe than were cristin. But the cristin were wonder light and delyuer, and full of high prowesse to furnyssh a bateile, and at the firste brunt was many a cristin leide to grounde, and many a saisne deed, wherfore the kynge hardogobran was full wroth and angry, and he griped in his hande a grete plante of an oke ther-on an heed of steill sharp I-grounde, and com rynnynge with grete randon a-gein the kynge Cleoles that for the love of oure lorde was come to that iourney with vij^{Ml} men that full well dide in that stour*e*; and whan Cleoles saugh hym come, he deigned not to fle as he that was of grete hardynesse, but turned the heed of his horse with his spere in fewtre, and mette so with grete raundon and force that the sheldes perced and hauberkes dismayled, but the flessh thei not touched, but thei hurteled so to-geder with theire helmes and sheldes, for the horse com with grete ravyn, and mette breste a-gein breste that bothe fill to grounde, horse and the men, ffor the speres were spent, and thei lefte lyinge on the grounde sore a-stonyed that thei myght not meve, ffor the horse lay vpon hem as thei hadde be deed, and the two kynges were bothe in swowne theym vnder; and grete was the bateile to rescowe the two princes, ffor alle the bateilles of the saisnes ronne that wey, and also dide the cristin. Ther was many a hevy stroke yoven and resceyved, and the saisnes remounted*e* the kynge hardogobran; but first was deed moo than two thousande what oon and other, and on that other side the cristin remounted Cleoles, but thei fonde his lifte arme broken in the falle that he hadde, and ther-fore were his men sory and wrorth, and a-noon lete bere hym to the harneys; and whan thei hadde leyde hym on a cowche, he preide his men for goddes love to go to the bateile, and thei so dide full Irouse, and in talent to avenge theire lorde, and thei slough at that enuaye two kynges of the saisnes wher-of that oon was cleped Brangore, and the tother Margou*n*ces. This Margounces was cosin germayn to Aungis the saisne, and than thei be-gonne to do so well in armes that moche were thei preised and comended, and be-holde for grete merveile of the saisnes and of the cristin; and also

Hardogobran comes against Cleoles.

They fight.

Both fall to the ground.

The Saxons remount Hardogobran.

Cleoles's left arm is broken.

His men go into the battle to avenge their lord.

They slay Brangore and Margounces.

on that other side faught the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and the kynge Ventres, and the kynge Vrien; and on a-nother side of the bateile faught the kynge Tradilyuaunt of north walys, and the kynge de Cent Chiualers, and the kynge Clarion of Northumbirlonde, and the Duke Escam of Cambenyk; and on that other side of the hoste faught the kynge Belynans, and the kynge of Strangore, and the kynge of Scotlonde, and the kynge of Cornewaile, and Mynoras the senescall of the kynge lak, and of the kynge Euadain that were brethern to the kynge Clamedien, and Galegnynans the Senescall of Galehaut, the sone of the Geaunt, and the Duke Belyas of loseres, and Margondes, the senescall of Sorloys, that alle were come for the love of oure lorde; *and on that other side Gosenges, the sone of kynge Amant, and Nabunall his Senescall, and Cleodalis the Senescall of kynge leodogan of Carmelide; and on a-nother part of the hoste was the kynge Arthur, and the kynge looth, and sir Gawein, and his brethern, and sir Ewein, and Segramor, and kay the stiwarde that bar the baner, and the bateile was so well be-gonne on euery parte that it was merveile; and Merlin wente from o bateile to a-nother, and satte vpon a courser, and cried lowde, "Now lete se now gentill knyghtes, now is come the day and the houre that youre prowesse shall be shewed;" and whan the kynge and the princes herde Merlin crie, thei constreyned hem-self to shewe the grettest force that thei hadden; and whan thei of the town saugh the bateile so mortall and so dolerouse, and thei saugh the cristin and the saisnes throwen to grounde so thikke, that oon fill on a-nother. And thei saugh the signes of the reade crosse in the white baners, and thei thought wele it was socour that god hadde hem sent, and made the yates to be opened and issed oute of the town alle armed and smote in to the bateile full vigerously, and be-gonne to do full well in armes, and so dide alle the other. But a-monge the saisnes thei fonde grete diffence. But the barouns and the saisnes that herde Merlin crye that the day was come of the grete nede, and than eche of hem shewed his grettest force, and be-gonne to do so well on

The fighters among the Christians.

*[Fol. 214*a*.]

Merlin moves about in the battle.

When the people of the town see the red cross, they open the gates and issue forth.

The Saxons get the worst of the fight. Arthur, Gawein, Ban, and Bohors do marvels.

Hardogobran and five other kings only escape,

with 30,000 Saxons.

The Christians chase them to the sea.

*[Fol. 214b.] The Saxons are sorry for their loss.

euery side that the saisnes were sore atte the werse. But who dide wele or who nought in that iourney, hem alle dide Arthur surmounte, and sir Gawein, and his brethren, and sir Ewein, and Segramor, and Elizer, and the kynge Ban, and the kinge Bohors. These shewed wonderfull merveiles with theire bodyes, ffor a-gein theire strokes hadde no knyght power to a-bide in his sadell, ne no steill hem with-stode; and dide so well be the grete hardynesse of theire bodyes that the saisnes were putte to discounfiture, ffor thei toke no rewarde to sle the pore saisnes, but turned the heedes of theire horse thider as thei saugh the richeste apparence of armes and stedes; and dide so well that of alle the kynges that the kynge Hardogobran hadde brought, ne ascaped but he and v kynges, and of hem oon was the kynge Orienx, and the seconde the kynge Sorbar, and the thridde the kynge Cornycans, and the fourthe was the Admyrall Napin, and the vth was the kynge Murgalans de trebahan; these v kynges ascaped with the kynge Hardogobran, and hadde well in her companye xxx^{Ml} saisnes, that alle departed from the bateile mate and discounfited be strengthe of the swyftnesse of horse, and fledde to theire navie, and the cristin hem chaced to the see, and hilde hem so shorte in the entringe to the shippes that ther were of hem slain and drowned the haluendell or more; and thei that were in the shippes ascaped wroth and sorowfull for the losse that thei hadden, and thei hadde but litill while gon whan thei saugh the shippe of kynge Gondofles, and lanor *that were fledde fro the discounfiture, and eche of hem knewe well other, and made full grete sorowe for theire grete losse, and in this maner thei went sailinge thourgh the see. But of hem at this tyme speketh not the storie, but turneth to speke of the kynge Arthur, and of his companye.

CHAPTER XXX.

DEPARTURE OF BAN AND BOHORS, AND THEIR VISIT TO AGRAVADAIN.

Arthur and his barons thank God

Whan the kynge Arthur hadde discounfited the saisnes, he and his baronye repeired gladde and ioyfull in to the felde ther as the bateile hadde I-be, and thanked our lorde hertily of the honour and victorie that he hadde graunted hem for to haue, and of the grete wynnynge of clothes of silke and golde, and siluer, and riche pavelouns, and goode stedes, and armures; and the kynge Arthur hem departed by comon assent of alle the Barouns after thei were of astate or degre, and with-hilde not to hym-self the valew of a ferthinge; and than the princes entred in to the town gladde and ioyfull, and dide entere the deed corps, and hem that were wounded serched theire sores, and hadde good leches, and soiourned ther v dayes; and the tidinges ran thourgh the londe how the saisnes were discounfited, and chaced from the town of Clarence oute of the londe, and distroied and slain; and than alle the saisnes that were thourgh the londe, whiche hadde not be at the bateile, thei returned in to Saxoyne sory and wroth, for theire frendes that thei hadde loste; and whan the kynge Arthur hadde a-biden in the town of Clarence v dayes with grete feste and ioye, than departed the princes fro hym, and eueriche of hem wente in to his owne contrey, and thus thei departed fro hym with grete love, and hilden of hym theire fees and honours; and the straunge princes that for love of oure lorde were come to that iourney returned home in to theire contreyes; and the kynge Arthur, and the kynge Ban of Benoyk, and the kynge Bohors of Gannes, and the kynge looth of Orcanye, and sir Gawein, and his brethren, and theire companye, and theire meyne were resceyued with grete ioye at Cameloth of the Quene Gonnore, and of alle the peple; and than com Merlin to the kynge Arthur, and seide, "Sir, thanke be god ye haue the londe delyuered of the euell peple at this tyme, and ther-fore ye owe to haue grete ioye and all cristin peple, ffor now be thei sure all the peple of this londe; and ther-fore now may wele the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors repeire hom in to theire contrey, ffor longe tyme is it past that thei saugh not theire wiffes ne theire meyne, and thei haue a full felon neighbour that gladly wolde hem annoyen, and that is the kynge Claudas de la desert, and therfore shull thei passe the

for the victory.

Arthur divides the booty.

The princes enter the town.

The Saxons return to Saxony.

The princes depart to their own countries.

Arthur, Ban, Bohors, Looth, and Gawein come back to Cameloth.

Merlin says Ban and Bohors should return to their country.

see and take kepe to theire lond*es*, and of that thei haue for to do;" and whan the kynge Arthur this vndirstode, he ansuerde full debon*er*ly.

Arthur agrees to what Merlin says.

The two kings ride to the sea.

They come to a castle.

*[Fol. 215*a*.] with seven walls,

and five towers.

There is only one entry.

On a pine tree,

"Feire frende, Merlin," seide the kynge, "the princes shull do theire volunte, and ye shall yours. But moche more I love to haue youre companye than youre departynge; ffor the companye of so worthy men as thei ben ne ought annoy to no prince. But seth it pleseth yow, and that ye will it be so I moste it nede suffre and do youre volunte." "Sir," seide Merlin, "it be-houeth to be so at this tyme, ffor ye haue now no myster of theire a-bidinge;" and in this maner departed the two kynges and ride towarde the see in grete ioye, and Merlin that moche hem loved hem conveyed; and fill that the firste nyght that thei departed from Cameloth that thei come to a Castell that stode in a maresse, so wele and so feire sittinge, and so cloos that it douted noon assaute, and this Castell was closed rounde with *vij walles thikke and high, and feire enbateiled, and right deffensable; and with-ynne the bailie were v. toures that were high and streight all rounde, and foure were mene, and the fifthe was gret and high, and well hurdeysed a-boute with-ynne and with-oute, and grete diches, and depe full of water, and the dongeon that stode in the myddill was grete and high, and all a-boute the walles of the Castell was marasse that dured two myle so full of myre and water that noon myght come ther-to, but he were drowned. In to this castell was but oon entree, and that was so streite that two horse myght not ther-on mete, oon be-side a-nother; and a-bove this marasse was a chauchie fro place to place of the breede of a spere lengthe made of chalke and sande stronge and thikke and wele made, and this cauchie was of lengthe a stones caste, and the remenaunt was made of plankes and of tymbir, so that noon ne myght passe ouer yef the plankes hadde be take a-wey, and at the ende of the cauchie was a grete water, but ther-to com no shippes, but it was right feire and plesaunt, and good fisshinge; be-fore the foot of this cauchie was a pyne tre a litill fro the water in a medowe of the space of an acre londe or more, where-ynne the grasse was feire and high, and the pyne tre was right feire and full of bowes, so that oon braunche passed not a-nother of height, and vpon a braunche of this pyne was hanged by a cheyne of siluer, an horne of yvorie as white as snowe, ffor that thei sholde it sowne that com for to be herberowed in the castell, or elles who that passed forth by that wolde aske Iustinge. Of these two thinges serued the horne that ther was hanged.

there is a horn of ivory fastened with a silver chain.

Whan the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and her companye come to the pyne, and saugh the horne that ther did hange, thei seide that for nought was it not sette, and a-noon thei supposed it was for to aske passage of the foorde or elles to aske Iustes. But thei saugh the Castell so fer fro thens that thei trowed not the sounde of the horne myght not thider ben herde, and on that other side thei saugh the Castell so feire and so riche and well sette, that thei hadde neuer seyn noon soche of the grettenesse, and saugh the cauchie and the entre so stronge, and so streite, that thei were alle merveiled; and the two kynges seide to Merlin, and asked yef he knewe what the castell was cleped that was so feire and well closed; and Merlin seide it was the castell of marasse, and was longinge to a knyght that was of grete puyssaunce, and of grete renon, and ther-to he was bolde and hardy at armes, and his name is Agrauadain ly noire. "Certes," seide the kynge, "of Agrauadain haue I herde well speke in many a place, and so helpe me god he ought wele to be a noble man that is here so well herberowed; ffor a-bove alle the Castelles that euer I sigh is this the feirest, and gladly wolde I lye ther-in to-nyght." "To that shull ye well come," quod Merlin; "but no straunge knygh[t] cometh to this castell er he haue sowned this horne, ne noon dar very ouer the water er he haue blowe this horne, ffor than shall he not passe with-oute bateile." "I will sowne the horne," seide the kynge Ban, "yef ye *will yeve me leve." "In feith," seide Merlyn, "ther-in is no pereile, but other to aske a Iustinge or elles the feriage." "In feith," seide the kynge Ban, "and though ther were more pereile I shall it

Ban and Bohors come to the pine.

They think the horn cannot be heard at the castle.

Merlin says the castle belongs to Agravadain ly Noir.

No strange knight can come to the castle till he has sounded the horn.

Ban says he will sound the horn.

*[Fol. 215b.]

He blows it.

He blows again thrice:

sowne, seth that ye graunte me ther-to leve." "And I will well it so be," quod Merlin; "ffor yef god will, ther-of shall come noon euell." A-noon wente the kynge Ban to the horne, and sette it to his mouthe, and blew it so high and so cler as he that I-nough hadde of force and power*e* and breth, that all the marasse ther-of resowned, and the sowne of the water and the marasse bare the sownde in to the castell, that the lorde of the place it herde, and a-noon he asked his armes, for so was his custome; and the kynge be-gan to blowe a-gein thries to-geder lightly, for the Castell was so fer that the kynge wende the noyse myght not haue come thider.

The lord of the castle is angry,

and comes to the ford, and asks who the people are.

Merlin answers they hold their lands of Arthur.

Agravadain bids the knights follow him,

and he conducts them to the castle.

Whan the lorde of the Castell herde hym blowe so harde, and that he was so hasty, he hilde ther-of grete dispite, and for anger lepte on a grete stede in haste with shelde a-boute his nekke, and his spere in honde, and a-noon the yate was open; and he rode oute a grete raundon, and com to the foorde, and whan he saugh the peple on the tother side, he cried and asked what peple thei were; and the kynge Ban ansuerde, "Sir, we be knyghtes, that requere herberowe this nyght yef it plese yow, and feriage for oure horse at this foorde." "With whom be ye," quod Agrauadain. "Sir," quod Merlin, that was nigh; "we be of this other contrey of the partyes of Gaule." "And of what parties of Gaule," quod Agrauadain. "Sir," seide Merlin, "thei holde theire londes of god and of kynge Arthur." "In godis name," seide Agrauadain, "thei haue a gode lorde, ffor of the kynge Arthur may thei not empeire, for he is a noble kynge, and a good knyght, and he is my lorde, and for his love shull ye haue hostell at youre volunte." "Gramercy, sir," seide the kynge; than a-noon right Agrauadain hym turned, and badde the knyghtes hym sewe, and seide thei were alle welcome; and thei wente a-noon after hym oon after a-nother ouer the bregge to the gat*es* of the castell, and entred in after that the lorde of the place was entred, ffor ther was no space to turne on his horse er he were entred and paste the yate; and than the lorde hym-self condited hem in to the castell, and a-noon lepen oute squyres and yomen to make hem a-light, and the lorde toke the two knyghtes be the hande, for that hym semed thei were princes and lordes of the othere, and ledde hem in to a chambir of the tour hem to vn-arme, and hym-self dide helpe for to vn-arme, and ther-while entred in thre maydenes of right grete bewte, wher-of tweyne were neces vn-to agrauadain; and the thridde was his doughter, and thei brought thre mantels furred with ermyn, and the cloth was scarlet, and thei caste hem vpon the two kynges; and the thridde vpon Agrauadain, and the kynge Ban that was a lusty knyght be-hilde the maydenys, and liked well theire companye, and countenaunce that were right feire and of grete bewte, that it was wonder to be-holde, and alle thre were of feire age, ffor the eldest was but xiiij yere, but a-bove alle the other was the lordes doughter the feirest; and Merlin be-hilde hir with grete anguyssh, and thought in his herte that *well were he that with soche a creature myght ly, "and ne were the grete love that I haue," quod he "to Nimyane, my love, I sholde haue hir this nyght in myn armes, and seth I may not hir haue, I shall lete hir be knowe with the kynge Ban;" and than he made a coniorison softly, and a-noon as he hadde it made the kynge Ban loved the mayden, and she hym also right sore.

Three maidens bring mantels for the two kings.

Ban is pleased with the maidens.

Merlin makes Ban *[Fol. 216a.] and the lord's daughter love each other.

Whan these two knyghtes were araide with these two mantels that the maydenys hadde brought, than Agrauadain, the lorde of the castell, sette hym down by hem, and loked on these two kynges, and knewe hem a-noon; and than he made hem gretter chere than he hadde do be-forn, and dide hem more reverence; and whan it was tyme to go to soper, the clothes were spradde vpon the tables thourgh the paleys that was grete and large, and the two kynges that were brethren satte down at the high table, and made agrauadain sitte down þy hem and his wif that was a feire yonge lady of xviij yere of age, and the knyghtes were sette at other tables thourgh the halle, and the thre maydenys that were so feire and auenaunt were stondinge be-fore the two kynges, and be-fore Agrauadain; and Merlin that was with hem transformed in to

Agravadain sets the two kings down by him.

His wife is a young lady.

Merlin is transformed

into a young knight.

His head is yellow and curly, and his eyes are grey.

The daughter of Agravadain fixes her eyes on Ban,

and can think only of him.

the semblaunce of a yonge knyght of xv yere age, and was clothed in a short garnement party read and white, and was girt with a bawdrike of silke of brede of a spanne wele and richely harnysshed with golde and stones, and ther-on hinge a gipser or purpill samyte bete with golde, and hadde a peire of gloues hanginge hym be-hynde, and his heed was yelow and curle, and his iyen grey and grete in his heed, and kerved be-fore the kynge Ban knelinge, and he was moche be-holden of oon and other, ffor ther was noon that hym knewe saf the two kynges, ffor tho that were her meyne wende he hadde be with the lorde of the place, and for his grete bewte the maydenys be-hilde hym often ententifly. But the doughter of Agrauadain hadde sette hir iyen moste vpon the kynge Ban more than on eny othir thinge, for the co*n*iurison that Merlin hadde made, and putte hir to grete affray; and she liked hym so well that it made hir to chaunge colour ofte sithes, and longe her thought er the clothes were taken vp, ffor fain wolde she haue leyn be-twene his armes, and she cowde not wite how that volunte to hir com. But so moche she hath ther-on sette her thought, that to noon othir thinge she toke no tent but to thenke of hym.

This is through Merlin's spell.

Ban loves the girl,

and is angry with himself because of his wife,

*[Fol. 216*b*.] and is ill at ease;

In this thought and this anguyssh was the mayden by the coniurison of Merlin; and on that other side was the kynge Ban so a-raied that he left pley and laughinge at the table, and cowde not wite how it was to hym come, and he was sory and wroth of that he hadde his love so turned, ffor he hadde to wif a yonge lady of grete bewte, to whom he ne wolden not false his feith; and on that other side he thought how he was herberowed ther-ynne, and the lorde of the place was a noble man and a curteyse, and hadde hym don grete honour*e*, and hym semed it were vntrouthe and treson, and to grete vilonye sholde it to hym turne yef he required hir of shame or dishoneste. Ne no gretter shame myght he hym do than diffoule his doughter in soche maner; and *ther-with he wax so euell at ese that he wiste not what to do, and alwey he seide in his corage that he wolde neuer hir requyre of no soche thinge. But Merlin thought wele in his herte that so sholde it not go, ffor he thought it hadde be grete harme yef thei hadde not come to-geder, ffor soche fruyte sholde come be-twene hem wher-of all the londe of Breteigne sholde be honoured by the grete prowesse that he sholde haue.

but Merlin intends them to come together.

All thus seide Merlin to hym-self; and whan the clothes were drawen, and thei hadde waisshe theire handes thei yede to the wyndowes, and be-helde the marasse; and on that othir side thei saugh the foreste and the forteresses that were ther a-boute, and the erable londe and the feire fisshinge, and saugh the vynes and the contrey so feire that merveile it was to be-holden; and ther thei stode till it was tyme to go to bedde, and entred in to a chambre by the halle where the maydenys hadde made redy two beddes soche as apertend to two soche princes, and thei were brought to bedde with grete ioye and feste; and whan the two kynges were brought to bedde, the lorde of the place wente to bedde with his wif, and the thre maydenys lay in a-nother chamber next by the chamber of Agrauadain, so that noon myght entre but thourgh his chamber; and a-noon as thei were a-bedde, Merlin be-gan an enchauntement, and made hem to slepe alle that were with-ynne the Castell saf only the kynge Ban and the mayden. These tweyne were so surprised that oon vpon that other, that thei myght nother slepe ne reste, and Merlin, that wolde acheive that he hadde be-gonne, com in to the chamber ther the mayden lay, and toke hir softly by the hande and seide, "Now, feire lady, a-rise, and come to hym that so moche yow desireth;" and she that so sore was enchaunted myght not with-sey his volunte, but a-noon a-roos vp oute of hir bedde naked saf, she first dide on hir smok, and Merlin her ledde by her fader beddes side, and by the beddes of other knyghtes ther-ynne; but thei were so stronge a-slepe, that thei myght not a-wake. Thus wente Merlin and the mayden till thei com in to the chamber ther the two kynges lay, wher-ynne was light I-nough, and fond the kynge Bohors sore a-slepe, as he that was in the power of Merlin, and thei com streight to the kynge Ban that was at

They go to the windows.

Two beds are prepared for the two princes,

and the lord of the place goes to bed with his wife.

Merlin makes an enchantment, so that all sleep but Ban and the maiden.

Merlin takes the maiden by the hand.

and leads her to King Ban.

moche mysese, and seide, "Sir, lo here the gode [and] the feire whiche shall bringe forth the feire and the good, of whom the grete renomede shall renne thourgh all Breteigne."

Ban receives the maiden.

Whan the kynge saugh the mayden, and he hadde vndirstonde Merlin, a-noon he spradde his armes, and hir resceived gladde and myry, as he that moste do the comaundement of Merlin, and he hadde no power it to with-stonde, for the enchauntement wher-with he was so surprised that he myght it not forsake in no maner; ffor yef it were in poste he wolde it not haue do for all the reme of grete Breteigne, for sore he dredde oure lorde; and satte vp and resceyved the mayden in his armes, and she dide of hir smok, and leide hir down by hym, and her toke in his armes and she dide hym, and eche of hem made feire chere and right good semblaunt, as thei hadde be to-geder xx yere, for noon of hem was a-shamed ne dismayed of other, and all this hadde Merlin it ordeyned. In this maner*e* *was the kynge and the damesell till day, and than com Merlin to the kynge Ban, and seide that it were tyme that the damesell yede a-gein, and she dide on hir smok and hir kirtill; and the kynge toke a ringe of his fynger, and side, "Swete love, kepe this ringe for my love;" and the damesell it toke and sette it on hir finger, and so thei departed; and Merlin brought hir a-gein in to hir bedde, and made hir to ly down all naked that hadde conceyved a sone, of whom launcelot after hadde grete ioye and honour for the bounte and Chiualrie that was in hym. Whan Merlin hadde brought the damesell in hir bedde, he wente to his owne bedde and lay down, and than brake the enchauntement, and alle that were in the castell a-woke, and it was than feire day; and than a-rise knyghtes and squyres, and alle seruaunt*es*, and made redy theire armures, and sadeled theire horse, and trussed coufres and males, and Merlin com to the kynge that was a-slepe, ffor the enchauntement of the love of the damesell was cessed, and he wiste well that he hadde by hir leyen, but he knewe not in what maner ne how he hadde hir in his bedde, saf he supposed it was by Merlin; and Merlin com to hym, and seide it was sone tyme

*[Fol. 217*a*.] They remain together till daybreak.

Ban gives the maiden a ring.

Merlin brings her back to her bed.

He breaks the enchantment so that all awake.

He comes to the king and

to ride; and whan the two kinges were vp, and alle tho that were ther-ynne; than com the lorde and the thre damesselles to the two kynges and salued, and thei hem grete a-gein godely; and whan the kynge Ban saugh the doughter of Agrauadain that al nyght hadde leyn with hym he be-heilde hir full ententifly, and she hym full swetly bowinge down with the heed as she that was shamefaste, that she hadde be so prevy with hym, and that she hadde be so bolde; and but yef the force and the enchauntement hadde not cessed, she ne hadde ther-of be nothinge a-baisshed for hym, and ther was neuer hour after but she hym loved more than eny other man, and that shewed well, for neuer after that wolde she neuer haue a-do with no man, but seide to hir-self that a woman that hadde ben so with a kynge ne ought neuer be so famyler with noon other man of lower degre. Ne neuer after wolde she be maried; and the kynge Ban toke hir be the hande, and seide, "Damesell, I moste nede departe at this tyme, but wher-so-euer I be I am youre knyght as trewly as eny man may be, and I praye yow haue in mynde to kepe youre body, ffor ye be conceyved with a sone, and that I do yow verily to wite of whom ye shull haue ioye and honour;" and of this Merlin hadde do hym to vndirstonde that knewe a partye of thinges that were to come; and the damesell ansuerde in baas voyce sore syghinge, and seide, "Sir, yef it so be god to his pleiser sende me more ioye ther-of than I haue of youre departinge, ffor neuer here be-forn was love so soone departed, and seth yow be-hove nede for to go, I shall conforte my-self the beste wise I may with this that I am with conceyved; now god sende me grace that I be a gladde moder, ffor yef I lyve so longe that I may it se, hit shall be to me a myrour and confort in remembraunce of yow;" with that worde the kynge toke hir in his armes, and with sighinge comaunded hir to god; and the damesell returned to hir chamber with the maydenes *and the two kynges; and Merlin comaunded the lady to god, and thanked hir for the grete curtesie and chere that thei hadde founden; and after thei toke theire horse and departed oute

tells them it is time to ride.

The daughter of Agravadain is ashamed when she sees Ban.

She loves him more than any other man.

Ban tells her of the son she has conceived.

She says that it will be a comfort to her.

*[Fol. 217*b*.]

Merlin and the two kings

depart out of the castle.

of the Castell, and rode forth the cauchie oon after a-nother, and Agrauadain hem conveyed to the pyne tre, and than returned; and the two kynges rode forth to the see, and founden shippes, and passed ouer; and whan thei were landed thei ride forth till thei come to Benoyk, where thei were resceived with grete ioye; but a-bove alle other were the two sustres, the Quenes gladde and ioyfull, and so the two kynges soiourned viij dayes in Benoyk with theire two wifes, and with hem also Merlin; and the ix^{the} day he toke leve of the two kynges and the Quenes, and of the other barouns, and repeired to Nimiane, his owne love, that made hym grete chire, and of hym was gladde and ioyfull, ffor moche she hym loved for the grete debonerte that she hadde in hym founden, and he loved nothinge so wele as he dide hir, and wele it shewed, ffor he taught hir that he wolde not teche to noon other, and so he a-bode with hir viij dayes, and than departed and com to Blase, his maister, that so moche desired hym to se; and Merlin hym tolde the assemble on the playn of Salisbery, and how thei rescewed the Quene of Garlot, and the pray, and tolde hym alle thinges that were be-fallen seth he fro hym departed, and he hem wrote in his boke. But now shull we returne to speke of the kynge Arthur.

They come to Benoyk.

Merlin takes leave of the kings, and goes to Nimiane.

He then goes to Blase, and tells him what has happened.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARTHUR'S GREAT FEAST AT CAMELOT; THE BATTLE BEFORE TORAISE, AND DEFEAT OF KING RION.

Whan the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and Merlin were departed from the kynge Arthur for to go in to theire owne contrey, the kynge a-bode stille at Cameloth, gladde and myri with the Quene Gonnore that moche hym loved, and he hir, and so thei a-bide in ioye and myrthe longe tyme, till it drough nygh the myddill of Auguste; and than seide the kynge to sir Gawein, his nevew, that at the feste of assumpcion he wolde holde court roiall, and that all sholde be sent fore

Arthur abides at Cameloth.

He tells Gawein that he will hold a court, that were of hym holdinge londe or feo; ffor he seide he saugh neuer his hool power to-geder at no feeste that he hadde holden be-fore; "and therfore," quod he, "I will that alle be sent fore bothe fer and nygh bothe prive and straunge, and also I will that eche bringe with hym his wif or his love that my court may be the more honoured;" and sir Gawein seide that he hadde well devised, and that of gentell herte meved this purpos, "and ther-fore I be-seke yow that this be so don that it be to youre honour;" and the kynge seide, "Certes, feire nevew, I desire to do so that I haue ther-of honour, and that all the worlde ther-of may speke." Than sir Gawein lete write lettres and writtes, and sente hem to the Barou*n*s, and to knyghtes of the londe, and comaunded hem alle as dere as thei hym loved that thei be on the assumpcion even at Cameloth, ffor than wolde he holden court grete and roiall, and euery man to bringe with hym his wif or his love; and the messagers wente to the princes and Barou*n*s, and shewed hem theire lettres, and dide theire message thourgh the contrey; and the princes and the barou*n*s made hem redy in *the moste roiall wise and com to the court as the kynge hadde comaunded, and euery man brought with hym his wif*e*, and he that hadde no wif*e* brought with hym his love; and than ther com thider so many that merveile it was to be-holde the nombre, ffor ther ne myght not the tenthe part in to the Citee of Cameloth, but loigged with-oute in the feire medowes in tentes and in Pavelou*n*s; and the kynge hem resceived with grete ioye and grete honour*e*, and the quene Gonnore, that was the wisest lady of the worlde, resceyved the quenes, and the ladyes, and the maydenes, and damesels with grete honour*e* eueriche of hem by hem-self as she that hadde more witte and curtesie than eny lady in hir dayes, and yaf to hem riche yeftes of golde and siluer, and clothes of silke eueriche after theire astate; and she demened hir so well that thei seide ther was not soche a-nother lady in all the worlde as was she; and the kynge departed to knyghtes robes and armes, and horse, and dide hem so moche worship*pe* that day and curtesie, that thei loved hym the better as longe as theire

to which all far and near are to be invited,

so that all the world may speak of it.

Gawein sends to the barons and knights for them to come to Cameloth.

*[Fol. 218*a*.]

They come, and each brings with him his wife or his love.

Not a tenth part can get into the city. The others lodge in tents.

Queen Gonnore receives the ladies,

and gives them rich gifts.

The king divides robes, arms, and horses among the knights.

lif*e* endured; and that shewed well after in many a stour, and in many a nede, as ye shull heren her-after.

He holds a rich feast on the eve of the Assumption.

All the minstrels in the land of Britain come to Cameloth.

The joy and mirth endures till bedtime.

On the morrow the king, queen, and the barons hear mass at the minster of St. Stephen.

Arthur and the crowned kings ride;

so does Gonnore and the queens.

The kings and queens sit at the high dais.

Grete was the feeste that the kynge hilde on the euen of the assumpcion to the riche baronye that to hym were come. Whan the kynge and the barou*ns* hadde herde euesonge at the mynster of seint Steph*e*ne, the tables were sette in teintes and Pavelons, ffor thei myght not alle in to the town; and on that othir side was the Quene Gonnore, and the ladyes and damesels with soche ioye that merveile it were to reherse, ffor in all the londe of Breteigne, ne in all the power of kynge Arthur, ne lefte mynstrall ne iogelour*e* ne oon ne other, but alle were come to that feeste; and at that soper were thei served so well as was convenient to so myghty a prince as was the kynge Arthur*e*, and thus endured thei in ioye and myrthe till tyme was to go to reste till on the morowe. And on the morowe a-roos the kynge Arthur*e*, and the riche barou*ns*, and the Quene, and wente to hire masse at the mynster of Seint Stephene, and the servise was honorably seide in the worship and reuerence of that high feste, and grete and riche was the offrande; and the kynge Arthur and alle other kynges and Quenes that day bar crownes in worship of the day, and so ther were lx crownes, what of kynges and quenes; and whan the masse was seide, and the seruise ended the kynge Arthur lepe on his palfrey, and alle the other kynges after hym I-crowned, and so dide the quene Gonnore and alle the other quenes, and eu*er*yche of hem a crowne of golde on theire heed*es*; and the kinge Arthur satte at the high deyse, and made alle the xij kynges sitte at his table downwarde a renge; and also in honour of the high feste of oure lady, he made the Quene Gonnore sitte by hym crowned, and so dide alle the other xij quenes by-fore theire lordes; and at other tables satte other princes, Dukes, and Erles, and othir knyghtes were sette richely thourgh the medowe*s* in tentes and Pavelou*ns* with grete ioy and melodye that neuer was seyn grett*er* in no Court.

*[Fol. 218*b*.]

Kay brings the first dish

* And as thei were in this ioye, and in this feste, and kay the stiward that brought the firste mese be-fore the

kynge, ther com in the feirest forme of man that euer hadde thei seyn be-fore, and he was clothed in samyte, and girte with a bawdrike of silke harnysshed with golde and preciouse stones, that all the paleys flamed of the light, and the heir of his hede was yelowe and crispe with a crowne of golde ther-on as he hadde ben a kynge, and his hosen of fin scarlet, and his shone of white cordewan orfraied, and bokeled with fin golde; and hadde an harpe a-bowte his nekke of siluer richely wrought, and the stringes were-of fin golde wire, and the harpe was sette with precioush stones; and the man that it bar was so feire of body and of visage that neuer hadde thei sein noon so feire a creature; but this a-peired moche his bewte and his visage for that he was blinde, and yet were the iyen in his heed feire and clier; and he hadde a litill cheyne of siluer tacched to his arme, and to that cheyne a litill spayne was bounde as white as snowe, and a litill coler a-boute his nekke of silke harneysed with golde; and this spaynell ledde hym streight be-fore the kynge Arthur, and he harped a lay of Breteigne full swetely that wonder was to here, and the refraite of his laye salewed the kynge Arthur, and the Quene Gonnore, and alle the other after; and kay the stiward that brought the firste cours taried a-while in the settinge down to be-holde the harpur ententifly. But now we moste cesse of hem a-while, and speke of the kynge Rion.

before the kings. A fair man comes in

with a harp set with precious stones.

He is blind, and has a chain of silver attached to his arm, by which a spaniel leads him.

In this partie the storie seith that whan the kynge Ryon was discounfited of the kynge Arthur, and of the kynge leodogan of Carmelide, he departed from that stour sory and wroth, as he that all hadde loste in that bateile, and rep[e]ired hom in to his contrey triste and sorowfull, and swor his oth that neuer sholde he haue ioye ne reste till he hadde distroied the kynge leodogan, and chaced hym oute of his londe, and sente writtes and l*ette*res to alle the lordes and knyghtes of his reame in lengthe and in brede, and to alle the reames that he hadde conquered, and that were ix by a count, and assembled so moche peple that it was merveile to se; the first kynge that com at the comaundement of kynge Rion was the kynge

When Rion was discomfited by Arthur, he departed very angry.

He sends letters to his lords, and assembles much people.

The princes who came at his commandment.

Rion's princes.

Rion complains to them,

*[Fol. 219*a*.]

and requires them to help him.

They are to be ready at Toraise within two months.

They all agree, and return to their countries.

Rion besieges Torayse.

Cleodalis comes out with 20,000 men, and fights fiercely.

Palerens, and hadde in his companye xv^{Ml} men that were bolde and hardy; after com the kynge Tasurs with xij^{Ml} men; and the kynge Brinans brought xiiij^{Ml} men wele horsed and a-raied for to helpe theire lorde, and the kynge Argans brought xi^{Ml} men; and the kynge Taurus brought xi^{Ml} men whiche hadde grete corage to a-venge the shame of kynge Rion; after that com the kynge Arade de galoire with xv^{Ml} men in his companye; and the kynge Solimas brought xx^{Ml} men wele horsed; and the kynge Kahadins brought x^{Ml}; and the kynge Alipantius of the londe des pastures brought xx^{Ml} men; whan thei were come and assembled at the comaundement of the kynge Rion, and he hem saugh alle be-fore hym he made his complaynt and his clamour*e* heringe hem alle, and seide to hem full sympilly, "Lordinges, ye be alle my liege men, and of me ye holde youre londes and youre fees, and *ther-fore ye owe to bere me feith a-gein alle men; and for I knowe youre hertes fin and trewe, and that ye wolde in nothinge a-gein me not erre, and therfore I yow pray and require that ye me helpe to a-venge my shame, nought only myn but alle youres; ffor he that doth to me shame or vylonye, he doth it not only to me, but to yow alle in generall, and therfore I pray yow and require be the oth that ye haue made to me that ye be with-ynne this two monethes be-fore Torayse a-gein the kynge leodogan of Carmelide that by his force hath me discounfited and chaced oute of the feilde, and therfore I require yow that ther on be take vengaunce;" and thei ansuerde alle with oo voice, and seide, "Of that it nedeth vs neuer to preyen, for this shall be don at yo*ure* plesier." With that thei departed and wente hom in to theire contrey, and made hem redy, and com at the day that was named with grete force be-fore the castell of Torayse; and the kynge Rion com with all his peple, and be-seged town all a-boute, and gadered the prayes in her comynge. But Cleodalis the stiward of Carmelide that was a noble knyght, and a trewe to his lorde chalenged it full fiercely of the forreyours, ffor he com out with xx^{Ml} men that he hadde with-holden to kepe the marches, and faught with hem fiercely, and rescowed the pray, and brought it in to the Castell and made shette the yates; and the kynge Rion and his peple logged a-boute the castell, and sette vp teintes and Pavelons, and rested the firste nyght, and on the morowe thei assailed the town and the castell; and the kynge leodogan and Cleodales cam oute by a posterne that opened a-gein the river, euen right a-geins the teinte of kynge Solymas that was gon to the assaute of a yate, and the kynge leodogan drof*e* thourgh the teintes and Pavelou*ns*, and with hym Cleodales, and caste down to the erthe all that vp-right dide stonde, and toke golde and siluer, and vesselles of golde and other Iuwelles, and brought in to the town, and in to the Castell by strengthe. Than were thei of the hoste full sory and wroth; and the kynge Rion seide all that sholde nought hem a-vaile, ffor he wolde neuer departe from the castell till he hadde it taken, and the kinge leodogan putte in his mercy; and than thei with-drough hem from the assaute, and so a-bide fyve dayes with-outen shotte or other dedes, and while that the kynge Rion lay thus at soiour, hit was tolde how the kynge Arthur hadde discounfited the saisnes, and chaced hem oute of the londe, and that at the assumpcion he sholde holde court roiall in the towon of Cameloth; and whan the kynge Rion herde thus, he seide, "Now lete hym feesten, ffor as soone as I haue the kynge leodogan in my bailly, I shall go vpon hym with so moche peple that he shall it not endure; and neuertheles yef the kynge Arthur come to me to aske mercy er I come vpon hym with myn hoste I will haue of hym pite, and suffre hym to regne, and of me holde his londe." "Sir," seide his men, "sende hym a message, and do hym to wite that it were better to hym to be-come youre man than to be distroied and his londe waste." "So will I do," quod the kynge Rion;" and than he lete write a letter, and it dide ensele with his seell, and than he cleped to hym a knyght in whom he moche trusted, and made *hym for to swere that he sholde take this letter to kynge Arthur in his owne hande, and he swor that in the same maner it sholde be do; and than the kynge Rion delyuered

Leodogan and Cleodales come out and bring in gold and silver to the town.

News comes to Rion how Arthur has discomfited the Saxons.

Rion says when he has conquered Leodogan he will go against Arthur.

He writes a letter to Arthur, and sends it by a messenger.

*[Fol. 219*b*.]

hym this lettere, and a-noon he departed and rode forth the nexte wey toward Camelot, and with hym but a squyer; and the kynge Rion a-bode stille be-fore Torayse, and comaunded his peple to armen hem, and to assaile the castell, ffor he hadde grete dispite that soche a place with so fewe peple sholde a-geins hym holde day or houre, ffor hym semed he hadde mo knyghtes in his hoste than ther were men, and women, and childeren in the town, "and therefore it is grete shame to ley the sege, ffor we myght haue taken it at oure first comynge by force, and therfore shull we be the lesse preised in other contreis, and turne vs to reprof and cowardise, and thei that we shull werre vpon here-after shull haue of vs the lesse drede."

Rion commands his men to arm and assail the castle.

Whan the princes and the Barouns herde the kynge thus speke, thei were somdell a-shamed, for thei dredde leste he sholde holde hem cowardes, and ronne to theire armes in all haste, and be-gonne to assaile the castell strongly; and thei that were with-ynne hem deffended manly and casten out stones, and sharpe speres and dartes, and slough of hem I-nowe in the diches; and the kynge leodogan, and Cleodalis, and Guyomar his cosin, and hervy de rivell, and Males le bruns issed out armed vpon horse of prise couered with still, and smote a-monge the peple of kynge Rion that by force hadde take a barbican, and ledde a-wey xv sergauntes that were bolde and hardy, and of that harme hem thought shame; and Cleodalis smot the kynge Margant with a spere that neither shelde ne hauberk myght hym a-vaile, for the spere shaft shewed thourgh his bakke be-hynde, and he blussht down deed to grounde; and whan his men saugh hym falle, thei lefte the prisoners and ronne thider; and whan thei founde hym deed, than be-gan the cry and the noyse, and lefte the assaute, and Cleodalis and his companye rescowed the xv men, and brought hem in to the Castell, and closed the yates, and thei of the hoste also with-drough theire peple, and bar the deed kynge in to the tente of kynge Rion, that was therfore sorowfull and wroth. But now shull we leve hem makynge theire doell, and speke of the message that kynge Rion sente to kynge Arthur to Cameloth.

The princes and barons are ashamed.

Leodogan, Cleodalis, Guyomar, Hervy and Males issue out of the castle.

Cleodalis kills Margant.

He and his company return to the castle.

Whan this messager was departed from his lorde, he and his squyer rode forth till thei com to Cameloth on the day of the assumpcion, and a-light down of his horse, and com in to the halle as kay hadde sette the firste cours be-fore the kynge Arthur. This knyght saugh these kynges and these quenes that satte at the high deyse alle crowned for the high feeste, and saugh the harpour*e* crowned with golde, he was all a-stonyed, and for the dogge that hym ledde thourgh the paleis; and he asked of kay that served whiche was the kynge Arthur, and kay hym shewed a-noon right; and the knyght, that was wise, and well cowde speke, com be-fore the kynge, and seide so lowde that alle myght it vndirstonde, "Kynge Arthur, I grete the nought, *ffor I am not ther-to comaunded by hym that hath me to the I-sente. But I shall do the to vndirstonde what he doth to the sende; and whan thow hast herde his comaundement do as thow art a-vised, and yef thow do his will thow shalt finde ther-in profite, and yef thow wilt it nought do the by-hoveth to forsake thi londe, and fle in exile;" and whan the kynge this herde he be-gan to smyle, and seide, "Full sobirly a-vise the of thi message, ffor of all that thow art comaunded thou mayst say boldly all thy will with-oute eny encombraunce of me or of eny other;" and than he seide,

Rion's messenger comes to Cameloth.

He asks Kay which is King Arthur.

He addresses the king.
*[Fol. 220*a*.]

Arthur tells him he may speak boldly.

"Kynge Arthur to the sente me the kynge of alle cristin that is the kynge Rion of the yles, whiche is at sege be-fore Toraise in Carmelide, and with hym ix kynges that alle ben his liege men, and holde of hym theire londes and theire fees in honour, ffor he hath made hem alle enclyne to hym by his prowesse, and of alle the kynges that he hath conquered wher-of ther be ix, he hath flayn of theire beerdes. Now my lorde sendeth the comaundement that thou be-come his man; and that shall be to the grete honour*e* to be-come liege man to so puyssaunt a kynge as my lorde, ffor he is lorde from the east in to the west of all the londe;" and whan the knyght hadde thus seide he drough oute the letter of kynge Rion, that was seled with x seles roiall, and seide to the kynge Arthur, "Sir, do rede this letter that my lorde hath the sente, and

The messenger says Rion is before Toraise with nine kings, whose beards he has flayed off.

He draws forth Rion's letter.

than shalt thou heren his wille and his corage;" and ther-with he delyuered hym the letter, and the kynge hit toke to the archebisshop*pe*, that was come thider, to vndirstonde the massage, and he it vnfolded and be-gan to rede a-lowde that thei myght it wele vndirstonde that were in the halle.

The archbishop reads it.

The letter.

"I the kynge Rion, that am lorde of all the west, do hem alle to wite that these letteres shull seen, that I am at sege be-fore Toraise in Carmelide, and with me be ix kynges of my meyne, and alle theire peple of theire londes that armes may bere, and of alle the kynges that I conquere I haue theire suerdes be my prowesse, and also I haue made a mantell of reade samyte furred with the beerdes of these kynges, and this mantell is nygh all redy of all that ther-to longeth, saf only tasselles, and for the tassels faile I haue herde tidinges of thy grete renoun that is spredde thou[r]gh the worlde, I will that it be honoured more than eny of the other kinges, and therfore I comaunde the that thow sende me thy beerde with all the skynne, and I shall hit sette on the tassels of my mantell for the love of the, ffor neuer be-fore this mantell be tasselled shall it not hange a-boute my nekke. Ne I will of noon other haue it made but of thy beerde, ffor a-boute the handes and the nekke ought euery prince sette the moste honorable thinges, and for thow art the most puyssaunt kynge as the renoun of the recordeth, I will that thow sende me thy beerde by oon or tweyne of thy frendes, and after come thou to me and be-come my liege man and holde of me thy londes in goode pees; and yef thou wilt nought thus don I comaunde the that thou go exiled and forsake thi londe, ffor as soone as I haue conquered the kynge leodogan I *shall come vpon the with all myn hoste, and make thy beerde be flayn, and drawe from thy chyn boustously, and that thou shalt knowe verily."

Rion has a mantle made of kings' beards.

He commands Arthur to send his beard,

and afterwards come to him as his liege man.

*[Fol. 220*b*.]

Whan the archebisshop hadde redde this letter be-fore the kynge Arthur, and be-fore alle the Barou*n*s he delyuered the letter a-gein to the kynge that was full wroth and angry with this comaundement; and the messager seide, "Kynge Arthur, do that my lorde the comaundeth that I may

The archbishop delivers the letter back to the king, who is very angry.

Arthur tells the knight he may return, but that Rion shall never have his beard.

The knight tells Arthur's answer to Rion.

The story returns to Arthur.

returne;" and the kynge seide he myght wele returne whan-so-euer he wolde, and telle his lorde that his beerd sholde he neuer haue while he myght it diffende; and the knyght departed and com to his horse and rode forth, he and his squyer, till thei come to Toraise, in Carmelide, where he fonde the kynge Rion that assailede the Castell full fiercely; and thei with-ynne diffended hem full harde, that thei with-oute loste moche of theire peple, and therfore was the kynge Rion full wroth; and whan the knyght was come be-fore the kynge Rion, and tolde his ansuere from the kynge Arthur, he seide he sholde not so soone haue take the kynge leodogan, but a-noon he wolde come vpon hym with so grete power that he sholde not hem sustene ne endure, and now shull we speke of the kynge Arthur, and of his Barou*ns*.

They marvel at the harper.

Arthur asks where he comes from.

The harper asks Arthur to grant him a reward,

and requests to bear the chief banner.

Whan the knyght that hadde brought this message from the kynge Rion was departed, the kynge Arthur lefte stille sittinge at mete in myrthe and in ioye; and the harpour*e* wente from oon place to a-nother, and harped myrily, so that thei be-hilde hym for a merveile bothe oon and other, and hem liked more the melodye of this harpour than eny thinge that this other mynstralles diden; and the kynge Arthur hadde grete merveile fro whens this man myght come, and yet he ought hym well to knowe, for many tymes hadde he hym seyn in other maner and in other*e* semblaunces; and whan thei hadde eten and the clothes were taken up, the harpour com be-fore the kynge, and seide, "Sir, yef it plese yow graunte me reward for my servise." "Certes, frende," seide the kynge, "it is reson, and ye shull it haue with goode will, and ther-fore sey youre will, for ye shull not faile yef it be soche thinge as I may yeve, savinge myn honour and my reame." "Sir," seide the harpour, "ye shull neuer haue ther-in but honour, yef god will." "Than sey youre volunte," seide the kynge boldely. Than seide the harpour, "I aske yow, and require to bere youre chief baner in the firste bataile that ye shall go to." "Ffeire frende," seide the kynge, "sholde that be worship to me and my reame; oure lorde hath sette yow in his prison; how myght

Arthur refuses.

Ban recognises Merlin in this disguise.

*[Fol. 221*a*.]

The harper vanishes. Arthur then thinks it was Merlin, and is sorry he did not grant his request.

Gawein asks who it was.

He remembers Merlin's disguises.

A little child comes into the hall,

and asks to bear the banner.

ye youre-self guyde that may nought se to bere a baner in bateile of a kynge that ought to be refute and counfort to alle the hoste." "Haa, sir," quod the harpour, "God that is the very guyde, me shall condite and lede that in many p*er*ilouse places me hath ledde, and wite ye well it shall be for youre prowe;" and whan the barou*ns* it vndirstode thei hadde merveile; than be-hilde hym the kynge Ban, and remembred hym of Merlin that in the Castell of the marasse hym served in disgise of a yonge knyght of xv yere age, and thought it sholde ben he, and seide a-noon to the kynge, "Sir, graunte hym his request, for he semeth to be *soche a man that his desire ne ought not to be refused." "Why," seide Arthur, "trowe ye it sholde be to oure profite and oure honour that a mynstrall sholde bere oure baner in bateile, whiche may not lede hymself, though I hit with-sey I do nothinge a-gein right, for it is a thinge that I sholde not graunte lightly, but I knewe right well the persone that it sholde bere;" and a-noon as this worde was seide, the harpour*e* vanysshed a-monge hem that noon wiste where he be com. Than Arthur be-thought hym on Merlin, and was sory and wroth that he ne hadde it hym graunted, and alle that were ther-ynne were a-baisshed, for that he was loste so sodeinly; and the kynge Ban of Benoyk that well a-parceived it was Merlin seide to the kynge Arthur, "Certes, sir," quod he, "ye ought hym wele for to knowen." "Trewly," seide Arthur, "ye sey full trewe, but for that he hath made a whelpe hym for to lede that hath take a-wey fro me the knowinge." "Sir," seide Gawein, "what is he than?" "Nevew," quod the kynge, "it is Merlin oure frende." "Yee," seide Gawein; "so helpe me god, I trowe yow wele that it be he, ffor often hath he be disgised be-fore youre Baronye, and this hath he don to make yow solas and counfort." And as thei stode spekinge here-of, in the halle com in a litill childe, that semed of viij yere of age, and he was all naked and brecheles, and bar a staf in his honde and com be-fore the kynge, and seide, "Sir, appareile yow for to go a-gein the kynge Rion in bateile, and delyuer me youre baner for to bere;" and whan thei that were in the paleys saugh hym in that aray, thei begonne to laugh harde; and the kynge ansuerde all in laughinge, as [he] that soposed well it was Merlin, "So helpe me god, ye owe it well to bere, and I it yow graunte." "Gramercy, sir," seide the childe, "ffor in me it shall be wele employde;" and with that he comaunded hem alle to god, and wente oute of the paleis, and than a-noon he toke his owne semblaunce soche as he was wonte to haue, and seide to hym-self that now hym be-hoveth to somown the kynges hoste, and wente toward the see and passed ouer and com to Gannes, to Pharien, and to leonces of paierne, and badde hem to assemble theire power of all that thei myght bringe oute of the londe and come to Cameloth, and thei seide thei wolde do hys comaundement; and Merlin com to the see, and passed ouer and wente to the londe of kynge Vrien, and by the londe of kynge looth, and seid to the Barou*ns*, and to other princes that thei be with-ynne xv dayes afte oure lady day, the Natiuite in Septembr*e* be-fore Cameloth, and thei hym graunted alle; and than he departed from them, and com a-gein to the court er euesonge were all seide vpon the same day of the assumpcion, and the kinge of hym made grete ioye, and asked why he hadde hym so kept oute of sight; and he ansuerde that he ought hym wele to knowen. "Ye certes," seide the kynge, "yef in me were eny witte." Thus thei a-bide in feeste and ioye all that day.

Arthur grants the request.

The child goes out and Merlin takes his own form.

He goes to Pharien and Leonces, and bids them assemble their power, and come to Cameloth.

He goes to Urien and Looth, and bids them come to Cameloth.

He returns to Arthur's court.

On the morowe the kynge made alle his princes to assemble in his paleis, and ther also was Merlin; and the kynge Arthur seide how hem be-houeth to somowne all the power *that thei myght assemble, for he wolde socour the kynge leodogan that was fade[r] to the Queene Gonnore; and Merlin seide how thei were alle somowned bothe at Gannes and at Benoyk, and thourgh alle the londes of the other barou*ns*; and the kynge Arthur hym asked whan that was don, and he seide, "Seth yesterday after mete;" and whan the kynge and the other princes this vndirstode that he hadde this don, thei hadde grete wonder, and were ther in ioye and in feste till all here peple was assembled, and than meved the kynge Arthur and

All the princes assemble on the morrow, and Arthur tells them he *[Fol. 221*b*.] will succour Leodogan.

his baronye, and rode towarde the reame of Carmelide; and the kynge graunted his baner to Merlin as he hadde promysed be-fore, and sped theire iournyes till thei come a litill iourney fro Toraise, where the kynge Rion had be-sege the kynge leodogan; and whan thei were nygh the hoste, Merlin seide to Gawein, and to sir Ewein, and to Segramor, "Loke ye be euer nygh a-boute me;" and thei seide thei wolde don his pleiser. "Now than," quod Merlin, "sueth after me softely, and alle thei of the hoste till we be in bateile, and ye shull smyte vpon hem of that other partye with-oute rennynge of youre bateile, and thinke euer to come nygh after my baner what wey that euer ye se me turne;" and thei ansuerde that so thei wolde with goode will, and so he seide to Arthur and to alle the oth*e*re princes, and wente forth till thei com in to the hoste of kynge Rion, and Merlin be-fore hem all so harde as his horse myght renne with the dragon in his hande that caste thourgh his mouthe fire and flame, that alle thei ther-of were a-baisshed; and Gawein that folowed hym next mette with the kynge Pharaon that with all his bateile com hym a-geins; and as soone as he saugh hem approche, Sir Gawein hym smote so, that shelde ne hauberk myght hym warante, but bar hym thourgh the body deed to the erthe; and than he seide in game, "He this is sworn to pees, for by hym shall neuer the kynge Arthur lese acre of his londe ne his beerd be flayn from his chyn;" with that assembled bothe hostes that oon a-gein that other, and grete was the noyse, and the fray of the people of kynge Rion, and of the peple of kynge Arthur; and ther dide Gawein, and Ewein, and Segramor, and Gaheries, and the knyght*es* of the rounde table merveiles with theire handes; ffor whan bothe hostes were mette, ye myght haue sein many oon leide to grounde of oo party and of other, ffor thei were bold and hardy on bothe sides; and Merlin that bar the dragon drof in to the prees, and sir Gawein and his companye after, and smote hem so harde that thei metten that thei neded no salve, and the speres fly in peces; and that was a thinge that discounforted the kynge Rion and his peple, ffor thei wende verily that fendes

They ride to Carmelide, and Merlin bears the banner.

He tells them all to follow him.

They come to the host of Rion.

Gawein kills king Pharaon.

Both hosts are assembled against each other.

Merlin drives into the press.

Rion and his people think

were fallen a-monge the hoste. But thei were so bolde and so chiualrouse that ther-fore thei wolde not be discounfited, but hilde bateile grete and merveilouse a-gein the peple of kynge Arthur, and made hem resorte bakke at hir first comyng*e*, and therfore was sir Gawein and his companye full of dolour; and Merlin that rode be-fore hem cried, "What lordinges, what shall this be-mene, be ye now a-rested? sueth me yef ye will *youre loos encrese and your pris." Than these felowes smyten in a-monge hem of Irelonde that well hem resceyued with trenchaunt wepenes. But sir Gawein and his companye dide so well in armes that thei pressed thourgh the peple of kynge Rion, but first was ther many a hevy stroke yoven and resceived, and many a knyght straught deed to the erthe; and the kynge Arthur, and the kynge looth of Orcanye, and the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors were smyte in to the bateile on a-nother side, where thei dide merveiles a-monge theire enmyes, ffor a-gein theire strokes endured noon armure. But the peple of kynge Rion mette hem so fiercely, that thei smote down the kynge looth and the kynge Bohors from theire horse a-mydde the presse, and so thei myght soone haue hadde grete damage ne hadde ben the grete prowesse that was in hem bothe, for thei lept on foot full vigerousely with theire swerdes drawen, and be-gonne to smyte down horse and men so crewelly that ther ne was noon that hem saugh, but he hilde it for a merveile; and the kynge Arthur and the kynge Ban pressed that wey hem to remounte, and Merlin com drivinge with the baner in his hande that thourgh his throte caste fire and flame, and smote in to the grettest presse; and whan the peple of kynge Rion saugh the grete merveile of the dragon that so caste fire, thei hadden grete drede and forsoke place, and the two kynges on whom thei dide a-bide, and Merlin com to them and delyvered to euerich of theym a good horse and a swifte, for I-nowe ther were a-stray thourgh the felde, and thei a-noon lept vpon horse, and rode in to the bateile, and be-gonne to do so well in armes, and so dide alle theire companye. But the force of kynge Rion was so grete that thei of the reame of grete Bre-

fiends have fallen among them,

but they drive back Gawein and his company.

*[Fol. 222*a*.]

Arthur, Looth, Ban, and Bohors do marvels.

The people of Rion smite down Looth and Bohors.

Merlin comes with the banner that casts out fire and flame,

and brings good horses to the two kings.

Rion's force is very great.

teigne myght it not endure, but sholde alle haue be discounfited as to my felinge, ne hadde be the prowesse of sir Gawein and his companye, and the knyghtes of the rounde table, for these shewed merveiles wher thei com, ffor thei smyte down men and horse, bothe that alle that hem with-stode semed it were feendes.

Ventres, Tradilyvans, Urien, and the King de Cent Chivalers fight fiercely against the people of the isles.

Merlin and Gawein come to succour Tradilyvans,

who is rescued.

*[Fol. 222b.] Gawein slays many.

On a-nother side of the bateile was the kynge Ventres, and the kynge Tradilyuans, and the kynge Vrien, and the kynge de Cent Chiualers that full fiercely faught a-gein the peple of the yles that kept hem short; ffor of the yles was many a vailaunt knyght, and bolde in armes, and hadde smyte down the ky*n*ge Tradilyuans of No[r]th wales, and hilde hym by the helme; and Merlin com to Gawein, and seide, "Now lete se what ye will do, ffor we haue loste the kynge Tradilyuans, but he [have] hastely socour; sewe me." Than wente Merlin that wey, and sir Gawein and his felowes folowinge till thei com to the kynge Tradilyuans that was in grete auenture of deth, and than be-gonne thei so harde bateile that wonder was to beholde, so that thei that hilde the kinge Tradilyuans that were bolde, and hardy, and durable in bateile were all a-baisshed; but yet dide thei grete peyne hym to with-holde, and thei of the rounde table haue hym rescowed, and sette on horse, and were full wroth and angry, and be-gonne a-gein the bateile, and the medle that hidiouse was to haue seyn, ffor oon fill deed vpon a-nother, so that ther were grete mountayns of deed cors *thourgh the feelde ther as the bataile was; ffor sir Gawein hadde so many slain with his swerde, that bothe swerde and arme were all be-soiled with blode and brayn.

Leodogan sees the dragon that Merlin bears, and knows it is Arthur's banner.

He calls his knights to arms,

Than the kynge leodogan saugh the bateile so crewell and so fell ther as he stode lenynge out at a wyndowe, and saugh the dragon that Merlin bar that caste fier thourgh his mouthe, so that the heyr was all reade; and he knewe it well, for he hadde it sein be-fore tymes, and knew well it was the signe of kynge Arthur; and than he called vpon his knyghtes and cried, "As armes, for my sone the kynge Arthur fighteth with oure enmyes, and is come me for to socour, god quyte hym;" and whan thei this vndirstode, thei ronne alle to armes thourgh the castell, and com oute at the yate I-armed x^{Ml}, and moo of bolde men, and hardy, and smyten in to the hoste of the kynges of the yles full fiercely, and thei hem resceived, for thei were of grete hardynesse; and Cleodalis the stiward, and hervy de rivell, and her other felowes be-gonne to do merveiles of armes; and the bateile was so grete and so thikke on alle sides of the hoste of kynge Rion, that it was merveile so many ther were deed of oo parte and of other; and whan the kyng Rion saugh the grete mortalite and slaughtur of his peple, and also of the peple of kynge Arthur, his herte wax tender, and hadde ther-of pitee, and seide to hym-self that that mortalite wolde he no lenger suffre, and than he toke a braunche of sicamor in his hande, and wente be-fore the hoste to disseuer the bateiles, and wente forth till he fonde the kynge Arthur, and spake so high that he myght wele ben herde, "Kynge Arthur, wher-fore doost thow suffre thi peple to be slayn and distroied, and also myn; do thow now well yef ther be so moche worthinesse in the as the worlde recorded delyuer thy peple fro deth, and I shall deliu*er* also tho of myn, and we shull make oure peple with-drawe on bothe parties a-rowme, and thow and I shull fight to-geder body for body by soche covenaunt, that yef thow may me co*n*quere, I shall returne to my contrey with the peple that is me be left on lyve, and yef I may the conquere thow shalt holde thi londe of me, and be my soget as ben these other kynges that I haue conquered, and I shall haue thy berde with all the skyn to make the tassellės of my mantell." "In the name of god," quod the kynge Arthur, "thow sholdest so haue the better part of the pley, whan thow sholdest repeire in to thy contrey all hooll yef I the conquered, and ne sholdest not be-come my man, and thow desirest that I sholde be thy man yef thow myght me conquere. But I will fight with the in this maner as thow hast seide that yef I the conquere, thow shalt be my liege man, and in the same wise I graunte it the yef thow me conquere." "Sir," seide the kynge Rion, that was so stronge that he douted no man body for body, and he hadde conquered so ix

and 10,000 come out of the gate.

Cleodalis and Hervy do marvels.

Rion grieves at the great slaughter,

and goes to Arthur with the branch of sycamore in his hand.

He asks him to fight, and let the people withdraw.

If he is conquered he will leave the land; but if Arthur is conquered, he is to become his liege.

Arthur says Rion must become his liege if he conquers.

Rion agrees.

The barons draw aside.

*[Fol. 223*a*.] Gawein asks to be allowed to fight Rion, but Arthur will not suffer it.

kynges that alle were his liege men, "and I it yow graunte like as ye haue seide." Than thei sured theire feithes be-twene hem two to holde these covenauntes, and made departe the bateiles that were so horible; and the Barou*ns* drough a-side that were wroth and angry with these couenauntes; and sir Gawein that was wrother than eny other come to the kynge, his vncle, and seide, "Sir, yef it plese yow graunte me *this bateile." "Now ther-of, require ye no more," quod the kynge Arthur, "nother ye, ne noon other; ffor noon other than I shall sette ther-to noon hande, ffor I shall do the bateile with the helpe of god, seith he hath me ther-to requireth."

The two kings richly armed meet each other.

Their spears are splintered, and they take their swords.

They cut into each others flesh.

Their shields are slit, and they cast them down.

They are weary of fighting.

Than bothe hostes were drawen a-side on that oon part and on that other, and the two kynges were armed full richely all that nedeth to a noble prince, and eche of hem toke a spere stronge and rude; and than rode eche of hem from other more than two but lengthe, and than smote the horse with spores and mette to-geder as tempest, ffor well ran bothe horse, and were of grete force, and the two kynges were fierce and hardy, and mette with so grete raundon with speres that were grete and shorte, and the heedes sharp I-grounden vpon the sheldes that thei perced; but the hauberkes were so harde, that thei fauced no mayle, and the horse were of grete force, and the knyghtes of grete prowesse, that the speres splindered in splyntes; and than thei leide hande to theire swerdes that weren of grete bounte, and smyten grete strokes vpon helmes, that thei breke the serkeles of golde and stones which weren of grete vertu, and to-hewen the sheldes and hauberkes, and in the flessh so depe that the blood stremed after, and in short tyme eche of hem so a-raied other that ther ne was nother of hem but he hadde nede of a leche; and theire sheldes weren slitte and hewen that ther was [not] left of theym so moche that thei myght with he*m* couer; and than thei caste the renenaunt to grounde, and caught the swerdes in bothe hondes, and smyte pesaunt strokes at discouert, so that thei to slitte helmes and to-rente hauberkes, so that the flessh shewed all bare, and ther ne was noon of hem bothe, but he was wery for traveile of yevinge of strokes and receivinge; and that was oon thinge that lengest hem hilde, ffor yef thei hadde ben fressh and newe to that thei weren with-outen sheldes, and theire hauberkes to-rente, and theire helmes to-quasshed, thei myght not haue endured, neuertheles ther ne was noon of hem bothe but he was sore hurt and wounded.

Whan the kynge Rion that was bolde and hardy a-bove alle thoo of the londe, saugh the kynge Arthur hym contene a-geins hym he hadde ther-of grete merveile, ffor he wende that he sholde not a-gein hym haue endured, and seide to hym-self that neuer be forn hadde he seyn so goode a knyght, and than he douted hym sore, and seide, "Kynge Arthur! hit is grete harme of the, ffor thow art the beste knyght that I faught with euer be-forn, and I se well and knowe verily that thy grete herte that thow hast shall make the to dye, ffor it will not suffre the to come to my mercy; and I knowe well that thow haddest leuer dye than be conquered, and that is grete damage, and therfore I wolde pray the and requyre for the grete prowesse that is in the that thou haue pitee on thy-self, and yelde the for outraied for to saue thi lif, thourgh the couenauntes that ben be-twene vs, so that my mantell were parformed in my live; ffor better I love thi lif than thi deth, and thow art come to thi fin that knowest thow well, and so don alle these barou*ns* *here a-boute that here ben." Whan the kynge Arthur vndirstode the wordes of the kynge Rion he hadde grete shame, for so many a vailant*e* prince hadde it vndirstonde; and than he ran vpon hym with his swerde in bothe handes as he that was full wroth and full of maltalente, and wende to smyte hym on the helme, but the kynge Rion blenched that saugh the stroke comynge with so grete ravyne, and neuertheles he a-raught hym vpon the helme, and kutte of the nasell, and the stroke descended and smote the stedes nekke a-sounder, and the kynge Rion fill to the erthe; and as he wende to haue rise, Arthur smote hym on the lifte shuldre in to the flesshe two large ynche, and the kynge Rion stombeled ther-with *and* fill a-gein to the erthe; and whan the kynge

Rion is astonished at Arthur's prowess,

and prays him to yield,

*[Fol. 223*b*.]

but Arthur runs upon him with his sword in both hands,

and fells him to the earth.

Arthur saugh the kynge Rion falle a-gein to grounde, a-noon he a-light to grounde, and ran to hym lightly, and caught hym by the helme, and drough it to hym with so grete force, that the laces brast a-sonder, and he it raced from his heed, and than lifte vp the swerde, and seide he was but deed, but he wolde yelde hym outerly; and he seide that wolde he ne neuer, for he hadde leuer dye than live recreaunt; and whan Arthur saugh that he myght hym not ther-to bringe to holde hym for outraied, he smote of the heed in sight of alle that were in the feelde, and than ronne to the princes on alle parties, and made grete ioye, and sette hym on a horse, and brought hym in to the castell of Toraise, and hym vn-armed, and serched his woundes; and the baronye of kynge Rion com to hym and resceived of hym theire londes, and theire fees, and dide hym homage, and than returned in to theire contrey, and with hem bar the body of kynge Rion; and it biried with grete lamentacion and wepinge; and the kynge Arthur was at Toraise gladde and ioyfull of the victorie that godde hym hadde yoven, and soiourned in the castell till he was warisshed of his woundes that he hadde in the bateile; and whan he was all hool, he departed fro Toraise with grete ioye and feste; and the kynge leodogan conveyed hym on his wey, and after returned; and the kynge Arthur and his companye ride till thei come to Cameloth, where-as the Quene Gonnore and the other quenes were a-bidinge that of theire comynge made grete ioye; and ther soiourned the princes iiij dayes, and on the fifte day thei departed, and euery man repeired to his owne contrey, and ledde with hem theire wyves thei that eny hadden; and the kynge Arthur com a-gein in to the Citee of logres, and soiourned ther longe tyme with the quene, and with hym was sir Gawein, and the companye of the rounde table, and Merlin that dide hem grete solas and grete companye, and he com to kynge Arthur, and seide that from hens-forth he myght hym wele for-beren, ffor he hadde somdell a-pesed his londe, and sette it in reste, and ther-fore he wolde go take his disporte where hym liked.

He calls on him to yield, but Rion will not;

so he smites off his head. The princes are joyful, and bring Arthur into Toraise.

Rion's barons do Arthur homage.

When Arthur's wounds are healed, he rides to Cameloth.

The princes sojourn there four days, and then return to their own lands. Arthur comes to Logres.

Merlin says he is going away.

Whan the kynge this vndirstode he was pensif and sory, for he loved hym entirly, and fain wolde he that he a-bood stille yef it myght be; and whan he saugh he myght hym not with-holde, he praied hym dierly that he wolde come to hym a-gein in short *tyme, and Merlin seide he sholde come a-gein all be tyme er he hadde nede. "Certes," seide the kynge, "euery day and euery hour haue I to yow nede and myster, ffor with-oute yow I can nought, and ther-fore I wolde we sholde neuer departe companye;" and Merlin seide, "I shall come a-nother tyme to youre nede, and I shall not faile day ne hour." And the kynge was stille a longe while, and be-gan to stodie sore; and whan he hadde be longe in this thought, he seide all sighinge, "Ha, Merlin feire swete frende in what nede shull ye me helpe, I pray yow telle me to sette myn herte in more ese." "Sir," seide Merlin, "and I shall yow telle, and after I shall go my wey. The lyon that is the sone of the Bere, and was be-geten of a leopart, shall renne by the reame of the grete Breteigne, and that is the nede that ye shall haue." With that Merlin departed, and the kynge be lefte in grete myssese, and sore a-baisshed of this thinge; ffor he knewe not to what it myght turne. But ther-of shull we cesse at this tyme, and returne to speke of Merlin.

Arthur is sorry,

*[Fol. 224*a*.] but Merlin says he shall come again.

The king asks when he shall be in need.

Merlin speaks of the lion that was son of the bear and leopard.

Arthur cannot understand him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MERLIN'S INTERPRETATION OF THE DREAM OF FLUALIS, AND HIS VISIT TO NIMIANE; THE KNIGHTING OF THE DWARF; THE EMBASSY FROM THE EMPEROR OF ROME; ARTHUR'S FIGHT WITH THE GIANT; THE BATTLE WITH THE ROMANS.

In this partie, seith the storye, as soone as Merlin was departed from the kynge Arthur, as ye haue herde, he departed from the Cite of logres so faste, that in all the worlde was noon so swyfte a horse that myght hym haue sewed, so

Merlin departs at great speed.

He goes to Jerusalem, where is king Flualis.

The king assembles all his wise men,

and asks them for an interpretation of his dream.

The vision.

*[Fol. 224*b*.]

that alle that euer hym saugh wende he hadde ben oute of his witte; and a-noon he drof in to the foreste that was grete and depe, and come to the see, and passed ouer that no tyme wolde a-bide be see ne be londe till he come to the parties of Iherusalen, where ther was a kynge of grete puyssaunce that was named fflualis; he was a goode man of grete renoun as of his lawe, ffor he was a sarazin, and he hadde assembled alle the wise men of his londe, and of other londes as many as he myght gete; and whan thei were come all to the assemble be-fore hym in his paleys, he seide to hem so high that thei myght hym wele here and vndirstonde: "Lordinges," quod he, "I haue sente for yow, and ye ben come at my comaundement, and ther-fore I thanke yow, but ye knowe not the cause why, but yef I do yow to vndirstonde, hit be-fill that I slepte this other day in my paleys, and hilde the quene that is here in myn armes as me semed; and as I was in this a-vision com to me two serpentes, where-of eche of hem hadde two heedes, foule and hidouse, and of eche of hem com a grete flawme of fire wher-of all my contrey was light, and that oon of the serpentz caught me be-twene his feet by the flankes, and that other toke the quene be-twene myn armes, and bar vs bothe an high vpon the roof of my paleys that is so high; and whan thei hadde brought vs thider, thei rente of oure armes and legges from oure bodyes, and caste hem down oon here a-nother there; and whan thei hadde thus vs dismembred, ther com viij smale serpentes a-noon, and eche of hem toke a membre, and wente vp in to the heir a-bove the temple of Diane, and ther thei rente a-sondre oure membres in to smale pecis, and the two serpentes that hadde rente oure membres from oure bodyes *lifte vs an high a-bove the paleys, and sette fire on the paleis with-ynne, and brent vp oure bodyes in to aisshes; and the wynde a-roos, and gadered the powder and bar it ouer all the londe a this half the see, ne ther ne was no goode town, but therynne lefte moche or litill. Soche was the a-vision that I saugh in my slepe, that me-semed was right p*er*ilouse and grevous; and ther-fore I haue yow hider somowned and assembled, and therfore I pray yow and requyre in all seruises and guerdons yef ther be eny of yow that can telle the significacon of these thinges lete me wite, and here be-fore yow alle I graunte trewly to hym that telleth me ther-of the verite, that he shall haue my doughter to his wif, and all my reame after my deth, or yef he be maried he shall be lorde of me and all my londe alle the dayes of my lif*e*."

Whoever explains the dream shall have the king's daughter for his wife.

Whan the wise men herde the promyse and the wordes of the kynge, and thei hadde herde the a-vision, thei hadde merveile what it myght be-tokene, and oon seide othinge, and some seide a-nother, eche after that hym semed beste; and Merlin that was in soche semblaunce that noon cowde hym knowe ne sen, spake whan alle other hadden seide so high that alle that were ther with-ynne myght it here clerly, and seide, "Vndirstonde to me, and I shall telle the thy dreme;" and whan he hadde seide thus, thei loked aboute hem to se hym that hadde this spoken, and so dide all thei that weren in the paleis, but nothinge thei saugh, and yet hem semed it was a-myd monge hem that seide, "Vndirstonde to me kynge ffualis, and here the be-tokenynge of thyn a-vision. The two serpentes that thow saughest be-fore the in thi slepe that hadde iiij hedes, and of alle foure heedes casten oute fier and flame, thei ben foure cristin kynges that to the marchen, and shull sette all thi contre in fier and flame; and that the serpent*es* bar the and the quene in to the highest part of thi paleis, signifieth that thei shull haue all thi londe in bailly, euen to the yates of thi chife fortresse. Of that the serpent*es* raced a-wey the membres of the and thi wif, be-tokeneth that thow shalt forsake the euell lawe that is roted in thyn herte, and shalt caste it oute from the to come to the be-leve of Ih*es*u crist. Of that the viij smale serpentes toke the membres of thi body, and of the quene, and bar it a-bove the temple of Diane whider as thi men shull fle for socour; of that thei rente thi membres, and the membres of the quene thi wif, signifieth that thi cheldren that shull be thy membres, and thi flessh shull be slain with-ynne the temple of Diane; of that the serpent*es* lefte the on

Merlin says he will tell the dream.

All look to see him, but they cannot.

Merlin explains the vision.

Signification of the vision.

*[Fol. 225a.]

high on thi paleis, and the quene also with the sooll be youreself signifieth that thourgh the and hir shall cristin feith be encreced and strengthed; of that the serpentes brente the paleis vndir the signifieth that the shall not be lefte the valew of a peny of thinges that thow hast of this euell lawe; of that thow and the quene were brent in to aisshes signifieth that thow shall be purged clene of all thy synne by the water of baptyme; of that the powder of the fly ouer all the londe a this side the see signifieth that thow shalt haue *children in thi good creaunce that shull be bolde knyghtes, and hardy, and shull be worshiped thourgh alle the londes of the worlde. Now hast thow herde thyn a-vision that thow haste sein in thi slepinge, and shall be-falle the like as I haue the tolde."

Merlin departs, and the king is pensive. Merlin goes to Nimiane, who enchants him. He teaches her much. She writes down all he tells her.

With that departed merlin; and the kynge a-boode pensif of the voice that he hadde herde, and nothinge ther-of hadde sein; and Merlin wente a grete spede, that neuer he stinte, till he com to the reame of Benoyk, and yede to Nimiane his love that sore desired hym for to seen, ffor yet cowde not she of his art of that she desired for to knowe, and she made hym the grettest ioye that she myght, and ete and dranke, and lay in oon bedde; but so moche cowde she of his connynge that whan he hadde will to ly with hire she hadde enchaunted and coniured a pelow that she kepte in hir armes, and than fill Merlin a-slepe; and the storie maketh no mencion that euer Merlin hadde flesshly to do with no woman, and yet loved he nothinge in this worlde so wele as woman, and that shewed well, ffor so moche he taught hir oo tyme and other, that at laste he myght holde hym-self a fooll, and thus dide he soiourney with his love longe tyme; and euer she enquired of his connynge, and of his maistries, ech thinge by hit-self, and he lete her all knowe, and she it wrote all that he seide as she that was well lerned in clergie, and lerned it lightly all that Merlin hir taught; and whan he hadde soiourned with hir longe tyme, he toke his leve, and seide that he sholde come a-gein at the yeres ende, and so eche of theym comaunded other to god full tendirly; and than com Merlin to Blase his maister, that gladde was of his comynge, and sore he longed hym for to se, and he hym also; and Merlin tolde hym alle the a-uentur*es* that were be-falle seth he fro hym departed, and how he hadde be with Nimiane his love, and how he hadde hír taught of his enchauntmentz; and Blase wrote all in his boke. Whan Merlin hadde tolde to Blase his maister alle thinges as were be-fallen oon after a-nother, he soiourned with hym as longe as hym liked, and than toke his leve of hym and com streight in to the Cite of logres, where-as the kynge Arthur and Gonnore his wif, and resceyved Merlin with grete ioye, and a-noon as he was come. Ther com in a maiden to the halle dore, and a-light down from a mule, and hadde brought be-fore hir on hir sadell a dwerf, the moste contirfet and foulest that eny hadde sein, ffor he was [deformed], and his browes reade and rowe, and his berde reade and longe, that henge down to his breste, and his heeir was grete and blakke, and foule medled, and his sholdres high and courbe, and a grete bonche on his bakke be-hinde and a-nother be-fore a-gein the breste, and his handes were grete, and his fyngres short, and his legges short, and his chyne longe and sharp*e*, and the mayden was yonge and of grete bewte, and thei were sore loked on of oon and other; and a-noon as she was a-light she toke hir dwerf ín hir armes, and toke hym down of the horse swetly, and brought hym in to the halle be-fore the kynge Arthur that was sette atte mete at the high deyse, and than she salued the kynge right curteisely as she that was connynge and wele taught, and the kynge greete hir a-gein full debonerly, and than seide the mayden,

Merlin goes to Blase, and tells him all that has befallen since he left him.

He goes to Logres.

A maiden comes with a dwarf on her saddle.

The maiden is young and beautiful.

She brings the dwarf into the hall before Arthur.

*“Sir, I am come to yow from fer contrey, for the grete renomede that of yow renneth thourgh the worlde; ffor to aske and require of yow a yefte, ffor as the grete renou*n* of yow recordeth that no mayden shall faile of no request that she yow demaunded, and for that ye be holde the worthiest kynge of the worlde. I haue trauailed for to come to youre court for to aske of yow a request, and ther-fore loke ye graunte me nothinge but ye will it me parforme.” “Damesell,” seide

*[Fol. 225*b*.] She asks Arthur to grant her a request.

The king promises to perform it.

The maiden asks him to knight the dwarf, who is a lord of noble lineage.

All in the palace begin to laugh.

Kay tells her to take care of the dwarf, or the queen's maidens may take him from her.

Arthur agrees to do her pleasure.

Two squires come into the court, one bearing a shield, and the other leading a horse.

They drive a sumpter before them.

They take out of the coffers a

the kynge, "aske what yow liketh, for I am redy it to parforme, yef it be soche thinge that I may it do savinge myn honour and my reame." "Of that," quod she, "that I will yow require shull ye haue but honour." "Damesell," than seide the kynge, "sey your volunte." "Sir," seide the maiden, "I am come to pray yow, and require that ye of my love that is here, this gentill yonge lorde that I holde by the honde, make hym knyght, for he is ther-to digne and right worthi; ffor he is bolde and hardy, and come of grete lynage, and longe here-toforn sholde haue ben knyght yef he wolde of the kynge Pelles of lytenoys that is a full noble kynge, and a trewe; but my leif*e* here will not, but hath made his oth that he shall neuer be knyght, but of youre hande, and ther-fore I pray yow, and require that ye make hym knyght;" and than alle thei that were in the paleis be-gonne to laugh bothe oon and other; and kay the stiwarde, that was an euell speker*e*, and scornfull of wordes, seide all smylinge, "Kepe well youre leef, and holde hym nygh yow that he be not take from yow of the quenes maydenes, for soone myght thei do yow that forfet for the grete bewte that is in hym." "Sir," seide the mayden, "the kynge is so good a man, and so right-full, that he wolde it not suffre, yef god will, that noon sholde do me that wronge." "Certes, damesell," seide the kynge, "ther-of be ye sure, and I it yow graunte well." "Sir," seide the mayden, "Gramercy. Now do than that I haue yow required." "Damesell," seide the kynge, "at youre plesier." With this worde entred in to the court two squyres vpon two rounsies stronge and swyfte amblinge, of which that oon bar a shelde with thre leopartes of golde crowned of azure, and the champ of the shelde was sable, and the gige orfrayed of golde harnysshed, and a swerde hanged at his sadill, and the tother brought a stede in his right hande that was feire shapen, and the bridill and the harneys of silke and golde, and the two squires drof be-fore hem a somer with two cofers, and thei a-light a-noon vnder the pyne tre, and tacched theire horse, and vn-lokked the cofres, and toke oute an hauberk as white as snowe, for it was all of fin siluer and doble maile, and hosen of the same werk, and an helme of siluer and golde, and com in to the halle where the kynge and the Barou*n*s were be-fore the maiden; and whan she saugh thei were come, than she seide to the kynge, "Sir, I aske of yow my request, for I a-bide here longe, ffor here is althinge redy that longeth to a knyght, ffor with these armes that ye se here shall my leef be a-dubbed." "Ffeire love," quod the kynge, "I shall do youre plesier and your volunte with goode will, but cometh to youre mete;" and she seide that she wolde neuer ete mete er hir lief were a knyght. Thus was the damesell in the paleis be-for the kynge, and euer hilde hir lief by the right hande; and whan the kynge hadde eten, and the clothes *weren vp, the damesell drough oute of an awmener*e* a peire of spores of golde that weere wounden in a cloth of silke, and seide to the kynge, "Sir, delyuer me, for I haue ben here longe." With that lepte forth kay the stiwarde, and wolde haue sette on his right spore; and the damesell hym sesed by the hande, and seide, "What is that," quod she, "sir knyght, that ye purpose to do." Quod kay, "I will sette on his right spore, and also make hym knyght with myn owne hande." "Of youre hande," seide the maiden, "shall it neuer be-falle, yef god will, for noon ther-to shall sette hande saf only the kynge Arthur, ffor he hath me graunted in couenaunt, and I truste that he will me not faile, yef it be his plesier, ffor so myght he me bringe to the deth and me be-traye. Ne noon ne ought to touche so high a persone as is my lief, but he be kynge or worthy prince." "So helpe me god," seide the kynge, "ye haue right, and I shall do all youre volunte." Than the kynge toke his right spore of the damesell, and sette it on the right hele, and the damesell sette on the lifte; and whan the kynge hadde don on his hauberk vpon the dwerf, the kynge girt hym with his swerde, ffor the maiden wolde not suffre noon to touche hym saf only the kynge; and whan he was all appareiled of all that longeth to a knyght, the kynge yaf hym the a-colee, and seide, "God make hym a good knyght;" and than the mayden asked yef he sholde do eny more. "Damesell," seide the

hauberk and a helmet.

The king says he will do her pleasure.

*[Fol. 226a.]

The damsel draws out a pair of golden spurs.

Kay leaps forward, and says he will make him a knight,

but the maiden will not let him.

The king says she is right, and puts the right spur on the dwarf.

He knights him.

kynge, "I haue don that to me ap*er*teneth." "Sir," quod she, "than now pray hym that he be my knyght;" and the kynge hym preide; and than wente thei oute of the halle, and com vnder the pyne tre; and the maiden made the dwerf to lepe vpon his stede that was so feire, and she hir-self henge the shelde a-boute his nekke that was of soche colour*e* as ye haue herde, and than she toke hir mule and than made the two squyres to take theire horse, and sente hem bothe home in to theire contrei, and she and hir knyght yede another wey in to the foreste that was grete and merveilouse; and the kynge Arthur a-bode stille in his paleis, he and Merlin, and sir Gawein, and his companye; and I-nough thei lough of the maiden that so hadde yoven hir love to the duerf. "Certes," seide the quene, "I haue grete merveile, fro whens this thought myght hir be-falle, for so foule a thinge, and so lothly ne saugh I neuer; and the damesell is full of grete bewte, that in foure remes sholde not be founden hir pareile, and I trowe verily that it be som fende or of feire that thus hath hir disceived." "Madame," seide Merlin, "she is not disceived, but for the grete lothlynesse that is in hym; ffor neuer in youre lif saugh ye so hardy a pece of flesshe as is this duerf, and he is bothe kynges sone and quenes." "Sir," seide the quene, "the damesell semeth well to be of high lynage, for she is right feire, and hir lief right lothly." "Madame," quod Merlin, "the grete bounte of hym shall a-bate the grete lothlynesse that ye se in hym, and that shall ye knowe hastely more verily." "Ffeire frende, Merlin," seide the kynge, "what is the damesell; know ye *hir eny thinge?" "Sir," seide Merlin, "I telle yow in trouthe that I saugh hir neuer be-fore, and yet I knowe well what she is, and what is hir name, and that she shall telle yow hir-self with-ynne short tyme, and so shall she be better be-leved than sholde I, and by the duerf hym-self shall ye knowe what he is soner than ye wene, and ther-of shull ye haue þothe ioye and sorowe." "Ye," seide the kynge, "therof I praye yow to telle me the verite." "Sir," seide Merlin, "it falleth not at this tyme that I sholde it sey, ffor

The king prays him to be the maiden's knight.

The maiden hangs the shield about the dwarf's neck.

She sends the squires home, and she and her knight go another way.

The company laugh when they have gone.

Merlin says the dwarf is the son of a king and queen.

The king asks who the *[Fol. 226b.] damsel is.

Merlin says he will know soon,

but it is not time to tell now, and the

ye shull right soone haue other weyes to vndirstonde, ffor Luce the Emp*er*our of Rome hath sent yow his messages, and thei be at the grees of the halle."

messengers from Luce are waiting.

And as Merlin spake to the kynge Arthur, ther com vp xij princes full richely be-seyn, and clothed in riche clothes of silke, and com two and two holdinge eche other be the handes, and eche of theym bar a braunche of Olyve in his hande, and that was a signe that thei were messagiers; and in this maner thei com be-fore the kynge Arthur that satte at the high table in the paleis, and his barou*n*s hym[1] be-forn; and the messagiers com in and made no salutacion to noon that ther was, and than spake oon that was maister of hem alle, and seide, "Kynge Arthur, we be xij princes of Rome that be sente to the from Luce the Emperour." Than he drough oute a letter that was wrapped in a cloth of silke, and straught it to the kynge, and bad hym do rede the letter, and the kynge toke the letter and delyuered it to the Archebisshop*pe* that satte hym be-side, and comaunded hym to rede, and the archebisshop be-gan in this maner:

Twelve princes come up.

They make no salutation.

One addresses Arthur, and draws out a letter,

which the archbishop reads.

"I Luce, Emperour of Rome, that haue the powste, and the signiourie of the Romayns, sende to myn enmy the kynge Arthur in-as-moche only as he hath agein me deserued; and agein the power of rome, and it merveileth me sore, and I haue ther-of grete disdeyn, that he thourgh his grete pride leste to a-rise a-gein Rome as longe as he knoweth me on lyve, and this formednesse is come to the by fole hardynesse, and of malencolie whan thow durst euer a-rise a-gein Rome that hath the power and signiourie ouer all the worlde as thou thy-self hast well seyn and knowen, and yet shalt thou knowe and se a-pertly that thow hast don as a fooll that Rome durst wrathe, thou hast trespassed a-gein rightwisnesse whan thow hast withholde the seruise and the trewage of Rome, and takest oure rentes and oure londes that thow knowest aperteneth to the power of Rome; wher-fore dost thou that, or what right

The letter of Luce, Emperor of Rome.

---

[1] The word "hym" is repeated in the MS.

The letter of Luce.

hast thou ther-to, wite thow right wele yef thow holde it longe thow shalt be as wery ther-of as the lambe is of the wolf, ffor thow art a-gein vs as fooll hardy as the shepe a-gein the shepherd; ffor Iulius cesar oure auncestre toke it be force, and by his hardynesse toke bateile in Breteigne, and trwys was hym yolden, and so it was of alle the yles ther a-boute; and thow woldest it vs be-reve thourgh thy folie, and thi grete pride, and the grete outrage that is in the; and I the comaunde as Emperour that thow do right, and with-ynne the day of the holy Natiuite that thow be by-fore vs for to a-mende that thow hast mysdon; and yef thou wilt not this do, I shall take from the all Breteigne, and all the londe that thou hast in bailly, and I shall passe mongin this first somer with so grete force of peple that thou shalt haue no hardynesse me to a-bide. Ne thou shalt not knowe *whider to fle, but I shall the sewe, and I shall take the, and bynde and caste the in my prison."

*[Fol. 227*a*.]

There is a great murmur and noise in the palace.

Whan the archebisshop*pe* hadde redde this letter in this maner as ye haue herde, in the paleis was grete murmur and noyse of hem that this hadde vndirstonde, and swor and seide thei sholde dishonour the messagiers that these lettres hadde brought, and a-noon thei sholde hem haue don shame I-nough, but as the kynge seide to hem full debonerly, "Ffeire lordes, lete hem be, thei be but massengiers, and be sent by comaundement of theire lorde; and ther-fore thei owe to sey that thei were with charged, and thei sholde ther-fore haue no doute of no man." Than the kynge cleped his princes and his barou*ns*, and entred in to a chambre to counseile; and than spake a knyght that was bolde and hardy, and his name was Cador, and seide that "longe haue we be idill and in slouthe in deduyt a-monge ladyes and damesels in Iolite and wast; but on this day we be a-waked by these Romayns that come to chalenge oure londes and oure contrey; and yef thei do as the lettres speke thei haue grete prowesse and hardynesse that be in so fer contreyes." "Certes," seide Gawein, "full good is it to haue pees after the werre, for the londe is the better*e* and

The king retires to take counsel with his princes.

Cador says they have been too long idle.

Gawein says it is good to have peace after war.

the more sure, and full good is the game and pley a-monge ladies and maydenes, ffor the druweries of ladies and damesels make knyghtes to vndirtake the hardynesse of armes that thei don." Than the kynge comaunded hem alle to sitte, and thei dide his comaundement, and he hi*m*self a-bode stondinge, and seide, "My frendes and my felowes in my prosperite, and in myn honour and traueile that ye haue me mayntened in grete bateiles, and in werres that I haue hadde seth I com to haue londe, and yow haue I ledde in many a grete nede bothe be see and by londe, and ye haue me helped, god quite yow, to conquere the londes that I haue wonne, that by youre helping*es* beth alle to me obeysaunt, and ye haue herde the maundement that the Romayns haue sent that I-nough haue vs contraried. But yef oure lorde kepe me and yow thei shull nought haue ours but it be dere bought at the departinge, ye se here the message of the Emperour*e*, and ther-fore yeve me counseile in what maner*e* I may hem ansuere moste auenauntly by honour and by reson; ffor oon ought to purveye er the stroke falle ther as is pereile, for he that seeth the arow comynge he ought to blenche that he be not smyten; ye se how the Romayns will a-rise a-gein vs, and therfore we ought vs so to appareile that thei vs not greve ne annoyen. Thei wolde haue trewage of Bretaigne, and of other yles that of me beth holdinge; and sein that Cezar hem conquered by force, and that the Bretou*n*s ne myght hem not diffende a-geins hem but paide hem trewage, and force is no right, but it is pride and oute of reson, and he holdeth not of right that holdeth of force. Thei haue vs reproved by the shames and damages that thei haue vs don, and the traueiles, and the annoyes that thei haue do to oure *auncestres, in that thei a-vaunte hem how thei haue hem venquysshed, and that thei paide hem trewage, and so moche the more ought we to hate hem and to greve, and the more thei haue to restore, ffor we moste hate hem that haten vs, and for thei hadde trewage of hem thei wolde it haue of vs by heritage and by auncestrie; and by soche reson may we chalenge Rome, ffor Belyns that was kynge of Breteigne, and Brenne his brother,

The king commands them to sit down, and addresses them;

and asks their counsel how he shall answer the emperor's letter.

Force is not right.

*[Fol. 227*b*.]

Belyns and Brenne conquered

Rome; after them came Constantinus and Maximian.

Arthur claims Rome.

conquered Rome and henge xiiij of her ostages in sight of her frendes, and after hem com Constantynus that was kynge of Bretaigne, and was Emperour of Rome; and also maximian was lorde of Bretaigne, and was lorde of Rome, alle these were oure auncestres, and were kynges of Bretou*ns*, and eche of theym was Emperour and lorde of the Romayns, and therby may we knowe that I owe to haue Rome by heritage as I haue Bretaigne. Romayns haue hadde trewage of vs, and my parentes haue hadde trewage of theym. Thei clayme Bretaigne for theiers, and I clayme Rome for myn; and so this is the ende of my counseile that he haue the londe, and the rente that may it gete; ffor in this I se noon other rightwisnesse, but who that all may gete, all shall haue, ffor as for my part I will noon other-wise do but as I haue yow seide."

The princes and barons answer that Arthur has well said.

He shall be the third British king to conquer Rome by force.

He bids the messengers return to their Emperor and tell him.

Whan the princes and the Barons herde the kynge thus speke, thei ansuerde with oon voice that he hadde well seide, and counseiled to sende for his peple fer and nygh, and assemble all his power, and go a-gein the Emperour of Rome, that thourgh his grete pride hadde sente outrage of crewelte and felonye, "and put the signiourie of Rome in youre powste, and remembre yow of the signiourie and prophesie of Sibile, that seide ther sholde thre Bretou*ns* come oute of Bretaige that Rome sholde conquere be force, and ther hath ben tweyne that Rome hath conquered. The first was Belyn that was kynge of Bretou*ns*, and the seconde was Constantinus, and thow shalt be the thridde that shall it conquere by force, and so shall the prophesie be fulfilled. Now a-vaunce yow to resceyve the honour*e* that god hath yow ordeyned." With these wordes the kynge com oute of the chamber, and the barou*ns* and the knyght*es* com in to the paleis, where as the massagiers that were xij princes were a-bydinge, and than spake the kynge, and badde hem returne to theire Emperour*e*, and telle hym that his ancestres of Bretaige hadde Rome in her bailly, "and therfore in-as-moche as myn auncestres dide it conquere, and were ther-of Emperours, and ther-of hadde trewage, I will hit haue of auncestrie and heritage, ffor that thei haue not done that thei ought do a-gein me of right;" and with this ansuere they departed, and the kynge hem yaf riche yeftes and present*es* at theire departinge, as he that was the moste curteise prince of the worlde, and full of largesse, and therfore he wolde not that thei sholde speke eny euell of hym ne vilonye; and thei returned in to theire contreye as soone as thei myght, and tolde Luce the Emperour the ansuere of kynge Arthur, and ther-of was the Emperour wroth and angry, and somowned his peple, and assembled his power, and passed the mountaynes of mongin, and com in to Burgoyne nygh a Cite that is cleped Oston, and sesed the londe in lengthe and brede. But *a-while we shull reste of hym, and speke of the kynge Arthur.

He gives them rich gifts.

The emperor is angry at Arthur's answer, and summons his people.

*[Fol. 228*a*.]

Now seith the storie than whan the xij Massagiers were departed from the kynge Arthur, the kynge and his baronye a-bide stille full wroth and angry, for the maundement of Luce the Emperour; and Merlin seide, "Sir, sende for youre peple hastely, for the Emperour appareileth hym right faste." "Merlin, frende," seide the kynge, "I shall mete with hym sonner than he wolde." "He shall you mete," seide Merlin, "to his damage; and a-bide here in ioy, for I go to make the message to the Barou*ns*." With that he vanysshed, that Arthur ne wiste where he be-come; and Merlin wente first in to Orcanye and dide the message to the kynge looth, that with xv dayes he sholde be at logres with all his power; and he seide he wolde so with good will, and than Merlin departed, wher-for sholde I make yow longe tale, he warned alle the princes and barons that of the kynge arthur were holdinge to be the xv day at logres, saf only the kynge Ban of Benoyk, and the kynge Bohors of Gannes; and after that he returned a-gein, and fonde the kynge Arthur in his chambre, and seide, "Your message is don to alle the Barou*ns*, and thei shull be redy here fro hens xv dayes." Whan the kynge this vndirstode he was gladde and ioyfull, and soiourned at logres till his baronye was come, and thider come the kynge looth first, and his companye with vj$^{\text{Ml}}$ men, and the kynge Vrien with iij$^{\text{Ml}}$ men, and the kynge Carados foure Ml men, and the kynge de Cent Chiualers iiij$^{\text{Ml}}$,

Merlin tells Arthur to send for his people.

He vanishes and goes to King Looth in Orcanye.

He then goes to warn all the princes,

and returns to Arthur, who is joyful.

The princes arrive.

Arthur thanks them heartily.

They enter the ships and go to Gannes.

Merlin goes before and meets them.

They rest.

Arthur's vision of a bear and a dragon.

*[Fol. 228*b*.]

and the kynge ventres foure Ml, and the kynge Tradilyuans iiij^{Ml}, and the kynge Belynans iiij^{Ml}, and the kynge Clarion iiij^{Ml}, and the Duke Escam ij^{Ml}, and Gosenges and Nabunall his senescall iiij^{Ml}, and the kynge ydier iiij^{Ml}, and the kynge Aguysans iiij^{Ml}; and whan thei were alle assembled in the medowes be-fore logres, the kynge Arthur was gladde, and thanked hem hertely, and tolde hem the outrage that the Emperour hadde hym sente, and thei hym counseiled to haste that he were a-venged of the shame. Than was the navie appereiled and entred in to shippes; and Merlyn was be-fore, and stinte neuer till he com to Gannes, and fonde the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors, and he badde hem thei sholde hem appereile, for the kynge Arthur is entred in to the see for to go vpon the Romayns, and thei seide thei wolde be redy hym to mete; and Merlin returned and com to the port er the kynge Arthur were londed, and whan he hym saugh he asked whens he com; and he seide he hadde ben at Gannes for to somowne bothe two kynges that shull be redy with yow to mete with grete companye of peple; of this thanked hym Arthur, and than thei issed oute of the shippes, and logged a litill from the port vpon the river in tentes, and in pavilou*ns* for to take theire reste of traueile that thei hadde in the see, and slept that nyght; and as the kynge Arthur slepte hym com a vision, that a grete bere was on a grete mountayne, and as hym semed ther com a-gein hym a grete dragon from the Clowdes of the orient, and caste fire and flame thourgh his throte so merveilouse that all the contrey ther-a-boute ther-of was light, and this dragon assailed the bere full fiercely, and the bere hym diffended full wele; *but the dragon enbraced the bere as hym semed, and cast hym to the erthe, and hym slough.

The king prays Merlin to tell him the signification of his dream.

The bear signifies a great giant,

Whan the kynge a-woke he merveiled sore of his dreme, and made Merlyn come be-fore hym, and praied hym dierly to tell hym the significacion of his dreme, and than he tolde hym all worde for worde to Merlin as he hadde seyn in slepinge; and than seide Merlin, "Sir, I shall sey you the tokeni[n]ge the bere, the bere that ye saugh signifieth a grete monstre, a grete Geaunt that is here nygh in a mountaigne that is come oute of the contrey of spayne in to this londe, and here he a-bideth, and doth the contrey shame from day to day ne noman dar hym a-bide for the grete force that is in hym; the dragon that ye saugh in youre a-vision that caste thourgh his throte fire and flame so grete that all the londe ther-of was light signifieth youre-self by the fire of youre hardinesse that is clier and feire shyni*n*ge by grace, and the dragon that assailed the bere so vigerously signifieth that ye shall assaute the Geaunte, of that the dragon enbrased hym and caste to the erthe signifieth that the Geaunte shall enbrace yow, but in the ende ye shull hym sle, of that be ye nothinge in doute." With that the[i] trussed tentes and pavilons, and ride forth on theire wey, but thei hadde not longe gon whan tidinges com to the kynge Arthur of the Geaunte that distroied the londe and the contrey, so that ther-ynne duelled nother man ne woman, but fledde thourgh the feldes as bestes disolate for drede of the Geaunte, and hadde born by force a mayden of the contrey that was nyece to a lorde of the contrey that was a grete gentilman, and he hadde born hir with hym vp to a mounteigne, where-as he repeired that was all closed with the see, and that monteigne is yet cleped the mounte seint Michel, but at that tyme ther was nother mynster ne chapell, ne ther was no ma*n* so hardy ne so myghty that durst fight with the Geaunte; and whan the peple of the contrey dide hym assaile, thei myght not a-gein hym endure neither on londe ne on se, for he slough hem with the roches, and made theire shippes to sinke; and the peple of the contrey fledde thourgh the wodes and forestes, and mounteynes with theire children in theire armes, and so thei lefte theire londes and theire richesses.

and the dragon signifies Arthur,

who will slay the giant.

Tidings come of the giant,

who had borne off a maiden to a mountain,

which is called Mount St. Michael.

When the people assail him, he kills them and sinks their ships.

Whan Arthur herde how the Geaunte distroied so the londe, he cleped kay the stiward, and Bedyuer, and badde hem make hem redy armed a-boute mydnyght, and thei dide his comaundement, and com to-geder thei thre and two squyres only, and no mo, and rode till thei com vpon the mounte, and saugh a grete fire bright shynynge on that o side;

Arthur calls on Kay and Bedyver to be ready.

The three ride to the mountain.

They see another mountain,

and Bediver goes to it.

He hears great weeping.

*[Fol. 229*a*.]

He sees the fire and a tomb with an old woman beside it.

The woman tells him to fly for fear of the giant.

and on that othir side was a-nother mounte that was not so grete as that, and ther-on was a fire merveilouse grete, and thei wiste not to whiche thei sholde gon; than he cleped Bediuer, and bad hym go loke on whiche mounte the Geaunte was. Than Bediuer wente in to a bote that was full of the flos of the see, and whan he was come to the next monteyn he wente vp hastily on the roche, and herde grete wepinge; and whan he that herde he hadde doute, ffor he wende the Geaunte hadde be there, but he toke vpon hym hardynesse, and drough his swerde, and wente forth and hoped for *to fight with hym as he that for no drede of deth ne wolde be founde no cowarde, and in this thought he clymbed vpon the mountein; and whan he was come vp he saugh the fier that was clier bren*n*ynge, and saugh a tombe faste by that was newly made, and be-side that tombe satte an olde woman discheueled, and all to-rente hir heir, and wepte and sighed full sore; and whan she saugh the knyght, she seide, "Haa, gentilman, what art thow, what dolour hath brought the in to this place, ffor with grete dolour thou shalt ende thy lif*e*, yef the Geaunte the finde, ffle hens hastely as faste as thow maist, for thou art to vn-happy yef thow a-bide till that this deuell come that hath no pite of nothinge, fle hens as fer as thou maist, yef thou wilt thi lif saue."

Bediver asks the woman why she weeps.

She weeps for the niece of Hoell, who lies under the tomb.

The giant had brought them here.

Whan Bediuer saugh the woman so wepe, and so pitously regrated helayn sighinge, and bad hym to fle but yef he wolde dye, and he seide, "Good woman, lete be thy wepinge, and telle me what thou art, and why thou makest so grete sorowe, and why thou art vpon this mounte by this tombe, and telle me all the occasion of thy sorowe, and who lith here in this sepulture." "I am," quod she, "a dolerouse caitif that wepe and make waymentacion, for a mayden that was nyece to Hoell of nauntes that I norished and yaf souke with my mylk, and she lith vnder this tombe, and it was me commaunded hir to norish and to kepe. Now is ther a deuell that hir hath taken a-wey and brought hider her and me, and wolde haue leyn by the childe that [was] yonge and tender. But she myght hym not svffre ne endure, for he was moche and hidiouse, and lothly, and so he made the soule departe from the body, and thus he be-rafte my doughter falsly and be treson, and ther I haue hir biried, and for hir wepe bothe day and nyght." "And wherfore," quod Bediuer, "gost thou not hens seth thou art left here a-lone, and hast hir loste seth that ther is noon recouer." "Sir," quod she, "I knowe well ther is no recouer, but for that I se ye be a gentilman, and ther-to so curteise I will kepe nothinge from youre knowinge, but I will telle yow the trouthe, whan that my dere doughter was entered, for whos love I wende wele haue loste my witte, and dyed for doel, the Geaunte made me to a-bide stille to haue his foule lecherouse lust vpon me, and he hath me diffouled by his strengthe that I moste suffre his wille whedir I wolde or noon, for I haue no myght a-gein hym, and I take oure lorde god to recorde it was neuer my will, and ner ther with he hadde me slain, ffor with hym haue I suffred grete peyne and gret anguyssh, ffor he is vn-mesurable grete, and he cometh hider to fulfille his lecherie vpon me, and thou art but deed, and maist in no maner ascape, for he cometh a-noon right, for he is ther a-bove in that mountayn where thou seist that fier, and ther-fore I pray the go hens thy wey, and lef me here to compleyne, and make my mone for my doughter."

The woman weeps for her daughter day and night.

Bediver asks her why she does not go away.

She has no power against the giant.

She tells Bediver where the giant is.

Grete pite hadde Bediuer of the woman, and moche he hir counforted, and seth he com a-gein to the kynge, and tolde that he hadde sein, and seide how the geaunte was vpon the high hill ther he saugh the grete fier and smoke. Than the kynge made *his felowes go with hym vpon the mounteyne, and thei were come vpon the hill; than the kynge comaunded his felowes to abide, and seide that hym-self alone wolde go fight with the Geante, "neuertheles," seide the kynge, "loke that ye waite well vpon me, and yef it be myster cometh me to helpe," and thei seide thei wolde with good will, and thei a-bide; and the kynge wente toward the Geaunte that satte be-fore the fire, and rosted flessh on a spite, and kut of the side that moste [was] I-nough, and ete it; and the kynge wente toward hym with swerde in honde drawen a softe pas gripinge his

Bediver comforts the woman, and comes to the king,

*[Fol. 229b.]

who goes to fight with the giant alone.

The giant is sitting before the fire.

shelde, for he wende hym to haue supprised. But the Geaunte that was full false and maliciouse be-helde, and saugh the kynge come and lept up, ffor the kynge hadde his swerde in his hande, and the Geaunte stert to a grette clobbe that stode by hym that was grete and hidiouse of a plante of an oke that was a grete birthon for a myghty man, and caught it from the fire, and leide it on his nekke, and com fiercely a-gein the kynge as he that was of grete force, and seide to the kynge that a grete fooll was he to come ther, and reised the batte for to smyte the kynge on the heed, but he was wight and delyuer, and lept a-side, so that he of hym failed, and ther-with the kynge smote at hym and wende to smyte hym on tho heed; but the Geaunte that was bolde and hardy kept it on his clobbe, or elles hadde he be deed, neuertheles somdel he touched hym with Marmyadoise his good swerde, that he conquered of the kynge Rion, and touched hym be-twene the two browes that he wax all blinde, for the blode that ran ouer his yen, and that was a thinge that sore hym greved, for he myght not se where to smyte, and be-gan to scarmyshe and to grope a-boute hym with his staffe as a wood devell and sore a-baisshed, and the kynge hasted hym full harde but a-reche hym myght not, ffor the Geaunte caste a-boute hym grete strokes that yef he hadde hym smyten he hadde ben all to-brosed, and thus thei foughten longe, that the oon ne touched not that other, and therfore thei were sore anoyed; and than the Geaunte wente tastinge here and there that he sesed the kynge by the arme; and whan he hadde hym caught, he was gladde and ioyfull, ffor a-noon he wende hym to haue threst to deth, and so he hadde, but that the kynge was wight and delyuer, and wrast out of his gripinge with grete peyne, and than he ran vpon hym with his swerde, and smote hym on the heed and on the lifte sholdre that all the arme fremysshed, and so harde was the hide of the serpent that in the flessh myght it not atame; and the Geaunte myght hym not se, ffor his iyen were all couered with blode, and than he saugh the shadowe of the kynge, and than he ran that wey; but the kynge that wiste he was of

The king goes to him softly with his sword drawn, but the giant hears him. The giant catches a great club out of the fire, and comes against the king;

who leaps aside.

Arthur blinds the giant with his sword Marmyadoise, so that he knows not where to strike.

The giant seizes Arthur by the arm,

but the king gets away,

and smites him.

The giant sees the king's shadow,

grete force durste not come in his handes, and so hath he gon vp and down that he stombeled on his clubbe, and it sesed and ran ther as he wende to finde the kynge. But the kynge blenched so that he myght hym not a-reche, and ther-fore hadde he grete sorow in herte, and than he caste a-wey his clubbe and tasted to chacche the kynge in his armes, and so he wente gropinge and frotinge his iyen till he saugh *the light and the shadowe of the kynge; and than he spronge to hym and caught hym by the flankes with bothe his armes that nygh he hadde with his gripes brosten his chyne, than he be-gan to craspe after his arme, for to take from hym his swerde out of his honde. But the kynge it well perceyved and threwe down the swerde, that in the fallinge he myght here it ringe cler; and than he griped the kynge with that oon hande, and stouped down to take the swerde with that other hande, and in the stoupinge the kynge smote hym with his kne that he fill in swowne, and than he lept to the swerde and hente it vp, and stert to the Geaunte ther he lay, and lifte vp the serpentes skyn, and rof hym thourgh the body with the swerde, and so was the Geaunte slain; and kay the stiwarde, and Bediuer made grete ioye of the kynge, and be-helde the Geaunte that so grete was that wonder was to be-holden, and thanked oure lorde of the honour and the victorie that he hadde yove the kynge, ffor neuer hadde thei seyn so grete a feende; and the kynge bad Bediuer smyte of the heed that it myght be born in to the hoste to se the grete merveile of the gretnesse of hym, and he dide his comaundement, and than com down of the mounteyne, and lepe on theire horse, and the flode was come a-gein that gretly hem disesed, and with grete peyne thei passed the greves and com a-gein to the hoste; and the Barons were sore a-baisshed for the taryinge of the kynge, for that thei wiste not whider he was wente, and thei were meved hym for to seche in diuerse parties, ne hadde ben Merlin that bad hem be nothinge dismayed, for he sholde come hastely.

*[Fol. 230a.] and gropes after him. He catches him.

The king throws down his sword.

The giant stoops to pick it up, and the king kills him.

Kay and Bediver marvel at the size of the giant.

Bediver smites off the giant's head.

They return to the host.

While the princes and the barouns were in this afray, for the kynge Arthur, he and the stiwarde and Bediuer

The barons see the giant's head at Bediver's saddle.

They marvel at the sight.

They praise God for the king's victory.

They ride forth till they come to the river Aube, where they hear of the Emperor Luce.

Ban and Bohors come to the host.

*[Fol. 230*b*.]

Grascien, Pharien, and Leonce keep the land against Claudas.

Arthur sends messages to Luce,

by Gawein, Segramor, and Ewein.

com down in to his teinte, and hadde the heed of the Geaunte trussed at Bediuers sadell by the heir, and thider com alle the Barouns whan he was a-light, and asked fro when she com, for he hadde put hem in grete afray; and he seide he com fro thens ther he hadde foughten with the Geaunte that distroied so the londe and the contrey ther-aboute and how he hadde hym slayn thourgh the grace of oure lorde; and than he shewed hem the heed that Bediuer hadde trussed, and whan the barons it saugh thei blessed hem for the wonder ther-of, and seide that neuer in all theire lif had thei not seyn so grete an heed, and alle that were in the hoste preised god for the kynges victorie, and than thei dide vn-armo the kynge with grete ioye and gladnesse, and rested ther all that day, till on the morowe that thei trussed teintes and Pavilouns and ride forth the streight wey towarde Burgoyne, and spedde hem so in her iourneyes till thei com vpon the river of [Aube][1] and ther thei herde tidinges of Luce the Emperour was com a-gein hem, and than was the kynge Arthur gladde that he hadde founde hym so nygh, and sory for that he hadde so distroyed and wasted the contrey, and loigge his hoste by the river; and the same day com the kynge Ban and the kynge Bohors in to the hoste with vi^{Ml} *knyghtes and good men of werre. But Grascien and Pharien ne leonce of paierne were nought there, but dide a-bide to kepe and to diffende the londe a-gein the kynge Claudas de la desert, yef it were myster, and a-noon as the two kynges were come in to the hoste thei dide picche theire teintes be-fore the kynge looth, and he made hem grete cheir and feste, for he loved hem hertely, and ther thei a-bide till the kynge Arthur hadde fortefied a Castell that thei myght repeire to yef thei hadde mysteir; and than sente the kynge his messages to the Emperour Luce by the counseile of his barouns, and sente hym to sey that he was folily come vpon his londe, and but he wolde come to a-mendement he wolde hym chace oute of Rome; and on the message he sente sir Gawein, and Segramor, and sir Ewein, ffor that thei were curteise and well I-taught, and ther-to hadden grete hardynesse and high prowesse; and the kynge seide to sir Gawein, "Ffeire nevew, ye shull go to the Emperour on my message, and bidde hym returne hom a-gein, and leve the londe, for it is myn, and yef he will not so, lete hym come to bateile, and prove whiche of vs hath right, ffor while I live I shall it diffende a-gein the Romaynes, and conquered it by bateile, and prove it a-gein hym body for body, whiche of vs two shall it haue of right." Whan the kynge Arthur hadde seide these wordes the messagiers hem turned wele I-armed in stiell with sheldes hanginge at theire nekke, and girde theire goode swerdes, and in theire handes grete speres; and his felowes that were yonge and lusty bachelers counselled sir Gawein to do soche thinge er thei returned agein, that it myght be spoken of euer after, and that men myght sey the werre was well begonne "wherewith the Romaynes haue vs manased;" and thus thei ride till thei com nygh the hoste; and whan thei saugh the messagiers comynge thei lepe oute of theire teintes on all partes to se hem and be-holde and for to wite what thei were com to seche and asked what thei were, and fro whens thei com. But thei hilde with hem no ple ne wolde not stinte till thei com to the Emperou[r]s teinte and ther thei a-light and made theire horse to be holde with-outen. And than thei come be-fore the Emperour*e*, and tolde hym theire message that thei brought from the kynge Arthur.

---

[1] There is a blank in the MS.; the French MS. (fol. 206, col. 2) has "la riuiere daube."

Arthur tells Gawein what he is to say to the Emperor.

The messengers depart.

They want to do something that shall be spoken of ever after.

The Romans come out of their tents to see the messengers,

who come before the Emperor.

"Sir," quod Gawein, "the kynge Arthur sente the to vndirstonde that thow voide his londe and his contrey for it is all his quytely and he defendeth the to be so hardy to sette ther-ynne foot, and yef thou wilt ought chalenge be bateile he shall it diffende, ffor Romaynes had it conquered be-fore tyme be bateile and be bateile shall he it conquere. Now lete it be proved by bateile whiche oweth to haue the signiourie and the poweste, and com forth to-morowe yef thow wilt the contre chalenge or elles go bak a-gein for here hast thow nought to do; ffor we haue take the londe, and thow hast it loste, and ther-fore yef thow be wise do after my counseile."

Gawein gives Arthur's message.

The emperor is wroth, and says he will not leave the land which is his.

*[Fol. 231*a*.]

Tutillius says the words of the Britons are greater than their deeds.

Gawein smites off his head.

The messengers then leap to horse.

The emperor cries out for them to be taken.

The Romans come after them on all sides.

One knight passes all his fellows, and cries out to the messengers.

Gawein kills him.

Segramor kills another knight.

Whan the Emperour herde sir Gawein speke in this maner he ansuerde with-oute more a-bidinge full sory and full wroth, and seide, returne wolde he not, for the londe and the contrey was his, and therfore he wolde holde his wey forth, and he was well plesed with *soche maundement*es*, and yef he hadde his londe loste he wolde it recouer whan he myght, and that he trowed sholde be hastely. A knyght ther was that satte by the Emperour that Tutillius was cleped, and was the Emperou[r]s suster sone, he ansuerde full felliche, and seide that Bretou*ns* coude well manece but at the dedes thei were but esy, and therfore ought thei to haue the more reprof. But sir Gawein ther-with wrathed and drough his swerde, and lept to hym and smote of his heed, and than he bad his felowes go to theire horse lightly, and a-noon thei dide his comaundement, and Gawein lepte on his horse also with-oute other leve-takinge nother of the Emperour ne of the romayns, and than was all the court trouble and full of romur, ffor the Emperour cried, "Take hem and lete hem not ascape." Than thei cried, "Ore as armes." Ther sholde ye haue seyn peple arme hem in euery side and lepe to horse, and prike after the messengiers, and thei ride forth a grete randon, and the Romayns com after hem on euery side by the weyes thourgh the feldes here v, here iiij, here vj or vij. Oo knyght ther was that richely was horsed and passed alle his felowes, and cried to the massegers full fiercely, "Parde ye shull a-bide, for I shall delyuer yow to the Emperour." Whan sir Gawein this herde, he griped his shelde, and turned his horse and hym hitte so harde that he bar hym deed to the erthe; and than he seide, "Now is it werse for the that thyn horse was so swifte, for thou hadest ben better haue be a myle be-hynde, or a-biden stille in the hoste;" and Segramor lete renne to a knyght that com shovinge after hym, and he smote hym thourgh the throte that he fill deed vp-right; and than he seide, "Sir knyght, with soche morsels I can yow fede and myn other enmyes. Now be stille ther and a-bide hem that come after, and telle hem that this wey gon the messagiers of the kynge Arthur, that is theire rightfull lorde."

After hym com a knyght that was born in Rome, and come of high lynage, and was cleped Marcell, he satte on a stronge horse, and a swyfte, and hadde no spere for grete haste; he ouer-toke sir Gawein, and seide he sholde hym yelde to the Emperour, and Gawein loked and saugh hym come costinge his wey, and turned his horse at the passinge forth, and Gawein hym smote so harde in to the brain so depe that the swerde entred to the teth, and Gawein that seide, "Thow haddest to moche haste, thou myght better haue come be-hynde." Than thei turned alle thre, and smote down thre romayns deed. A knyght ther was that was cosin to Marcell, and satte on a stronge horse that was swyfte, and was sory for his nevew that he saugh ly deed, and be-gan to prike ouerthwert the felde, and sir Ewein it saugh and ran that wey, and smote hym so harde that he hadde no leiser to turne a-gein, for ther he loste his heed, and thre romayns brake theire sper*es* vpon sir Ewein, and he smote of the heed of that oon, and the arme of the seconde, and smote the thirde vpon the helme that he fill from his horse to the erthe, and than he wente forth after his felowes, and the romains hem chaced till thei com to a wode that was nygh the castell that kynge Arthur hadde fortefied. But now we shull stinte a while of the messengers, and speke of the kynge Arthur.

Marcell overtakes Gawein, who kills him.

A cousin of Marcell comes to revenge his death, but Sir Ewein kills him.

Three Romans set on Ewein, who smites all three.

*Whan Arthur hadde sente his message to Luce the Emperour he sent after hem vj$^{\mathrm{Ml}}$ men by the counseile of Merlin for to socour hem, yef it were myster, and thei rode till thei com to the wode, and ther thei a-bide on horsbak till thei saugh hem comynge, and after hem all the feilde couered with kny[g]thes and horsemen that chaced the knyghtes that were messagiers, and whan thei saugh this thei spronge oute of the wode hem a-geins, and the romayns resorte a-noon right as thei saugh hem come, and many of hem were wroth that thei hadde chaced hem so fer, ffor the bretons than hem chaced full crewelly, and ther was many of hem taken and many slain. A knyght ther was of grette renoun, whos name was Petrius, ffor in Rome was not his pareill of prowesse and of hardynesse, and herde speke of this a-wayte that the Bretou*n*s hadde made, and a-noon

*[Fol. 231*b*.] Arthur sends 6,000 men after the messengers to succour them. They ride to the wood.

They spring out on the Romans.

Petrius rides to them with 6,000 men, and chaces the Britons back to the wood.

he rode thider with vj$^{\text{Ml}}$ men of armes, and as soone as he was come in to the stour, he made the bretons be fin force entre in to the wode, for thei myght not hym and his peple endure, but turned to flight, and the chace dured to the wode, and ther thei stode at diffence, and Petrius hem assailed full vigerously, but many he loste of his men, ffor the Bretou*n*s slough of hem grete plente, and many ther were deed on bothe sides.

Arthur sends Ydiers after the messengers.

Ydiers and his company spring in among the Romans, and the Britons recover the field.

Segramor smites down knights and horses.

Gawein takes counsel of his friends,

and says they must either kill Petrius or take him alive.

Whan Arthur saugh the messangiers taried so longe, he cleped ydier the sone of Vunde and comaunded hym to go after hem till he hadde hem founden, and he dide his co*m*aundeme*n*t and rode forth till he fonde bothe hostes that fought to-geder, and sir Gawein and his felowes dide merveiles and wele, and ydiers and his companye spronge in vpon the Romayns fiercely, and than com alle the bretou*n*s oute of the wode, and haue recouered the felde; and Petrius that was a noble knyght, and bolde and hardy, relied his peple a-boute hym, and cowde well fle and returne at a vauntage, and well fight with his enmyes, and who that will mete an hardy knyght lete hym go to hym, ffor whom that he smote died hym be-houed, and the bretou*n*s pressed to the bateile as thei that were desirous to Iuste and covetouse to do chiualrie, so that thei rought not how it yede so the werre were be-gonne; and on that other side was Petrius full dolent, and kepte his felowes clos a-boute hym, and Segramor of Costantinnoble wente thourgh the bateile smytinge down knyghtes and horse, and was war of Petrius that threwe down bretou*n*s, and maymed and slough, and saugh wele by the merveiles that he dide that soone myght the bretou*n*s have grete losse, but yef Petrius were deed or taken quyk, ffor by his prowesse all only a-boode alle the Romayns, and Gawein toke counseile of the beste of his frendes, and seide, "We haue be-gonne this stour with-oute the leve of kynge Arthur, and yef it happen vs wele he will conne vs thanke. And yef it myshappe we shull haue magre, and therfore it be-houeth vs to sle Petrius or take hym quyk and yelde hym to kynge Arthur, ffor otherwyse may we not departe with-oute losse, and therfore I pray yow do as I shall do, and foloweth me;" and thei seide thei wolde with good will; and whan Segramor this herde he was gladde, *ffor he hadde well sein and parceyved whiche was Petrius.

*[Fol. 232*a*.]

Than Segramor shof that wey as he saugh Petrius, and alle his felowes after that neuer thei stinte till thei come in to the place ther Petrius gouerned his meyne, and Segramor spored his horse so nygh, that he caught hym in his armes that thei bothe fill to the erthe as he that trusted wele vpon his felowes, and he lay at the erthe, and griped hi*m* sore in his armes; and Petrius peyned hym sore to a-rise and turned wrastelinge; but all that availed not, ffor Segramor helde hym faste so that he hadde no power to meve; and whan the Romayns saugh hym falle thei pressed hym for to rescowe, and ther was harde stour and rough medle, and Gawein com thourgh the presse makinge wey with the trenchaunt suerde, wherwith he slough down right all that stode in his wey, so that ther was no romayn so hardy ne so myghty but he made hym wey; and ydiers the sone of vut made grete lardure of Romayns; and sir Ewein the sone of kynge Vrien so peyned hym to perce the presse, that eche of hem laboured for other so vigerously that thei haue remounted Segramor by force, and sette hym on horse, and take Petrius that sore was beten, and diffouled, and haue hym drawen oute of the presse be fin force, and delyuered hym to goode wardeynes, and returned a-gein in to the stour, and the Romayns that hadde no gouernour hadde loste theire diffence whan he was gon that hem dide condite; and the bretou*n*s hem slough and caste to grounde so thikke that thei passed ouer grete hilles of deed bodyes to pursue hem that fledde, and thei slough many in the chace, and toke prisoners and hem bounden and presented the kynge Arthur, and the kynge hem thanked hertely; and than thei counseiled hym to sende hem in to the reame of Benoyk, and sette hem ther in prison till the Romayns hadde don his plesier, ffor yef he kept hem in the hoste thei myght hem wele ascape. Than the kynge cleped Borell, and Richer, and Cador, and Bediuer, that were gode knyghtes and hardy, and of grete perage, and comaunded hem to a-rise erly on

Segramor spurs his horse against Petrius, and catches him in his arms.

They both fall to the ground.

Gawein slays all that stand in his way.

Ydiers and Sir Ewein remount Segramor,

and deliver Petrius to a guard.

The Britons slay the Romans, who have no leader,

and present the prisoners to Arthur.

The king commands Borell, Richer, Cador, and Bediver to convey the prisoners to a safe place.

the morowe, and conveye the prisoners till thei were in saf warde; and here shull we reste of the prisoners, and of hem that shull hem conveye, and speke of the Emp*er*our.

The emperor is angry when he hears the prisoners will be led to Benoyk; he commands 10,000 men to prepare to rescue them.

He commands five princes to lead them. They depart and abide where the prisoners will pass.

*[Fol. 232*b*.]

The men of Arthur lead the prisoners, who are bound.

The Romans spring out on them.

Bediver leads the prisoners into a safe place, and leaves them with the squire.

The Britons are divided into four companies.

Whan the Emperour wiste of the damage that his men hadde resceived, he was full of dolour and wrath, and than com asspies that seide how the prisoners sholde on the morowe be ledde in to the londe of Benoyk; whan the Emperour herde this, he made x^{Ml} men lepe to horse, and traueile all nyght for to come be-fore ther the prisoners sholde passe, and hem to rescowe yef it myght be; and than the Emperour cleped Gestoire that was lorde of lybee, and the kynge of Surre that Euander was cleped, and Calidus of Rome, and Maus, and Cathenois. These v cowde skile of bateile, and moche thei knewe of werre, and the Emperour hem comaunded to condite these x^{Ml}, and than departed these v princes *with* alle these x^{Ml} men, and rode till thei come in to the wey ther as these prisoners sholde passe, *and ther thei a-bode stille in a delitable place that thei fonde nygh the wey. And on the morowe a-roos the meyne of kynge Arthur as thei were comaunded, and ledde the prisoners, and rode in two parties for doute of peple, and hem condited Bretell, and Richer, and Cador, and the companye ther the prisoners were made hem be ledde with theire handes bounden be-hynde at theire bakke, and theire feet vndir the horse belyes; and thei that wente be-fore blusht vpon the wacche of the Romayns; and the Romains spronge out hem a-geins so harde that the erthe trembled, and the bretou*n*s hem diffended as peple of grete vertu; and whan Bediuer that com be-hynde herde the strokes resounde he made lede the prisoners in to a sure place, and comaunded the squyres hem to kepe, and than smote theire horse with the spores, and wolde not stinte till thei com to here felowes, and hem diffended with grete force and vigour; and the romains shof here and there, and hadde not so grete entente to disconfite the bretou*n*s as for to rescowe the prisoners and hem to seche; and whan the bretou*n*s saugh hem thus demened, thei departed in foure bateiles, and Cador hadde in his companye the peple of Cornewaile, and Bediuer the peple of bediers, and Richer hadde a companye of his owne peple, and Bretell hadde hem of Galvoye; whan the kynge Evander saugh his peple turne to disconfiture, and that theire force be-gan to amenuse, he gadered hem a-boute hym clos; and whan thei saugh the bretons recouer, thei ronne vpon hem in ordre, and than be-gonne a stour right grete; and than hadde the bretons moche the werse, for thei loste grete plente of theire knyghtes, and ydiers le fitz vut was mette so sore with the kynge Euander, that he fill deed to the erthe, and ther-fore were the bretons sore dismayed, for thei loste moche peple at that shoofte, and alle thei hadde be deed or taken; but as Cleodalis the Senescall of Carmelide com with v$^{\text{Ml}}$ men that the kynge Arthur hadde sent by the counseile of Merlin; and whan Bedyuer hem perceived, he seide to his companye, "Holde stille now, and fle not, lo here cometh socour;" and than thei cried the signe of kynge Arthur so high, that Cleodalis com with v$^{\text{Ml}}$ men, and the Romayns entended to take the bretou*ns*, and toke no tent to hem of Carmelide till thei were falle, euen vpon hem, and in theire comynge thei ouerthrewe a hundred of romayns that neuer rise after. And than the romayns were alle a-baisshed, ffor thei wende it hadde be the kynge Arthur, and his power; and so thei were dismayed that thei fledde toward theire herberges, for thei coueited noon other garison, and these hem chaced that cowde hem not love, and in that chace was slayn the kynge Euander, and Chachelos, and of other moo than two thousande, and many ther were taken prisoners; and than thei repeired in to the feelde of the bateile, and toke the erle bourell and other deed cors that lay thourgh the felde, and hem biried, and bar a-wey hem that were wounded; and these that the kynge hadden comaunded to kepe and conveie the prisoners thei ledde hem forth, and other that thei hadde taken in the bateile newly, and bounde hem streite, and sent hem thider as thei were comaunded; and Cleodalis and his companye returned to the kynge Arthur, and tolde hym how thei hadde spedde. But here a-while we shull reste of hem, and speke of the Emperour luce.

Evander gathers his people about him.

The Britons lose many of their knights.

Cleodalis comes with 5,000 men.

Bediver sees them coming, and calls out to his company.

One hundred Romans are overthrown.

The others fly.

Evander and Chachelos are slain.

The Britons bury the dead, and bear away the prisoners.

Cleodalis and his company return to Arthur.

*[Fol. 233*a*.] The emperor is full of sorrow when he knows of the discomfiture of his people, and of the death of Evander.

He makes his people leap to horse and come to Logres.

Arthur makes his people ride privily.

They come to a valley called Toroise on the way from Oston to Logres.

The Earl of Gloucester leads 6,766 knights, who are to remain in a wood till they are needed.

Arthur is constable of another company.
His dragon is held for a sign.
He divides the people into eight companies.

*Full of sorowe was the Emperour whan he knewe the discounfiture, and the grete losse of his peple, and wepte full tendirly for the kynge Euander, and for other that were deed and taken, and saugh well the myschef, and that dismayed hym sore, and was in doute whedir he sholde fight with the kynge Arthur, or he sholde a-bide his rere-warde that sholde come after; and than he hym be-thought and made his peple lepe to horse and come to logres with all his hoste, and loigge hym in the vales vnder the Citee; and whan the kynge Arthur wiste that, he wiste well that he wolde not fight, though he hadde more peple, and so wolde not he suffre hym soiourne ne sitte nygh hym, and made p*re*vely his peple lepe to horse, and rode on the right side of the Cite be-twene the town and the hoste of the Emperour, and lefte the hoste on the left side, and that was to disavaunce the Emperour, and by-reve hym the wey to Oston, and laboured all the nyght till on the morowe, and com in to a valeye that was cleped Toroise, and that was the streight wey fro Oston to logres; and ther the kynge made to arme his companye lest the romayns com vpon hem, and that thei myght lightly put hem bakke; and the cariage, and the mene peple that hadde no myster of bateile, the kynge made hem to a-bide by an hill, and made a mustre of armed peple that yef the romayns hem saugh thei sholde be dismayed, for the grete multitude of peple; after that the kynge sette in a wode vj^{Ml} knyghtes vij^{C} lxvj, and comaunded hem to the Erle of Gloucester to lede, whiche was bothe Duke and Castelein, and the kynge he*m* comaunded that thei sholde not meve thens in no maner till thei saugh the nede. "And yef I haue myster," seide the kynge, "I shall turne to yow, and yef the Romayns turne to discounfiture, loke ye hem not spare;" and thei hym ansuerde that so thei wolde do with good chere, and than tolde the kynge a-nother companye of knyghtes that were well appareile, and sette hem in a place, and hym-self was constable; and ther was his prevy meyne that he hadde norisshed, and made his dragon to be holde in myd wey for a signe; and than departed his peple in viij parties, and putte in each Partye ij^{Ml} knyghtes, and the half were on foote, and half on horse-bak, and tolde to eche partie in what maner thei sholde hem contene, and also he putt *to so moche* peple, that in eche partie was viij^{Ml} and v^{C}, and so hadde the kynge Aguysans the first bateile, and that other ledde the Duke Escam of Cambenyk, and Belcys the Danoys kynge, and the kynge Looth of Orcanye ledde a-nother. And the kynge Tradilyuans of North walis, and sir Gawein was with the kynge Looth as he that was a kynge of grete pris; after these iiij firste bateiles that wente be-fore come iiij other after wele a-raied, of whiche the kynge Vrien ledde the firste, and with hym was sir Ewein his sone, and Ewein a-voutres, and the kynge Belynans, and the kynge Ventres, and hadde in her companye the peple of her companye and contrey. The seconde bateile of these foure ledde the kynge de Cent chiualers, and the kynge Clarion of Northumbirlonde, and the kynge Carados, and in theire companye the peple of theire contreyes. The thridde bateile ledde the kynge Bohors, and thei of his contre, and Cleodalis the Senescall of Carmelide, and thei that he brought oute of his contrey; the fourthe of these iiij, and the laste *ledde the kynge Ban of Benoyk, and hadde with hym alle the sergeauntes, and arblastiers, and iiij^{Ml} men wele horsed; and whan the kynge hadde stablisshed his peple and his bateiles devised, he seide to his barons and to his people, "Lordes, now it shall be sene how wele ye will do; ffor all that euer ye haue don in all youre lif is loste, but ye do well at this tyme a-gein these Romayns;" and the princes hym ansuerde a-noon with oo voice that lever hadde thei to die in the felde, but he hadde the honour*e* and the victorie; and whan the kynge Arthur herde this he was gladde and ioyfull. But now shull we ret*ur*ne to speke of the Emperour.

In each there are 8,500 men.

The leaders of the first division.

The leaders of the second division.

The leaders of the third division.

The leaders of the fourth division.

*[Fol. 233b.]

The king addresses the people.

Here seith the book, that whan the Emperour was loiged in the vale vnder logres, he and his Baronye that were noble knyghtes and sure, that ther he lay that nyght, and on the morowe he departed from logres, and wende to go to Oston, and than com tidinges how the kynge Arthur hadde leide a-waite a-gein hym, and so he saugh wele that he moste nede fight or

The emperor and the barons go towards Oston.

They hear tidings of Arthur.

The emperor calls his princes and addresses them.

Rome is the head of the world.

It would be shameful if they lost the heritage of their fathers.

The Britons will not let them pass to Oston without a battle.

elles returne, and that wolde he not do in no maner, ffor that sholde be holde cowardise, and yef he fledde his enmyes wolde hym chace on euery side, and do hym anoy and damage, and the two thinges myght not oon do lightly bothe to fle and to fight. Than he made his princes come be-fore hym, wher-of he hadde two hundred of hem that were of his counseile; and than he spake to hem and seide, "Gentill knyght*es*, good conquerours, the sones of good auncestrie, that the grete honours and londes conquered, by theire grete prowesse and hardynesse is Rome the heed of the worlde; and yef this Empire falle in youre tyme it were shame to yow, ffor bolde and hardy were youre auncestres, and by reson of gentill fader ought come gentill issue, youre fadres vailaunt and worthi, and eueriche of yow ought to enforce hym to resemble his fader, ffor grete shame oueth he to haue that leseth the heritage of his fader, and that for slouthe lete falle that his fader conquered, not that ye be euell ne a-peired. Thei were bolde and profitable, and so I holde yow the same; and the bretons haue be-rafte vs the wey toward Oston, that we may not passe but by bateile; take youre armes and a-dubbe yow, and yef thei vs a-bide loke that thei be well beten, and yef thei fle we shull hem pursue by force, and peyne vs to a-bate theire pride, and distroie theire powestee."

The Romans prepare for battle.

There was great sound of horns and trumpets.

The arrows fly about quickly.

The fight is very sore.

*[Fol. 234*a*.]

Than the romayns ordeyned theire bateiles, and theire sheltrons renged, and many a paynym medled a-monge the cristein peple that were come to deserue theire fees and theire londes that thei hilde of Rome, and many of hem on foote, and many on horse, and sette some on the hill, and some in the valey. Than sholde ye haue herde grete sown of hornes and trumpes, and mules and Olyfaunt*es*, and thei ride forth clos holdinge till the[i] fill on the wacche of kynge Arthur, and than sholde ye haue sey shotte of arowes and quarelles fle so thikke that noon durste discouer his heed, and after that com thei to brekinge of speres vpon the sheldes; and whan the speres were spent thei gripe the axes, and gleves, and swerdes, and smyte sore vpon helmes and hauberkes, ffor ther was stour merveilous and sore fight; ther was no nede of foles ne of *cowardes, for longe thei foughten to-geder and hurteled, that neuer the Romayns ne rused ne the bretons myght nought recouer vpon hem, ne noon wiste whiche hadde the better ne the victorie, till that the warde of kinge Vrien and kynge Ventre, and kynge Belynans frusshed a-monge the Romayns with all theire peple where thei saugh the thikkest presse, and the thre princes smyten in wonderfully, and kay the stiward that was in theire companye dide as a noble knyght; ffor the thre Princes seide, "Mercy god whiche a stiward is this;" and the same thei seide of Bediuer the constable, and ther was many a knyght leide to grounde, and many deed, and many grete strokes yoven and resceived, and kay and Bediuer dide merveiles, for thei trusted in theire prowesse, and hilde hem to-geder, and a-vaunced to fer forth, and mette a bateile that the kynge of mede dide bringe, and his name was Boclus, a paynym of grete prowesse, and thei medled with hem and her peple, and many thei slough; and whan the kynge boclus saugh the two knyghtes that dide hym so grete damage of his peple, he was sory, and hilde a grete short spere, and ran to Bediuer, and smote hym with so grete ire, that the stele heed passed thourgh the bouke; and yef he hadde touched hym a litill lower, deed hadde ben for euer, and neuertheles he bar hym down to the erthe out of his sadill all in swowne; whan kay saugh hym falle, he hadde grete sorowe at his herte, ffor he wende verily he hadde be deed, and com toward hym with as moche people as he myght, and made theym of mede resorten, and com to Bedyuer, and clipte hym in his armes, and wolde haue born hym oute of the presse from the horse feet for the grete love that was hem be-twene, and the kynge of Mede hym turned and smote kay with his suerde vpon the helme that he yaf hym a grete wounde on the heed so that he be-houed to lete Bedyuer ly stille, and bothe hadde thei soone haue be slain ne hadde be theire meyne that full stifly hem diffended; and a knyght spronge in to the presse that was cleped Segras, and was nevew to Bediuer; and whan he saugh his vncle so ly at erthe, he wende he hadde be deed, and he assembled his kyn and frendes that were well thre hundred,

Urien, Ventre, and Belynans set on the Romans.

Kay and Bediver do marvels.

They slay many of the people of King Boclus.

Boclus smites Bediver and bears him to the ground.

Kay comes to Bediver and takes him in his arms to bear him away,

but Boclus smites Kay on the head.

Segras, a nephew of Bediver, assembles his friends, and comes towards Boclus, whom he kills,

and hews into small pieces.

He bears his uncle out of the press.

*[Fol. 234b.]

King Ventres is wounded.

Gawein and Hoell smite into the battle.

The people of little Bretayne do great deeds.

They come to the emperor.

and seide, "Seweth after me, and lete vs a-venge the deth of myn vncle." Than he lefte the Romayns, and a-spide the kynge of mede, and turned that wey, and cried the signe of kynge Arthur as a wood man oute of witte for angre to a-venge the deth of his vncle, and his felowes sewed after hym with sharp grounden speres wher-with was slain many a paynym; and whan Segars saugh the kynge Boclus that hadde smyte down his vncle, he smote hym on the helme with so grete ire, that he cleft hym to the teth that he fill deed to grounde, and than he light down and caught hym vp, and hym lede on his horse and brought hym ther as his vncle lay, and ther he hewe hym in to smale peces; and than he seide to his peple, "Sle these hethen houndes, that in oure lorde haue no creaunce;" and with that he herde his oncle sighe, and than was he gladde in herte, and toke hym vp softely, and bar hym oute of the presse to the harneys, *and than returned to the bateile that was full crewell and fell; and the kynge Ventres mette the kynge Alipatin, and the kynge Ventres was wounded thourgh the body, ffor the Romayns were of so grete power*e* that the bretou*ns* be-hoved to rusen of fin force; and whan sir Gawein and hoell of the litill Bretayne saugh hem resorte, thei were wroth and sory. Than thei smote in a-monge hem, and the peple of the litill Bretayne hem slough euer nygh theire lorde, so that no presse myght hem with-stonde, and so wele thei dide that thei made them turne theire bakkes to hem and fledde, and ther was many slain and throwe to grounde; and in this wise thei hem demened till thei com to the maister Gawfanon of the Egle of golde, and ther was the Emperour, and the myghthiest men of the worlde, and the grettest gentles of Rome.

Hermans is killed.

The people of the emperor slay 2,000 of the Britons.

Ther sholde ye haue seyn stiffe stour and fell, and crewell bateile, and hermans that was Erle of Tripill was in companye of sir Gawein and hauell, but a knaue hym slough with a gauelok, and the peple of the Emperour smyte so on the bretou*ns* that thei slough of hem two thousande in the self place wher-of was grete damage and pite, for thei were full worthi men and many noble knyghtes, and whan sir Gawein saugh his companye thus dye, he spronge in a-monge the Romayns as a wood lyon a-monge wilde bestes, and he was of noble high prowesse, and was not wery to smyte grete strokes vpon eyther side till he com nygh the Emperour; and whan he saugh the Emperour he knewe hym wele, and he hym also, and a-noon that oon lete renne to that other, and smyten to-geder with grete myght, but thei dide not falle, for bothe were thei of grete force; and the Emperour was right stronge and hardy, and was gladde that he was mette with Gawein, for he knewe hym by his armes that men hym hadde devised, and the signes, and seide to hymself, yef I may ascape a-lyve, I may ther-of a-vaunte me at Rome. Than he griped his swerde, and couered hym with his shelde, and faught with sir Gawein full fiercly, and sir Gawein hym smote with Calibourne his good suerde, that he slitte his helme, and his heed down to the teth; and whan the romayns saugh the Emperour deed, thei ronne vpon the bretou*n*s and yaf hem a dispitouse shour and crewell, and smyte down in her comynge moo than thre hundred; whan Arthur saugh the romayns recouer, and his peple so demene, he cried with an high voyce, "What lordinges, what do ye holde stille youre grounde, and lete noon of hem ascape, for I am the kynge Arthur, that for no man will forsake the felde; sewe me, and loke ye be not recreaunt, and remembre you of youre noble prowesses that so many remes haue conquered, ffor ther shall noon passe quyk oute of this felde, but I haue the victorie vpon these romayns, ffor this day shall I lyve or dye;" with that he spronge in a-monge the romains, and be-gan to smyte down knyghtes, and horse and men, that whom so he a-raught be-houed to dye, ffor he smote no stroke with his swerde, but he slough other man or horse, and in his wey he mette hestor the kynge lubye, and he smote hym so that his heed fill to grounde; and than he seide, "Cursed be thow that euer thou hider com to do vs soche damage to my men;" and after he smote Polibetes, the kynge of mede, that he fonde in his wey, that he fill deed to grounde; whan the barou*n*s saugh the kynge Arthur do so wele, thei assailed the romayns, and the romayns hem vigerously, that

Gawein springs in among the Romans.

He comes to the emperor.

They smite together.

Gawein kills the emperor with Calibourne.

When the Romans see their emperor dead, they rush on the Britons, and smite down more than three hundred.

Arthur calls out to his people,

and springs in among the Romans, and smites down horse and men.

He kills Hestor

and Polibetes.

The Britons and Romans fight vigorously.

*[Fol. 235*a*.]

The 6,666 come down from the mountain,

and smite the Romans from behind.

The Romans fly.

grete *damage dide to the bretons, and yef the Emperour ne hadde be slain, the bretou*n*s ne myght not a-gein hem endured, for that discounforted hem alle; neuertheles thei contened hem so wele, that noon wiste who sholde haue the better. Than the vj^{Ml} and vj^{C} lxvj com down of the montaigne to whom the kynge Arthur sholde haue recovered yef he hadde myster, and thei com in to the hoste in soche maner*e*, that the romayns were not war; and thei smyte on hem be-hynde so harde, that thei slitte the bateile in two parties, and so thei wente diffoulinge hem vnder horse feet and slough hem with theire suerd*es*; and after these were come myght the romayns not endure, but turned to flight, for sore were thei discounforted, for the Emperour that was slain, and the Romains and the sarazins fledde discounfited, and the bretou*n*s hem enchaced, and slough of hem as many as thei hadde talant.

Arthur is glad at the victory that God had given him.

The dead bodies are buried.

Arthur sends the body of the emperor to Rome.

He asks Merlin where he shall go.

Merlin says he is to go on his way.

He tells of a devil by the lake de Losane,

Full gladde was the kynge Arthur of the discounfiture of the Romains, and of the victorie that god hadde hym yoven, and than com in to the feelde ther the bateile hadde be and biryed the deed bodies in chirches and abbeyes of the contrey; and the wounded lete hem be ledde to townes, and serched theire sores, and after made take the body of the Emperour, and sente it to Rome on a beere, and sente worde to the romains that it was the trewage of Bretaigne, that he sent to Rome, and yef thei wolde aske eny more he wolde hem sende soche a-nother in the same wise; and whan he hadde don thus, he toke counseile wheder he sholde holde forth his wey, or turne a-gein in to Gaule, and the princes seide he sholde take counseile of Merlin. Than the kynge called Merlin, and seide, "Dere frende, how pleseth it you that I shall do." "Sir," seide Merlin, "ye shull not come at Rome, ne ye shull not yet returne, but holde forth youre wey, ffor ther be peple that haue grete nede of youre helpe." "How so," seide the kynge, "is ther werre in this contrey." "Sir," seide Merlin, "ye! beyonde the lak de losane, for ther repeireth a devell, an enmy so that ther dar nother a-bide man ne woman, for he distroieth the contrey, and sleth all that he may gete." "How so," seide the kynge, “may ther no man hym endure, than is he no man as other ben.” “No,” quod Merlin, “it is a catte, full of the devell that is so grete and ougly, that it is an horible sight on to loke.” “Ih*esu* mercy,” seide the kynge to M*er*lin, “whens myght soche a beeste come?” “Sir,” seide Merlin, “that can I telle yow.”

which is a great and ugly cat.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ARTHUR'S FIGHT WITH THE GREAT CAT; THE SEARCH FOR MERLIN, AND HIS IMPRISONMENT; THE TRANSFORMATION OF GAWEIN INTO A DWARF, AND RETURN TO HIS PROPER FORM; THE BIRTH OF LANCELOT.

“Hit be-fill at the assencion hens a-foure yere, that a fissher of the contrey com to the lak de losane with his nettes and his engynes; and whan he was redy to caste his nette in to the water, he p*ro*mysed to oure lorde, the firste fissh that he sholde take; and whan he drough vp his nette, he toke a fissh that was worth xxxs.; and whan he saugh the fissh so feire and grete, he seide to hym-self softly be-twene his teth, “God shall not haue this, but he shall haue the next that I take.” Than he threwe his nett a-gein in to the water, and toke a-nother fissh that was better than the firste; and whan he saugh it was so good and so feire, he seide that yet our lorde god myght wele a-bide of this. But the thridde sholde he haue with-oute eny doute; and than he caste his nett in to the water, and drough oute a litill kyton as blakke as eny cool. And whan the *fissher it saugh, he seide that he hadde nede ther-of in his house for rattes and mees, and he it norisshed and kept vp in his house till it strangeled hym, and his wif and his children, and after fledde in to a mountayn that is be-yonde the lak, that I haue to you of spoken, and hath be ther*e* in to this tyme, and distroieth and sleth all that he may se and a-reche; and he is grete and horible that it is merveile hym to se; and we shull go that wey, for it is the right wey toward Rome, and yef god

A fisher came to the lac de Losane with his nets.

He vowed to give to God the first fish he should take,

but he breaks his vow three times.

The third time he cast in his net he drew out a kitten;

*[Fol. 235*b*.]

he nourished it, and it strangled him, his wife, and children, and fled to the mountain, and destroyed all it saw.

will, ye shull sette the peple in reste that be fledde in to straunge londes." When the barons undirstode these wordes thei gonne to blesse hem for the grete merveile that thei hadden, and seiden that it was vengeaunce of oure lorde, and a tokne that he was wroth, for the synne that the fissher hadde broken his promys, and ther-fore thei trowed oure lorde were wroth with hym, for that he hadde falsed his couenaunt. Than the kynge comaunded to trusse and to make hym redy to ride; and thei dide his comaundement, and toke theire wey toward the lak de losane, and fonde the contrei wasted and voide of peple, that nother man ne woman durste ther-ynne enhabite. And thei laboured so till that thei com vnder the mounte, wher-as this devell dide a-bide; and loiged hem in a valey a myle fro the mountein; and the kynge Looth toke his armes, and sir Gawein, and Gaheries, and the kynge Ban, and Merlin, for to go with the kynge Arthur, and seide thei wolde go se this feende that so grete damage and harme hadde don in the contrey; and thei clymbe vpon the mountein as Merlin hem ledde, that well knewe the wey, for the grete witte that was in hym. And whan thei were come vp, than seide Merlin to Arthur, "Sir, in that roche ther is the Catte;" and shewed hym a grete cave in a medowe that was right large and depe. "And how shall the Catte come oute?" seide the kynge. "That shull ye se hastely," quod Merlin, "but loke ye be redy you to diffende, for a-noon he will yow assaile." "Than drawe yow alle a-bakke," seide the kynge Arthur, "for I will preve his power;" and thei dide his comaundement, and a-noon as thei were with-drawen, Merlin whistelid lowde; and whan the catte that herde, a-noon he lept oute of the cave, for he wende that it had be som wilde beste, and he was hungry and fastinge, and ran woodly a-straye toward the kynge Arthur; and as soone as the kynge saugh hym comynge he bar a-gein hym a short spere, and wende to smyte hym thourgh the body. But the feend caught the steill heed in his teth so harde, that he made it bende, and in the turnynge that the kynge made, the shaft to brake faste by the heed that was in the cattes mowthe; and he be-gan to make a grym noyse

The barons marvel and say that it is God's vengeance.

The king commands them to make ready to ride. They go towards the Lak de Losane.

Looth, Gawein, Gaheries, Ban, and Merlin, go up the mountain with Arthur.

Merlin points out where the cat is.

Arthur tells them all to draw back.

The cat leaps out of the cave, and runs towards Arthur, who prepares to receive it with a spear, which the cat breaks in his mouth.

as he were wood, and the kynge caste down the tronchon of the spere, and drough his suerde, and caste his shelde hym be-fore; and the catte lepte to hym a-noon, and wende to sese hym by the throte, and the kynge lifte the shelde a-gein hym so fiercely, that the catte fill to grounde; but soone he lepte vpon his feet and ran vpon the kynge full fiercely, and the kynge lifte vp the suerde and smote the catte on the heed that he cutte the skyn; but the heed was so harde that he myght not entre; and neuertheles he was so astonyed, that he fill to the erthe vp-right, but er the kynge myght his shelde recouer, the catte sesed hym at discouert *be the sholdres so harde that his clawes griped thourgh his hauberke in to the flesshe, and plukked so harde that he braste moo than iiij^{c} mayles, that the reade blode folowed his clawes, and ther failed but litill that the kynge hadde falle to the erthe; and whan the kynge saugh his blode, he was wonder wroth, than he caste his shelde be-fore his breste, and hilde his swerde in his right hande, and ran to the catte vigerously, that likked his clawes that were weet of blode; and whan he saugh the kynge come toward hym, he lepe hy*m* a-geins, and wende to sese hym as he hadde do be-forn, but the kynge launched his shelde hym be-fore, and the catte smote ther in his two feet be-fore with so grete fiersnesse thourgh the shelde, and breied so harde that the kynge enclyned to the erthe, so that the gige of the shelde fly from his nekke; but he griped the shelde so faste by the enarmynge that the catte myght it not hym be-reve, ne pulle oute his clawes, but henge in the shelde be the two feet be-fore; and whan the kynge saugh this, he griped faste the shelde and smote hym with his swerde vpon bothe legges, that he cutte hem a-sonder by the knees, and the catte fill to grounde; and the kynge caste a-wey his shelde, and ran to hym with swerde drawen; and the catte sterte vpon the hynder-feet, and grenned with his teth, and coveited the throte of the kynge; and the kynge launched at hym and wende to smyte hym on the heed, and ther-with the catte strayned hys hynder feet and lept in his visage, and griped hym with her hynder feet, and with hir teth in to the flesshe

The king draws his sword,

and smites the cat on the head.

The cat seizes the king,

*[Fol. 236*a*.]

and makes the blood to flow.

The king runs to the cat, with his shield before him.

The cat fixes its claws in the shield,

and cannot pull them out.

The king cuts off its two fore legs.

The cat flies at the king's throat,

and bites him, that

the blood streams out.

The king cuts off its hind feet.

The cat creeps towards the cave; but the king goes between the cave and the cat, which he slays.

Merlin and the others run to him.

*[Fol. 236*b*.]

The barons look at the feet left in the hauberk.

The king goes to his tent, and unarms.

The leeches wash his wounds.

They return towards Gaul.

that the blode stremed out in many places of breste and sholdres on high; and whan the kynge felte hym holde so harde, he sette the point of his swerde to the bely for to launche hym thourgh, and whan the catte felte the suerde she lefte hir bitinge, and wolde haue falle to grounde; but the two hynder feet were so depe ficched in the hauberke, that the heed of the catte hanged down-warde, and than the kynge smote a-sonder the two hynder feet, and the body fill to grounde; and as soone as the catte was fallen she be-gan to whowle and to bray so lowde, that it was herde thourgh the hoste; and whan she hadde caste this cry she be-gan to crepe faste down the foreste by the grete strengthe that was in hir, and drough toward the cave where-as she com oute; but the kynge wente be-twene hir and the cave, and ran vpon the catte, and the catte launched toward hym, and wende to cacche hym with hir teth; but in the launchinge the kynge smote of hir two legges be-fore, and than Merlin and the other ronne to hym, and asked how it was with hym. "Well," seide the kynge, "blessed be oure lorde, ffor I haue slain this devell, that grete harme hath don in this contrey, and wite it verily that I hadde neuer so grete doute of my-self as I hadde now a-gein this catte, saf only of the Geaunte that I slough this other day on the mountein, and ther-fore I thanke oure lorde." "Sir," seide the barou*ns*, * "ye haue grete cause." Than thei loked on the feet that were lefte in the shelde, and in the hauberk, and thei seide that neuer soche feet hadde thei sein be-fore, and Gaheries toke the shelde and wente to the host makinge grete ioye; and whan the princes saugh the feet and the clawes that were so longe thei were a-baisshed, and ledde the kynge to his tente and vnarmed hym, and loked on the cracchinges, and the bitinge of the catte; and the leches waisshed softly his woundes, and leide ther-to salue and oynementes to clense the venym, and dight hym in soche maner, that he letted nothi*n*ge to ride; and that day thei soiourned till on the morowe that thei returned toward Gaule, and the kynge lete bere the shelde with the cattes feet, and the feet that were in the hauberk lete put in a cofer, and comaunded to be well kept; and the kinge asked Merlin how this mountein was cleped, and Merlin seide that peple of the contrey cleped it the mountein de lak, ffor the lak that was in the valey. "Certes," seide the kynge, "I will that this name be taken a-wey, and I will it be cleped the mountain of the catte, ffor the catte hadde ther his repeire, and was ther slain;" and after that the name of that hill neuer chaunged, ne neuer shall while the worlde dureth; and now a-while cesseth the tale and returneth to hem that ledde the Prisoners.

The king asks how the mountain is called;

and says it shall hereafter be called the mountain of the cat.

Now seith the storie, that whan the kynge Arthur hadde comaunded the knyghtes to lede the prisoners of the romayns that were repeired f[r]om the disconfiture of the romayns that the prisoners wende to haue rescowed, that thei toke the prisoners that the squyers kepte out of the stour, and wente toward fraunce, and in euery town that thei com thei toke condite fro oo town to a-nother, and laboured day and nyght till thei com nygh a Castell that longe to Claudas de la desert; and ther com a-gein hem xlv knyghtes of the londe of kynge Claudas, that by theire esspies wiste that the kynge Arthur sente prisoners in to fraunce that were knyghtes of the romains, and yef they myght yelde hem to kynge Claudas he sholde conne hem grete thanke, ffor he loved the romayns and the Emperour. Thei were well horsed and a-raied, and com a-gein hem that ledde the prisoners that were well CC knyghtes and squyres, and of hem of the contrey that bar hem companye; but with-oute faile thei ne were but xl knyghtes, and thei on that other side were xlvj, and were nygh the castell where-ynne were I-nowe of squyres and sergeauntes on foote in whom thei trusted moche. Thei en-busshed hem in a grove a litill oute of the wey; and whan thei saugh hem come, thei sprонge oute a-gein hem, and hem assailed that nygh thei haue hem supprised; but a-noon as thei saugh hem breke, thei ronne hem a-geins, and mette so harde vpon the sheldes that thei perced and rente hauberkes, and many ther were smyte thourgh the bodies, and slain and wounded on bothe parties; and whan thei that were with the prisoners saugh the knyghtes reuerse, thei

The knights that lead the prisoners go towards France.

They come near a castle belonging to Claudas. Forty-five of his knights come against them,

and spring out of a grove.

Many are slain on both sides.

ronne hem to socour, and for to take the other, and grete was the afray and the medle, and gretly were a-peired the peple of kynge Claudas, and yet sholde thei haue hadde more damage; but as the peple of the Castell hem socoured, be strengthe that were well an hundred and fifty of horsemen, and the bateile wax right sharp*e* and fierce, for the *bretou*n*s were stronge and hardy, and Claudas peple were stronge and hardy in her owne londe, and diffended hem wele; and than com oute of the castell fifty sergeauntes with bowe and arowes, and be-gonne to shete at the bretou*n*s, and slough many in her comynge, and ther-fore were the bretou*n*s sore dismayed, and of fin force were made resorte to the prisoners that the yomen on foote dide kepe; and elles hadde the bretou*n*s all loste ne hadde be oon auenture that hem be-fill, as god wolde, ffor Pharien of Trebes and leonce of Paierne com that wey for to prise the Castell, and hadde in her companye vij^{c} knyghtes wele horsed and richely armed, and com vpon hem fightinge euen as the bretou*n*s were at disconfiture; and whan thei of the castell hem a-perceived, and knewe theire armes thei were sore dismayed, and lefte the assaute of the bretou*n*s and fledde toward the castell, and gat in who that myght sonest, that the sone a-boode not the fader, ne the fader the sone, but so faste cowde thei not haste, but that leonce, and Pharien, and her companye slough of hem moo than xxx; and the[i] ronne in to the castell to garison, and thei vpon the walles lete falle the portcolys vpon hem and slough of hem two horse; and Pharien and leonce repeired toward the bretou*n*s that hadde gadered a-gein alle the prisoners that thei ledde; and Pharien hem asked what thei were, and thei ansuerde, "We be with the kynge Arthur that these prisoners sendeth in to ffraunce;" and whan thei vndirstode this, thei seide thei were welcome. Than thei wente alle to-geder to Benoyk, and made the prisoners a-light be-fore the paleis, and after lete sette hem in prison as the kynge Arthur hadde comaunded, and after thei hem vn-armed and duelled ther in ioye and in feste. And now shull we returne and speke of the lorde of the marasse and of his doughter.

The people of the castle come to succour the knights of Claudas.

*[Fol. 237*a*.]

Many of the Britons are killed.

Pharien and Leonce come with a company of 700 knights.

When the people of the castle see them, they are dismayed and fly to the castle.

Thirty of them are killed.

Pharien asks the Britons what they are.

They all go to Benoyk, and put the prisoners into prison.

A-noon with-ynne xv dayes after the kynge Ban, and the kynge Bohors, and Merlin were departed from the castell of the marasse, where thei hadde ley in ioye and feste, a riche man of the contrey com to the castell on a nyght; and the lorde of the castell, that was a worthy knyght and a wise, made hym grete chere, and in reuerence of hym made his doughter to serue of the cuppe as she that was full wise and wele lerned; and the knyght that ther-in was herberowed be-helde the damesell that he liked right wele, and requered her of hir fader, and seide he wolde hir haue to his wif yef it hym liked, and the fader hym thonked of the honour that he hym profered, and was ther-of full gladde, for he was the highest lorde of that contrey, and seide he wolde speke ther-of to his doughter, and than yeve hym ansuere; whan thei hadde soped, thei yede to reste, and on the morowe thei a-rise erly, and agrauadain a-resoned his doughter of that the knyght hym requered, that was so myghty a lorde, that by hym myght alle his frendes be a-vaunced and worshiped; and whan the damesell this herde she ansuerde hir fader debonerly, and seide, "Sir, it is not yet tyme for me to be maried, for I am yonge, and ther-fore I be-seche yow speketh not ther-of, but suffre me a-bide yef it plese yow." "Ffeire doughter," quod he, "to leve spekinge herof I se no profite; ye ought to haue grete ioye in youre herte, for that so high a lorde deyneth to aske yow in *mariage; ffor ye be a woman but of lowe lynage a-gein hym, and ther-for I pray yow and comaunde to do my will." "Sir," quod she, "ye may well yet suffre a-while, for be the feith that I owe to yow that be my fader, I am not yet in will to be maried." "How so, feire daughter," quod he, "will ye than refuse my plesier and my volunte." "Sir," quod she, "I knowe well youre will is not for to haue me I-loste." "I-loste," seide he, "nay, but I-wonne to grete honour." "Nay, sir," quod she, "but I-loste; for I sholde neuer haue ioye at myn herte, yef I were maried to eny other than to hym that I haue my-self promysed and graunted, and yet I knowe well that I shall neuer hym haue, but I shall holde me to hym that he hath me

A rich man comes to the castle of the Marasse,

and demands the lord's daughter for his wife.

The father is glad,

and speaks to his daughter.

She says she is too young to be married.

Agravadain says she ought to be joyful that so great a lord desires her for his wife.

*[Fol. 237*b*.]

His daughter says she should never have joy if she married him.

She tells of Ban, and how she was with child by him.

lefte, and he is of higher astate and feirer knight than is this." "Doughter," seide he, "of whom speke ye; tell me more clerly youre thought and soche thinge I may of yow heren, that I shall put this thinge in respite." "Sir," seide the damesell, "I shall yow telle, seth that ye will it knowe, and I shall of no worde make yow lesynge." Than she tolde hym all in ordore how it was hir be-falle be-twene hir and th[e] kynge Ban of Benoyk, and how she was by hym with childe; "and he tolde me that I sholde haue a sone by whom all my lynage shall be a-vaunced; wher-fore I praye yow be not a-boute to marye me to noon other but to the kynge, ffor be the feith that I owe to god and to yow, I shall neuer haue other but hym."

The father is angry, but says he will speak to the lord. He tells the lord that he shall have his daughter in two years. The lord swears that he will take her by force. He summons his men, and pitches his tents before the castle. The lord of Maras has provisions for five years.

Whan the fader vndirstode his doughter, he was pensif and wroth, but chere ne semblaunt durste he noon make, and ansuerde soberly, "Doughter, seth it is thus, I moste it suffre, and therfore disconfort yow no-thinge, and I shall go speke with this lorde, and telle hym youre will and nothinge myn;" and than he com to the knyght that was in doynge on his spores, and salued hym curteysly, and seide, "Sir, yef it plese yow to suffre this two yere, I will do youre volunte;" and that he seide, for he knewe well he wolde it not graunte that respite; whan the knyght this vndirstode, he ansuerde ther-to no worde, but lepe to horse, he and his men, and departed with-oute leve takinge, and swor that seth he myght hir not haue with love he wolde hir haue be force, and after hym sholde haue hir who that wolde; and in this maner he departed and com in to his contrey and somowned his men, till he hadde wele vij^c knyghtes, and squyres, and yomen, and many other sowdiours, and com with an hoste be-fore the Castell des Maras, and pight his teintes by the pyne tre nygh the cauchie, and swor his oth that neuer sholde he departe thens till he hadde hir to his wif; and whan the lorde des Maras saugh hym-self be-seged, he was full of hevynesse, not for no drede to be taken by strengthe, ne famyn myght thei not lightly for all the reme myght hym not take, for I-nough he hadde of vitaile, for v yere that neuer hym neded to com oute at the yate; and he hadde ther-ynne xlij knyghtes that were bolde and hardy in armes, ffor the lorde des Mares was a noble knyght; and thus thei were be-fore the Castell viij dayes that neuer was caste ne shotte, *and the ix$^{the.}$ day, a-boute the hour of prime, be-fill that a knyght of the hoste that was cleped Maudras com to the horn that ther henge, and sette it to his mouthe, and blewe thries with grete myght, so that the lorde of the castell it herde clerly; and than a-noon he armed hym richely, and lepte vpon a stede with shelde be-fore his breste and a spere in hande, and the yate was hym opened, and he rode oute a grete raundon all the cauchie towarde the hoste, and cried with high voice whiche was he that was so hardy to blowen his horne with-oute his leve, and in euell tyme hadde he it be-gonne, yef in hym were so moche hardynesse with hym to Iuste, and Maudras seide that for noon other cause was it do, "and I shall Iuste be soche couenaunt that he that falleth shall yelde hym-self taken prisoner with-oute more doynge." "And I it graunte," seide Agrauadain, "yef youre lorde will assent that I haue of hym no doute ne encombraunce ne of noon saf only of yow." "In feith," quod he, "ye shull haue no doute of noon other seth ye be come so fer." Than Agrauadain com down of the cauchie, and he a Maudras ronne to-geder; and the knyghtes were renged rounde a-boute to be-holde the Iustinge, and the two knyghtes mette with so grete raundon, that the sheldes perced, Maudras brake his spere, and Ag*ra*uadain shof so sore, that he bar hym to grounde so rudely, that he brake his lifte arme be-twene the hande and the elbowe. Than he straught oute his hand and hente the horse by the reyne, and sette hym on the cauchie; and than he seide to Maudras that he sholde hym sewe and holde his couenaunt, and than he rode forth towarde the Castell, and drof Maudras horse hym be-fore, and entred in at the yate where he was resceyved with ioye; and leriador and his knyghtes com to Maudras, and fonde hym on swowne, and thei wende he hadde be deed. And in a while after he yaf a grete sigh, and opened his iyen, and comaunded that oon sholde bringe hym to the

*[Fol. 238*a*.]

Maudras blows the horn thrice.

The lord arms and rides out towards the host.

He calls on Maudras to joust with him.

The two run against each other with great force.

Agravadain bears Maudras to the ground,

and drives his horse before him to the castle.

Leriador sends Maudras on a bier to the castle.

Agravadain puts him in a fair chamber.

castell to a-quyte hym of his oth. Than leriador lete make a beere of smale bowes on horsbak, and leide hym ther-ynne, and couered with a riche cloth of silke and henge this litter be-twene two horse, and sente hym to the castell. And Agrauadain hym resceived, and lete put hym in a feire chambre where is arme was well dight with salues and oynementes. And thei that brought hym thider returned a-gein, and fonde leriador sori and wroth, and so were all the other.

Each day comes a knight, and Agravadain conquers them all.

On the twelfth day Leriador blows the horn himself.

The two knights meet.

*[Fol. 238b.]

They bear each other to the ground.

They fight on foot,

but Leriador has to cry for mercy, and returns to his country.

Agravadain's daughter is delivered of a son,

On the morowe com a-nother knyght, and blewe the horne; and agrauadain com and Iusted with hym, and smote hym down, and toke his feith to be prisoner, and wente with hym to the castell, and thus Agrauadain wan xj, and therfore was the lorde sory and angry; and the xijthe. day he blewe the horne hym-self; and whan Agrauadain was come as he was wonte to do, than seide Leriador that at this Iustinge sholde be fynysshed the werre, and the sege departe; ffor yef Agrauadain hym conquered, he wolde returne a-gein in to his contrey with all his hoste. Ne neuer he ne noon of his sholde touche nothinge of his, "and yef I yow conquere ye shull me yeve youre doughter to be my wif, for I aske yow no more." This was graunted on bothe parties. And than wente the two knyghtes to-geder, and mette with grete raundon on the sheldes a-bove the bokeles *that thei perced and rente the hauberkes, that the spere poyntes passed be the sides, so that the blode spronge oute of bothe parties; than thei hurteled so harde with bodies and sheldes, that eche bar other to grounde, bothe horse and man, that bothe were sore astonyed, and lay longe while at the erthe; but bothe thei lept vpon foot, and drough theire suerdes and smote grete strokes at discouert, and made grete woundes and merveilouse, and bothe waxen feble for the blode that thei bledde; but in the ende leriador be-hoved to come to mercy, and departed from the sege, and wente hom to his contrie; and Agrauadain returned to his castell, and leide salue to his woundes, and sente the prisoners in to her contreyes; and he a-bode gladde and myrye till his doughter was delyuered of a sone, that after was of grete renoun in the reame of logres, and in many other contreyes, and was cleped by his right name Estor; and of hym hadde Agrauadain grete ioye, and made hym be norisshed in his chambre, and delyuered hym thre norices; and the damesell hir-self yaf hym sowke of hir owne mylke, ffor ther was nothinge that she loved so moche, ffor he was so like the kynge Ban as he hadde be portreyed. But now shull we cesse of hym a-while, and of his moder, and of Agrauadain, that helde hym dere, and returne to speke of the kynge ffualis that longe hath be stille.

whose name is Estor.

She gives the child suck.

Now whan that Merlin was departed from the kynge ffualis, to whom he hadde tolde his a-vision; and the kynge ffualis a-bood sore dismayed of that Merlin hadde seide, and in short tyme after be-fill like as he hadde tolde, for he saugh his children in the temple of diane I-slayn, and the temple caste down and dispoiled, and his londe distroied, and his paleys brente, and hym-self taken and his wif; but thei that hym toke ne slough hym not, but shewed hem the poyntes of the cristin feith, and made hem so to vndirstonde fro day to day, that thei were baptised and waisshe fro the filthe of synne of mysbeleve, and was cleped be the same name that he hadde be-fore, and that was ffualis; but the ladies name was chaunged, and cleped hir misiane, and hir name was be-fore cleped Lumble; and after were thei longe to-geder till thei hadde foure doughtres, that after hadde foure princes that were cristin, and were full good peple and trewe, and hadde many children; ffor the elthest hadde x sones, that were alle good knyghtes by the kynge ffualis lif, and viij doughter*es*; and the seconde hadde xij sones and thre doughtres; and the thridde vj sones and xij doughtres; and the fourthe xv sones and a doughter, and were alle maryed, and the sones knyghtes while the kynge was lyvinge, and the quene Misiane, that ther-of hadde grete ioye and gladnesse, and thonked our lorde. Whan the kynge ffualis and the foure princes saugh that thei hadde liiij children that were alle bretheren and cosins germain, thei made grete ioye, and seide that oure lorde hadde hem sent to avaunce the cristin lawe, and seide thei sholde neuer cesse till

It befalls Flualis, as Merlin had said.

His children are slain.

He and his wife are baptized.

The lady's name is changed.

Afterwards they have four daughters, who marry four princes.

They have fifty-four children.

thei hadde made alle paynyms cristin, and obbeye the lawes of god and holy cherche.

They summon their power, and overrun pagan lands.

*[Fol. 239*a*.]

Flualis dies in Spain.

They take divers lands.

Some come to serve Arthur;

Four knights come with them.

Than thei somowned and assembled all her power, and ronne thourgh paynym londes, and toke townes, and slough many a paynym, and conquered the londes of the straunge contreyes, and passed *in to Galys, and in to Spayne, so that nothinge myght a-gein hem endure, till that the kynge ffualis was deed in spayne, and ther-fore were the foure princes full dolent and the nevewes, and was biried in a Cite that tho was cleped Nadres; and than thei repeired towarde the parties of I*es*h*ura*l*e*m, and set the londes in her handes, and after departed by diuerse londes, and hem conquered and toke the honours, that oon hilde Costantynnoble; and that other greece, where he hadde foure regiou*n*s; and the thridde hilde barbarie; and the fourthe Cipre; and some come in to the reame of[1] logres for to serve the kynge Arthur, for the grete renoome that of hym was thourgh the worlde, and with hem com foure knight*es* that were bolde and hardy in armes, but litill tyme thei lyved, and that was grete harme to all cristin peple, ffor thei were noble and trewe, and the tweyne were deed in a bateile that launcelot made a-gein the kynge Claudas; and the thridde in a bateile that the kynge Arthur made a-gein Mordred as shall be rehersed here-after. But now shull we returne to speke of the kynge Arthur.

Arthur and his company stay for eight days at the castle on the River Aube, and then go to Benoyk.

In this partie, seith the storie, that whan the kynge Arthur and his companye had disconfited the romayns, and the kynge hadde slayn the catte, thei returned and rode till thei com to the castell that the kynge hadde fortefied vpon the river of Aube, and were there viij dayes; and after thei departed and rode forth till thei com to Benoyk, ffor it was tolde hem that there were the prisoners, and Pharien and Cleodalis hem resceyved with grete ioye; and after thei tolden how thei hadde rescowed theire peple, and the Prisoners and all thinge as it was fallen, and how thei of the castell wolde haue taken hem be force. "Be my feith," seide the kynge, "*in euell tyme thei it be-gonne, for dere shall it be bought.*" Than the kynge cleped sir Gawein, and bad hym go to the castell that was cleped the marche, and throwe it down to the grounde, so that thei of other contreyes be not so hardy eny more to encombre me ne noon of myn, and sir Gawein made x^{Ml} lepe to horse, and rode forth till thei com to the castell a-boute mydnyght, and enbusshed hem in a wode that was v bowe draught ffrom the castell, and ther thei a-bide till on the morowe that thei of the castell sette oute theire beestes, and a-noon as it was oute sir Gawein sent oute xiiij knyghtes that passed the pray, and drough toward the yate, and with hem v arblastres for to shete vp to the barbycans, and to kepe the yate till he were come, and thei dide as Gawein hem comaunded; and it was yet so erly that un-ethe oon myght knowe a-nother, and thei hem dressed toward the yate as soone as the pray was oute; whan sir Gawein sye the praye come nygh he wiste well that the other were be-fore; and he sente be-yonde hem that drof the praye xx knyghtes; and whan thei hem saugh thei lefte the praye and wolde haue turned a-gein to the yate, but the knyghtes and the arblastres that sir Gawein had sente diffended hem the entre till that Gawein was comen, and smyten in at the yate moo than vj^{c}. Than was ther grete crie and noyse, and thei that were in the tour lete falle the portcolys, and smote[1] a-sonder two horse be the croupe and the knyghtes fill with-ynne, with-oute more harme; and than a-ros the noyse and the crye thourgh the contrey, and thei ronne to the barbicans and caste *stones and caliou*n*s; and the v arblastres shote vpwarde, and the other be-gonne to hewe the yates a-sonder, and thei that were with-oute entred in; and thei that were of the castell dide hem yelde to the volunte of sir Gawein, and he made hem be ledde to Benoyk; and than he lete beete down the walles and the bretesches, and after returned to the kynge Arthur that ther-of was gladde and

---

[1] The word "of" is repeated in the MS.

Arthur bids Gawein go to the castle of the March and throw it down.

Gawein takes 10,000 men.

They ambush in a wood.

Fourteen knights go towards the gate where the herds come out.

The knights and bowmen defend the entry, and 600 smite into the city.

There is a great noise and cry.
*[Fol. 239*b*.]

The people of the castle yield to Gawein.
Gawein returns to Benoyk.

---

[1] The word "smote" is repeated in the MS.

Arthur makes the prisoners to be sworn, and sends them back to their country.

ioyfull; and the kynge made the prisoners to swere that thei sholde neuer be a-gein the kynge Ban, ne the kynge Bohors; and so made he hem swere that were of Rome that thei sholde neuer be a-gein the reame of logres; and whan thei were thus sworn, he sente hem a-gein in to theire contrey, and soiourned all that day, and on the morowe with the kynge Ban with grete ioye and grete feeste. With that com a messagere to the kynge Arthur that brought tidinges that the kynge leodogan of Carmelide was deed, and that was the cause he departed so soone fro the kynge Ban. On the morowe the kynge Arthur departed fro the two kynges that were brethern, and after that tyme he saugh hem neuer more; and that was grete scade that thei sholde die so soone, as the storie shall declare whan tyme cometh.

A messenger brings tidings that Leodogan is dead.

Arthur leaves Ban and Bohors, and never sees them again.

Whan the kynge Arthur was departed fro the two kynges that were brethern, that so moche honour hadde hym don, he traueiled so by his iourneyes that he com to the see and entred in to shippes, and passed ouer and landed at the port of Dover, and lepe on their horse and ride forth to logres, and ther thei fonde the Quene Gonnore, that hem resceived with grete ioye, and tolde how hir fader was passed oute of this worlde, and he hir counforted in the beste wise he myght; and after the kynge departed his peple and thei yode hom in to theire contreyes, and the kynge Arthur a-boode at logres, and sir Gawein and the knyghtes of the rounde table, and Merlin soiourned ther longe tyme. Than he hadde grete talent for to se Blase his maister, for to telle hym of all that was be-fallen seth he fro hym departed; and fro thens he wolde go to Nimiane his love, for the terme drough faste on that was sette; and he wente to the kynge and seide that hym be-hoved to go; and the kynge and the quene prayed hym right entierly soone for to come a-gein, for he dide hem grete solas and counfort of his companye, ffor the kynge hym love[d] feithfully; for in many a nede he hadde hym socoured and holpen, ffor by hym and by his counseile was he kynge; and he seide to hym right tenderly, "Dere frende Merlin, seth ye will go, I dar yow not with-holde a-gein youre wille a volunte; but I shall neuer be in hert*es*

He goes over the sea and lands at Dover.

He rides to Logres, and comforts Gonnore.

He abides at Logres with the knights of the round table and Merlin.

Merlin tells the king he must leave. The king and queen pray him to return soon.

ese till that I may se yow, and therefore I pray you for the love of oure lorde haste you soone to come a-gein." "Sir," seide Merlin, "this is the laste time, and ther-fore to god I you comaunde." Whan the kynge herde how he seide it was the laste tyme that he sholde hym se, he was sore a-baisshed; and M*er*lin departed with-oute moo wordes sore wepinge, and trauailed till he com to Blase his maister, that grete chere hym made, and asked how he hadde sped sethen, and he seide wele; and than he tolde hi*m* alle thinges as thei were be-falle of the kynge Arthur and of the Geaunte that he hadde slayn; and of the bateile of the Romains; and how he hadde slain the cat; and tolde hym also of the litill duerf*e* how the damesell hadde hym brought to court, and how the kynge hadde made hym knyght. "But thus *moche," seide Merlin, "I shall telle yow, he is a grete gentilman, and is no duerf by nature, but thus hath a damesell hym myshapen whan he was xiij yere of age, for that he wolde not graunte hir his love, and he was than the feirest creature of the worlde; and for the sorowe that the damesell hadde a-raied she hym in soche wise that now is the lothliest creature and of moste dispite; and fro hens ix wikes shall cesse the terme that the damesell sette, and shall come in to the age that he ought for to be, for at that day shall he be xxij yere olde." Whan Merlin hadde all thing*es* rehersed, and Blase hadde hem alle writen oon after a-nother in ordre, and by his boke haue we the knowinge ther-of; and whan Merlin hadde be ther viij dayes he toke leve of Blase, and seide, "This is the laste tyme that I shall speke with yow eny more, ffor fro hens-forth I shall soiourne with my love, ne neuer shall I haue power hir for to leve ne to come ne go."

Merlin says it is the last time they will see him.

He departs and goes to Blase.

He tells him all that has happened.

*[Fol. 240*a*.]

The dwarf was mis-shapened by a damsel,

who is now the loathliest creature.

After eight days Merlin takes leave of Blase,

Whan Blase vndirstode Merlin, he was full of sorowe, and seide, "Dere frende, seth it is so that ye may not departe cometh not ther." "Me be-houeth for to go," quod Merlin, "for so haue I made hir couenaunt, and also I am so supprised with hir love, that I may me not with-drawen; and I haue her taught and lerned all the witte and connynge that she can, and yet shall she lerne more, for I may not hir with-

who is sorry to hear that he will never see Merlin again.

sein ne it disturue." Than departed Merlin from Blase, and in litill space com to his love, that grete ioye of hym made and he of hir, and dwelled to-geder longe tyme; and euer she enquered of his craftes, and he hir taught and lerned so moche that after he was holden a fooll and yet is, and she hem well vndirstode and put hem in writinge, as she that was well expert in the vij artes. Whan that he hadde hir taught all that she cowde aske, she be-thought hir how she myght hym with-holde for euer more; than be-gan she to glose Merlin more than euer she hadde do euer be-forn, and seide, "Sir, yet can I not oon thinge that I wolde fain lerne, and ther-fore I pray you that ye wolde me enforme;" and Merlin that well knewe her entent, seid, "Madame, what thinge is that?" "Sir," quod she, "I wolde fain lerne how I myght oon shet in a tour with-outen walles, or with-oute eny closure be enchauntement, so that neuer he sholden go oute with-outen my licence;" and whan Merlin it herde he bowed down the heed and be-gan to sigh, and she it a-parceived, she asked whi he sighed. "Madame," seide Merlin, "I shall telle yow; I knowe well what ye thinke, and that ye will me with-holde, and I am so supprised with love that me be-houeth to do youre plesier;" and than she caste hir armes a-boute his nekke and hym kiste, and seide, "that wele he ought to be hirs seth that she was all his; ye knowe wele that the grete love that I haue to you hath made me forsake alle other for to haue yow in myn armes nyght and day, and ye be my thought and my desire, for with-oute yow haue I neither ioye ne welthe. In you haue I sette all my hope, and I a-bide noon other ioye but of yow, and seth that I love you, and also ye love me, is not right than that ye do my volunte and I yours." "Certes, yesse," seide Merlin, "now sey than what ye will." "I will," quod she, "ye teche me a place feire and couenable, that I myght enclose by art in *soche wise that neuer myght be vn-don, and we shull be ther, ye and I in ioye and disporte whan that yow liketh." "Madame," seide Merlin, "that shall I well do." "Sir," quod she, "I will not that ye it make, but lerne it to me that

Merlin comes to his love, who learns all his craft.

She says there is one thing she wants to learn;

that is, how to make a tower without walls, so that he who was in should never be able to come out. Merlin sighs.

The maiden kisses him,

and tries to persuade him to teach her how to enclose a place by art.

*[Fol. 240b.]

I may it do, and I shall make it than more at my volunte." "Well," seide Merlin, "I will do youre plesire." Than he be-gan to devise the crafte vnto hir, and she it wrote all that he seide; and whan hadde alle devised, the damesell hadde grete ioye in herte, and he hir loved more and more, and she shewed hym feirer chere than be-forn; and so thei soiourned to-geder longe tyme, till it fill on a day that thei wente thourgh the foreste hande in hande, devisinge and disportinge, and this was in the foreste of brochelonde, and fonde a bus*s*h that was feire and high of white hawthorne full of floures, and ther thei satte in the shadowe; and Merlin leide his heed in the damesels lappe, and she be-gan to taste softly till he fill on slepe; and whan she felt that he was on slepe she a-roos softly, and made a cerne with hir wymple all a-boute the bussh and all a-boute Merlin, and be-gan hir enchau*n*teme*n*tz soche as Merlin hadde hir taught, and made the cerne ix tymes, and ix tymes hir enchauntementes; and after that she wente and satte down by hym and leide his heed in hir lappe, and hilde hym ther till he dide a-wake; and than he loked a-boute hym, and hym semed he was in the feirest tour of the worlde, and the moste stronge, and fonde hym leide in the feirest place that euer he lay be-forn; and than he seide to the damesell, "Lady, thou hast me deceived, but yef ye will a-bide with me, for noon but ye may vn-do this enchauntementes;" and she seide, "Feire swete frende, I shall often tymes go oute, and ye shull haue me in youre armes, and I yow; and fro hens-forth shull ye do alle youre plesier;" and she hym hilde wele couenaunt, ffor fewe hours ther were of the nyght ne of the day but she was with hym. Ne neuer after com Merlin oute of that fortresse that she hadde hym in sette; but she wente in and oute whan she wolde. But now moste we reste a-while of Merlin and of his love, and speke of the kynge Arthur.

Merlin says he will do her pleasure.

He loves her more and more.

They disport in the forest of Brochelond.

Merlin sleeps, and the damsel makes a circle.

Merlin awakes,

and says she has deceived him.

Merlin never came out of the fortress, but she went in and out.

The same hour that Merlin was departed fro the kynge Arthur, and that he hadde seide how it was the laste tyme that he sholde hym se; the kynge a-boode sore a-baisshed and full pensif of that worde, and in soche maner he a-boode

Arthur is heavy on account of

the absence of Merlin.

Gawein asks what ails him.

Arthur prays Gawein to go and seek for Merlin.

*[Fol. 241*a*.]

Gawein, Ewein, and their fellows agree to go in quest of Merlin.

They divide into three parties at a cross.

The damsel and the dwarf.

after Merlin vij wikes and more; but whan he saugh that he com nought he was full pensif and full of hevynesse, and on a day sir Gawein asked what hym eiled. "Certes nevew," seide the kynge, "I thinke on that I trowe I haue loste Merlin, and that he will neuer more come to me, ffor now hath he a-biden lenger than he was wonte, and gretly I am dismayed of the worde that he seide whan he fro me departed, ffor he seide this is the last tyme, therfore I am in doute that he sey soth, ffor he ne made neuer lesinge of nothinge that he seide, ffor so helpe me god I hadde leuer lese the Cite of logres than hym, and ther-fore fain wolde I wite yef eny myght hym finde fer or nygh, and ther-fore I pray you as derely as ye me love that ye hy*m* seche till ye knowe the verite." "Sir," seide Gawein, "I am all redy to do youre volunte, and a-noon ye shull se me meve fordwarde, and I suere to you be the oth that I made to you whan ye made me *knyght, that I shall seche hym a yere and a day, but with-ynne that space I may knowe trewe tidinges." In this same wise swor sir Ewein, and Segramor, and Agrauain, and Geheret, and Gaheries, and xxv of her felowes, and that oon was Doo of Cardoell, and Sacren of the streite Marche, and Taulus le rous, and Blioc de Cassell, and Caues de lille, and Amadas de la Crespe, and placidas li gais, and laudalus de la playne, and Aiglins des vaus, and Clealis lorfenyns, and Grires de lamball, and kehedins li bens, and Caros de la broche, and Segurades de la forest p*er*ilouse, and Purades de Carmelide, and Carmeduk the blake; alle these swor the same oth with sir Gawein, and departed fro the Cite of logres alle to-geder by the volunte of kynge Arthur, and wente alle in the quest for Merlin; and whan thei were oute of the Cite thei departed alle at a crosse that thei fonde at the entre of a foreste where ther mette thre weyes, and ther thei departed in thre parties. But of hem shull we reste a-while, and speke of the damesell that ledde a-wey the duerf knyght.

Whan kynge Arthur hadde a-dubbed the duerf by the preier and request of the damesell, and she hadde hym ledde as ye haue herde gladde[1] and ioyfull, and returned to hir contrey, and rode so the firste day till it was nygh the nyght; and than thei com oute of the foreste and entred in to a feire launde that was grete and large; and than the damesell loked be-fore hir and saugh comynge a knyght armed vpon a stede, and she shewde hym the duerf; and he ansuerde, "Damesell, dismaye yow nought but ride forth boldly, for ye shull haue no drede of hym." "Sir, he will me bere a-wey be force, and he cometh hider for noon other cause;" and the duerf ansuerde a-gein, "Damesell, ride forth suerly, and beth not a-ferde;" and the knyght hym ascried with lowde voys, "Welcome be my damesell and my love, ffor now haue I founde that I haue longe sought." And the duerf that well hym vndirstode, seide debonerly, "Sir, be not to hasty, for ye may desire hir to moche at the be-gynnynge, ffor yet ye haue hir not in youre bailly, wherfore ye sholde make so grete ioye." "I owe well to make ioye," quod the knyght; "for I am of hir sure I-nough, ffor though I haue hir not, yet I shall right soone;" and euer he com on as faste as he myght ride; and whan the duerf saugh hym com so faste, he caste his spere in fewtre, and couered hym with his shelde that nothinge apered saf the shelde only, and smote the horse with the spores on bothe sides faste by the skirtes of his sadell, for his legges were so shorte, and the horse hym bar with so grete raundon that it semed as he hadde flowen, and cried to the knyght that he sholde hym diffende; and he that was full fierce and prowde hadde shame to iuste with so litill a wrecche, and lifte vp his spere, and seide, yef god will, with soche a disfigure worme sholde he neuer Iuste, and hilde his spere vp-right, but neuertheles he couered hym with his shelde; and the duerf hym smote so harde, that he perced shelde and hauberk, that the spere passed by the side and hurtled so harde with his shelde, and with the grete myght of his horse, that to grounde goth the knyght horse and man, and in the fallinge his sholdre spronge oute of ioynte, and the

They come to a forest.

The damsel sees a knight coming,

and fears he will take her away by force;

but the dwarf tells her not to fear.

The knight welcomes the damsel,

and comes as fast as he can ride.

The dwarf covers himself with his shield, and rushes on the knight,

who thinks it shameful to joust with a dwarf;

but the dwarf smites him and his horse to the ground.

---

[1] "Gradde" in the MS.

duerf rode ouer his body and hym all to-brosed, so that the knyght swowned for anguyssh *that he felte; and whan the duerf that saugh, he cleped the damesell, and prayed hir to take hym down, and she toke hym in hir armes, and helped hym down of his horse, and he drough his swerde and ran to the knyght and vn-laced his helme, and manaced hym to smyten of his heed, but he wolde hym yelde vtterly; and the knyght that was hurt saugh the suerde that he hilde ouer his heed, and hadde drede of deth, and cride "mercy," and put hym in his wille of all thinge. "Than," quod the duerf, "shalt thow go, yelde the to the Prison of kynge Arthur, and sey hym that the litill knyght that he dubbed hath sent the to be his prisoner, and that thou shalt put the only in his mercy;" and the knyght ensured hym his feith to do in this maner. Than he badde hym go to his horse, and he seide he hadde ther-to no power, for his sholdre bon was oute of Ioynte; "but here I moste a-bide," quod he, "till I fynde oon that me may beren, but ye shull go take youre horse and ride to the ende of this launde in a valey where ye shull finde a place of myn, ffor it is tyme for you to herberowe, and a-bide ye ther stille, and sende some of my men that may bere me thider, and haue ye no doute of nothinge." And the duerf hym graunted, and com towarde the Damesell that hilde his stede, and she stouped ouer the nekke of hir palfrey, and caught hym by the armes, and drough hym vp with grete peyne till that he myght nyghe his sadell; and than turned toward the knyghtes recete, and a-geins hem com vj squyres that were ther-ynne, and toke hym down, and the damesell and hym vn-armed, and dide hym on a mantell full riche; and the duerf hem seide how hir lorde was hurt, and thei toke a biere and brought hym a-gein to his recete, and hym vn-armed, and sente after leches, and dight hym softly in the beste wise thei cowden; and after thei asked who hadde hym thus araied; and he sede a knyght that he nothinge knewe, ne he durste not sey for shame that the duerf hadde it don; and than he made his hoste the beste chere that he myght, and made hem richely be serued at ese in a feire chambre where-

*[Fol. 241b.] The knight swoons. The damsel takes him off his horse,

and the dwarf calls on him to yield,

and requires him to go as a prisoner to Arthur.

The knight tells the dwarf where he will find his place.

The damsel draws him up on to his saddle.

Six squires come for their lord.

They take him up on a bier, and send for leeches.

The knight makes the best cheer he

ynne were two riche beddes, and ther thei slepte till on the morowe that thei a-rise and made hem redy, and the maiden armed hir duerf, for she hym loved feithfully, and wolde not suffre noon to sette on hym eny hande but hir-self; and whan she hadde hym armed, and a-pareiled saf only of his helme, she toke hym by the hande and ledde hym in to a chambre ther the lorde of the place lay, and bad hym good morowe; and he hem salued right curteisly, and thei be-taught hym to god, and thanked hym of the honour that he hadde hem don. Than wente thei oute of the chambre, and the mayden laced on his helme, and helped hym on his horse, and delyuered hym his spere and his shelde; and than the squyres brought the mayden hir palfrey, and sette hir ther-on; than thei departed fro thens and toke the wey toward Eastrangore; and the knyght that was hurt thought to a-quyte hym of his feith, and lete make an *horse litere* full riche, and hadde with-ynne a feire bedde, and the liter couered with a riche cloth of silke, and the knyght was leide with-ynne; and the liter leide vpon two palfreyes softe amblinge, and toke the wey streight to Cardoell in walis where the kynge and the quene soiourned with grete companye *of peple; and the kynge satte at dyner in the halle, and the knyght made hym to be born in to the halle be-fore the kynge, and seide, "Sir kynge, for to a-quyte me my feith and my graunte I am I-come to put me in thi prison, and in thy mercy, as he that is full sore a-shamed of the lothlyest creature of this worlde, that by his armes me hath conquered;" and whan he hadde seide thus, he badde his squyers bere hym thens; and than seide the kynge, "Sir knyght, what is this, thou seidest thou were come to my prison and my mercy." "Ye sir," seide the knyght. "Than I requyre," quod the kynge, "that ye as a p*ri*soner you mayntene, and that ye telle me in whos be-halue ye yelde yow take, and how that ye were conquered." "Sir," seide the knyght, "I se well I moste telle my grete shame and myn annoye, and I shall telle it you seth I am come ther-to for to parforme you*re* will and my feith for to a-quiten. This is the trouthe that I haue loved a damesell

can for the dwarf and the damsel.

The damsel *leads* the dwarf to the lord of the place. They wish him good morrow,

and go on the way to Eastrangore.

The knight has a litter made, and is led to Cardoell.

*[Fol. 242*a*.]

He is taken before the king, and tells why he has come.

How he loved a

of grete bewte, and a kynges doughter, and yef ye will knowe her name it is the feire beaune the doughter of kynge Clamedien that is riche and puyssaunt, but neuer myght I bringe hir therto nother for prayer, ne for love, ne for chiualrie, that I myght do for hir, she ne wolde neuer graunte me hir love, and I wolde gladly haue hadde hir to my wif, and hir fader wolde it well also, and ther-of was gladde, for I am kynges sone and quenes, but she euer for-soke me for the moste vile and lothsom creature of the worlde, and fill me so that I rode this other day thourgh a launde all alone I-armed, and mette my damesell that repeired from youre contre, and hir dide condite the duerf knyght to whom she is love; and whan I saugh hir come with so small condite I was right gladde, and thanked god that thider hir hadde sente, and I wende to haue hir ledde awey with-oute more with-seyinge. But the duerf seide that I come to sone, and that it was folye for me so sore to haste, for it sholde go all othere wise than I wende, ffor I trowed to haue my desire with-oute diffence; and ther-fore I seide my volunte was well a-complisshed, and I rode faste a-gein the damesell hir to haue taken, and haue ledde hir with me to a place of myne that was not fer thens; and whan the duerf knyght saugh me so be-fore he leide his spere in fewtre, and I wolde not Iuste with hym with my spere, for me thought it shame and dispite to Iuste with soche a creature, and ther-fore I wolde not smyte, and he bar me so rudely to grounde, that in the fall my lifte sholdre yede oute of Ioynte that I swowned for anguyssh; and he vn-laced myn helme and wolde haue smyten of myn heed, but yef I hadde hym assured to yelde me to youre prison, and ther-fore I do me in youre grace." "Trewly, frende," seide the kynge, "in good prison hath he you sette that to me hath you sente, ffor I clayme yow quyte; but ye shall telle me youre name." "Sir," quod he, "my name is Tradilyuaunt, and am the kynges godsone of North walis, that for grete cherite yaf me his name;" with that his squyres toke hym vp, and bar hym oute of the paleise, and leyde hym on two palfreyes, and ledde hym a-gein in to his

damsel of great beauty,

who would not grant him her love;

but forsook him for a vile and loathsome creature.

He saw her come,

and rode fast against her;

but the dwarf smote him to the ground.

The king asks the knight what is his name.

He is Tradilyvaunt, the godson of the king of North Wales. His squires bear him home.

contrei; and the kynge Arthur and his barou*n*s spake I-nough of the duerf, and of the damesell, and seide it were grete ioye yef the duerf myght come a-gein in to his bewte; and *preyse the damesell that in no myschef wolde forsake hir love for no lothlynesse. But now at thys tyme cesseth of hem, and retourneth to speke of Segramor that wente in to the quest of Merlin, and with hym ix knyghtes full profitable bolde and hardy.

Arthur and his barons speak of the dwarf.

[*Fol. 242*b*.]

Segramor's quest.

Whan Segramor was departed fro sir Gawein, he ledde with hym ix of his felowes of the same enquest, and rode till the sonne was go to reste; and than of a-uenture thei loked at the comynge of the foreste at the issue of a roche, and saugh a celle where-ynne woned an hermyte, and that wey thei turned ther for to be herberowed, and thei knokked at the yate, and the hermyte it opened a-noon and herberowed hem that nyght as wele as he cowde; and on the morowe erly he seide masse; and than thei departed fro thens, and com to the entringe of a foreste, and than seide Segramor to his felowes that thei sholde departe thourgh the foreste, and so thei diden; and so that oon wente here and a-nother there, as a-uenture hem ledde, and in that quest be-fill many feire a-uentures wher-of this storie maketh no mencion, but so thei yede vp and down by diuerse contrees that thei p*er*formed that enquest that neuer cowde thei lerne no tidinges of that thei were meved for to seche; and at the yeres ende thei com a-gein and tolde theire a-uentures, and some ther were that tolde more theire shame than theire honour*e*, but trouthe moste thei sey by theire oth that thei hadden sworn; and in tho dayes gentilmen were so trewe, that thei wolde rather lese theire lif than be for-sworn; and now shull we speke of Ewein.

He and nine of his fellows

come to a hermit's cell, where they sleep.

On the morrow the hermit says mass.

Segramor and his fellows separate in the forest.

They can learn no tidings of Merlin.

A gentleman would rather lose his life than be forsworn.

Whan Ewein and his felowes were departed fro Gawein, he rode till he com to the issue of a foreste, and ther thei mette a damesell that rode vpon a mule, and made the moste sorowe of the worlde, and rente hir heer, and cried lowde, "Alas, where shall I be-come whan I haue loste hym that I haue loved so wele, and he me. And for the love of me hath

Ewein and his fellows meet a damsel,

who mourns for the loss of her love's beauty.

he loste the grete bewte that was in hym;" and whan sir Ewein this herde, he hadde ther-of grete pite, and com hir a-geins and asked why she made soche sorowe; and she ansuerde, "Gentill knyght, haue pite of me and of my love, that v knyghtes sle in this valey be-nethe this hill." "Who is youre love, damesell," quod sir Ewein. "Sir," quod she, "it is Auadain the duerf, the sone of kynge Brangore." "Now let be youre doell," seide sir Ewein, "for by the feith that I owe to you he shall noon harme haue, yef I may come be-tyme." "Sir, gramercy," seide the damesell; "but ye moste you hasten." Than sir Ewein rode that wey as the maiden hym taught as faste as his horse myght renne; and the damesell hym sewed as moche as she myght, for her mule wente werily, and sir Ewein hath so riden that he saugh the duerf that vigerously faught with two knyghtes, and saugh thre ly in myddell of the feilde that hadde no power to a-rise; ffor that oon was smyte with a spere thourgh the sholdre, that al was disseuered fro the body, and that other was smyte with a suerde down to the teth; and the other tweyne were full feble, and hadde grete doute of theire deth, for the duerf sought on hem vigerously; and whan sir Ewein saugh hym thus contene, he shewed to his felowes, and seide *that it was grete harme of the duerf that was so mysshapen, "for he is bolde and hardy, and of grete herte." "Certes, sir," seide oon of his companye, "neuer no man of his stature dide soche prowesse, but for goddes sake departe hem that thei no myscheve, for that were pite, yef hym myshappe." "Ye sey trouthe," quod sir Ewein; and than he priked thider. But er he com he hadde leyde oon to grounde, and rode ouer his body thre tymes, that nygh he hadde hym slayn; whan the fifte saugh he was a-lone, he hadde drede of hym-self, and be-gan to blenche, and wolde haue fledde, and with-oute faile he was wounded in thre places right depe; but the duerf that richely was horsed hilde hym so straite, and so hym hasted, that deed he hadde I-be ne hadde sir Ewein come the soner, and seide, "Feire, sir, ne do no more, but lete hym be for curtesie, for we se well how it is, and I-nough haue ye

She says five knights will slay him.

Ewein rides to the place. The damsel follows him.

Two knights lie in the middle of the field.

Two others are feeble.

Sir Ewein and his fellows praise the dwarf.

*[Fol. 243*a*.]

Ewein throws down one of the knights.

The fifth would fly; but the dwarf keeps him, and would have killed him, but Ewein calls out to let him be.

don;" and whan the duerf herde how he hym required so curteisly, he ansuerde as he that was curteise and deboneir. "Sir, pleseth it you that I cesse thus." "Ye," seide Ewein, "and ther-of I thanke you, for we se well how it is." "And I shall do youre request," seide the duerf, "for ye seme well to be a worthy man;" with that com the knyght[1] that had foughten with the duerf to sir Ewein, and seide, "Sir, gramercy, for ye haue saued me fro deth by youre comynge, and blissed be that lorde that hider you hath brought." Than he dide yelde his suerde to the duerf, and the duerf hit resceived; and in the same wise dide the tother that were lefte on lyve, and he hem sente in to the prison of kynge Arthur, and sir Ewein and his companye departed fro the duerf and fro the damesell, and spredde a-brode thourgh diuerse contrees, and sought M*er*lin vp and down, but neuer myght thei here of hym tidinges, and ther-fore were thei sory and wroth, and repeired to court at the yeres ende, and eche of hem tolde his auenture *that* was hym be-falle in his quest, but the kynge Arthur made all to be writen. But now cesseth of the kynge, and of alle the other companye, and returne to sir Gawein.

The knight thanks Ewein,

and yields his sword to the dwarf.

Sir Ewein and his company depart from the dwarf and the damsel.

They repair to court at the year's end.

Whan that sir Gawein was departed fro his felowes, he rode forth thourgh the foreste, he and v knyghtes of his companye, and ther thei departed, and eche wente his wey, for he wolde ride sooll by hym-self, and in this wise thei departed, so that eche of hem toke his wey; and sir Gawein rode so a-lone serchinge grete part of the londe, till it fill on a day that he rode pensif and hevy, for that he myght not finde Merlin; and in this stody he entred in to a foreste, and he hadde riden a-boute two walsh myle ther com a damesell hym a-gein that rode on the feirest palfrey of the worlde, and was all blak, and the sadell and the stiropes were all of golde, and the cloth of scarlet trailinge to the erthe, and the bridill of golde, and she was clothed in white samyte, and hir kirchir*es* of silke, and richely atired, and com ridinge be-fore sir Gawein

Sir Gawein and five knights of his company separate in the forest.

Gawein rides into a forest.

He is pensive.

He meets a damsel,

---

[1] "Knyghtes" in the MS.

but does not salute her.

She calls to him,

*[Fol. 243b.]

and upbraids him.

She says he will repent his rudeness.

Gawein asks her to forgive him.

She says he will be loathsome for a time,

and will be like the first man he meets.

He meets the dwarf knight and the damsel.

as he was in this pensifnesse, that he dide her not salue; and whan he was passed the Damesell she reyned hir bridill, and turned the heed of hir palfrey, and seide, "Gawein, Gawein, *hit is not trewe the renomee that renneth of the thourgh the reame of logres; ffor it is seide of the that thou art the best knyght of the worlde, and of that thei sey trouthe. Also it is seide that thou art the gentilest and the most curteise knyght, but in that faileth the renoon, for thou art the moste vileyn knyght that euer I mette in my lif, that in this forest so fer fro peple haste me I-met a-lone, and so grete felonye in the is roted, that thow deynest not me ones to salue ne to speke a worde, and knowe thow verily thow shalt it repente of that thow hast don, in so moche that thou shalt wissh thou haddest it not don for all the reame of logres." And whan sir Gawein vndirstode the damesell, he was sore a-shamed, and turned a-gein hir his bridell of gringalet, and seide all shamefast as ye shull heren. "Damesell," quod sir Gawein, "so helpe me go[d], I thought vpon a thinge that I go sechinge, and ther-fore I pray yow that ye for-yeve it me that I haue mys-don." "So helpe me god," quod the damesell, "rather shalt thou a-bye it full dere, ffor I-nough thou shalt haue of shame and lothlynesse, and ther-fore remembre a-nother tyme whan thou metest with eny lady or damesell, that thou hir salue for curtesie. But I sey not that it shall the euer endure, ne of that thou goist sechinge shalt thou finde noon in the reame of logres that the can telle no tidinge, but in the litill breteigne maist thou here som maner tidinges; and I will go now ther as I haue to don, and thou shalt go seche that thou art moved fore; and the firste man that thou metest with mote thou be like till thou se me eft-sones." Than departed sir Gawein and the damesell; but he hadde not riden fully half a walissh myle thourgh the foreste that he mette with the duerf knyght; and the damesell that on the euen be-fore were departed fro sir Ewein, and hedde sent the foure knyghtes in Arthurs prison, and it was on trinite sonday a-boute mydday, and than he remembred hym on the damesell that he hadde mette be-fore, and lefte his pensifnesse, and seide to the damesell, "God yeve you good day and moche ioye of hir companye;" and the damesell and the duerf hym ansuerde that god yeve hym good a-uenture; and so thei past a litill a-sonder, sir Gawein on that oon part, and thei on that other; and whan thei were departed a litill thens the duerf knyght be-com a-gein in to his bewte as he hadde be at the first tyme, and was in the age of xxij yere, right wele furnysshed and wonderly well shapen of large stature, and ther-fore hym be-hoved to do a-wey his armes, for thei were to hym nothinge meete; and whan the damesell saugh hir love come a-gein in to so grete bewte, she hadde so grete ioye that no tonge myght it telle, and caste hir armes a-boute his nekke, and hym kiste an hundred tymes, and ride forth that oon by that other gladde and ioyfull in grete solas, and thanked oure lorde of the honour that he hadde hem don, and praied oure lorde to sende sir Gawein good a-uenture, that hadde seide that god yeve hem ioye, and so hadde he don, and thus thei ride forth theire iourney. But now shull we speke of Gawein.

He salutes the damsel. The damsel and dwarf answer him.

When they part the dwarf comes back to his beauty.

The damsel is very joyful, and kisses him a hundred times.

Whan that sir Gawein was passed the duerf knyght, and the damesell wele a two bowe draught, a-noon he felte that the sleeves of his hauberk passed fer of lengthe ouer his hondes, and *also the lengthe of his hauberk henge down be-nethe his feet, and his legges were waxen so short that thei passed not the skirtes of the sadill; and be-hilde and saugh how his hosen of stiell resten in the stiropes, and saugh how his shelde henge toward the erthe, and a-perceyved wele that he was be-come a duerf, and seide to hym-self that that it was that the damesell hadde hym promysed, and ther-with he wax so wroth, that for a litill he hadde gon oute of his witte, and rode forth so in that wrathe and in that anguyssh in the foreste, till he fonde a crosse and a ston therby; and thider he rode and a-light vpon the ston and toke his stiropes, and made hem shorter, and his hosen of stiell, and the renges of his swerde, and the gige of his shilde, and the sleves of his hauberk, with thonges of lether vpon his shuldres, and a-raied hym in the beste wise he myght, so wroth and angry, that he hadde

When Gawein leaves them be feels his body shrinking.

*[Fol. 244*a*.]

He perceives that he has become a dwarf.

He is almost out of his wits,

He rides to a stone, and shortens his stirrups.

leuer to be deed than on lyve; and after that he lepte vp and rode forth his wey, and cursed the day and the hour that euer he entred in to that quest, for shamed he was and dishonoured; and so hath he gon in this maner that neuer he lefte castell, ne town, ne burgh, but that he asked tidinges of Merlin of alle the men and women that he mette, and many oon he mette that grete shame and grete reproves hym seiden; and neuertheles he dide many prowesses, ffor though he were a duerf and myshapen he hadde not loste his strengthe, neithir his hardinesse, and many a knyght he conquered; and whan he hadde serched the reame of logres vp and down, and saugh that he cowde not finde Merlin, he thought to passe the see, and go in to the litill Breteigne; and so he dide, and serched it fer and nygh, but neuer cowde he here no tidinge of Merlin, and so it drough nygh the terme that he hadde promysed to returne; and than he seide to hym-self, "Allas, what shall I now do for the terme a-proched that I muste returne by the oth that I haue sworn to myn oncle to repeire; returne moste I nede, for elles sholde I be for-sworn and vn-trewe, and that will I not in no maner, ffor the oth was soche that yef I were in my delyu*er* powste, and in my powste am I nought, for I am foule disfigured and a thinge of grete dispite, and I haue nought of my-self, and therfore may I wele a-bide of goinge to court. Certes now haue I euell seide, ffor neuer will I be for-sworne for to go ne to come what persone that euer I be, and for that I am not shet in prison I may go at my wille, and I may not a-bide but I be for-sworne, and ther-fore me be-houeth to go, ffor vntrouthe will I never do; but I pray to god to haue of me mercy and pite, ffor my body is shamefully and lothly arayed." In these complayntes that sir Gawein ther made, he returned bak for to com to courte, and fill as he rode thourgh the foreste of Brocheliande, and wolde turne for to come to the see, and euer as he rode he made grete moone; and as he made this weymentacion he herde a voice a litill vpon the right side a-bove, and he turned that wey where he hadde herde the voice, and loked vp and down, and nothinge he saugh, but as it hadde ben a

He curses the day that he entered on the quest,

but he asks for Merlin, and shows great prowess;

for he has not lost his strength.

He goes into Little Britain.

The time draws near for him to return.

He is ashamed of appearing at court,

but he will never be forsworn.

He rides through the forest of Brocheliande.

He hears a voice, but can see nothing.

smoke of myste in the eyre that myght not passe oute; than he herde a voice that seide, "Sir Gawein, disconfort you nothinge, for all shall falle as it be-houeth to falle."

*When sir Gawein herde the voyce that hadde hym cleped by his right name, he ansuerde and seide, "Who is that in the name of god that to me doth speke?" "How is that," quod the voice, "ne knowe ye me nought, ye were wonte to knowe me right wele, but so goth the worlde, and trewe is the proverbe that the wise man seith that 'who is fer from his iye is *soone for-yeten*,' and so *fareth* it be me; *ffor* while that I haunted the Courte, and serued the kynge Arthur and his barou*n*s, I was wele be-knowen of yow and of many other, and for that I haue left court I am vn-knowen, and that ought I not to be, yef feith and trouthe regned thourgh the worlde." Whan sir Gawein herde the voice thus speke, he thought a-noon it was Merlin, and ansuerde a-noon, "Certes, it is trouthe I ought you wele for to knowe, for many tyme haue I herde youre speche, and ther-fore I pray you that ye will a-pere to me so that I may yow se." "My lorde sir Gawein," quod Merlin, "me shull ye neuer se, and that hevieth me sore that I may do noon other; and whan ye be departed fro hens, I shall neuer speke with yow no more, ne with noon other saf only with my leef; for neuer man shall haue power hider for to come for nothinge that may be-falle. Ne fro hens may I not come oute, ne neuer I shall come oute, ffor in all the worlde is not so stronge a clos as is this where-as I am, and it is nother of Iren, ne stiell, ne tymbir, ne of ston, but it is of the aire withoute eny othir thinge be enchauntemente so stronge, that it may neuer be vn-don while the worlde endureth. Ne I may not come oute ne noon may entre, saf she that me here hath enclosed, that bereth me companye whan hir liked, and goth hens whan hir liste."

*[Fol. 244*b*.]

He asks who speaks.

The voice asks how it is he does not know.

Sir Gawein thinks it is Merlin, and prays him to appear;

but Merlin says he will never see him,

for he cannot come out.

She who enclosed him bears him company.

"How is that, swete frende," quod Gawein, "that ye be in this maner with-holden, that noon may you delyuer by no force that may be do? Ne ye may not you shewe to me that be the wisest man of the worlde." "Nay, but the

Gawein asks how it is that he cannot get out.

Merlin says he is foolish.

Gawein says his uncle will be sorry.

Merlin says no one will speak with him again;

but Gawein is to tell the king, queen, and barons.

Gawein will meet the damsel, who caused him to be misshapened.

moste fole," quod Merlin, "for I wiste wele that sholde befalle, and I am soche a fole that I love a-nother better than my-self, and haue hir lerned so moche, where thourgh I am thus be-closed and shette in prison, ne noon may me oute bringe." "Certes," seide sir Gawein, "that me hevieth sore, and so will the kynge Arthur, myn vncle, whan he it knoweth as he that maketh you to be sought thourgh alle londes." "Now he moste it suffre," quod Merlin, "for he shall me se neu*er* more ne I hym, for thus is it be-falle. Ne neuer shall no man speke with me after you, ther-fore for nought meveth eny man me for to seche; ffor youre-self, a-noon as ye be turned fro hens, ye shull neuer here me speke; and ther-fore now returne and grete wele the kynge Arthur, and my lady the quene, and alle the barou*ns*, and telle hem how it is with me, and ye shull fynde the kynge at Cardoell in wales; and whan ye come thider ye shull finde alle youre felowes ther that fro you were departed; and discounforte yow not of that is yow be-falle, ffor ye shall fynde the damesell that so hath yow mysshapen in the foreste, where-as ye hir mette, but for-yete not hir to salue, for it were folye." "Sir," seide Gawein, "ne nought I shall, yef god will." "Now," quod Merlin, "I b*e*-teche yow to god that kepe the kynge Arthur and the reame of logres, as for the best peple of the worlde.

*[Fol. 245*a*.] Gawein departs glad and sorrowful.

He meets the damsel,

*Than departed sir Gawein gladde and sorowfull: gladde for that Merlin hadde hym assured to be releveth from his lothlynesse, and sory for that he hadde Merlin thus loste, and rode so forth till he come to the see, and passed ouer hastely I-nough, and than toke his wey to ride to Cardoell in walis, and fill that he mette the damesell that [he] hadde passed by withoute saluynge in the foreste; and than he remembred of that Merlin hadde hym seide that he sholde not for-yete hir to salue whan he hir mette; and he hadde grete feer, and douted lesse she passed er he myght hir salewe, and dide of his helme of his heed for to se hir more clerly, and be-gan to be-holde be-fore and be-hynde, and on alle sides, till that he com in the same place where he mette the damesell; and than he loked be-twene two busshes, for the forest was somdell depe and thikke, and saugh two knyghtes that were armed at alle poyntes, saf of theire sheldes and helmes, that thei hadde don of, and hadde theire horse reyned to theire speres that were pight in the grounde, and hilde a damesell be-twene hem two, and made semblaunce hir to enforce, and yet ther-to hadde thei no talent; ffor the damesell made hem it for to do for to assaye the will and the corage of sir Gawein, and she made countenaunce like as thei hadde constreyned hir be force; and whan sir Gawein saugh this, he wax wroth and rode thider gripinge his spere, and seide to the knyghtes that thei were but deed, for that thei dide force the damesell with-ynne the lordship*pe* of kynge Arthur; "ffor ye knowe wele," quod he, "that thei sholde go sure." And whan the damesell hym saugh, she hym ascried and seide, "Gawein, now shull it be sene yef ther be soche prowesse in you that ye may me delyuer from this shame." "Damesell," seide Gawein, "so god be my socour*e*, as ye shull haue no shame ther as I may you diffende, for owther I shall dye or I shall you delyuer;" and whan the knyghtes this vndirstode thei hadde ther-of grete disdeyne and dispite, and lepte on foote and laced theire helmes, for yet thei douted of hym, and neuertheles the damesell hadde hem assured that of hym sholde thei haue noon harme, and hadde hem so enchaunted by hir art, that no man myght hem anoye, and ther-fore thei were the more sure at that tyme; and whan theire helmes were laced, thei henge theire sheldes aboute theire nekkes, and seide to sir Gawein, "So helpe me god, false duerf, countirfeted thou art but deed, and neuertheles shame vs semeth to dele with soche a wrecche as thou art;" and whan sir Gawein herde hym-self cleped duerf, and so dispised, he hadde grete sorowe in herte, and seide, "As lothly a wrecche as I am, in euell tyme I am com to youre be-hof. But lepe vpon youre horse, for vilonye me semeth to requere you on horsebak while ye be on foote." "Trustest so moche in thy-self," seide the knyghtes, "that thou wilt a-bide till we be horsed." "I truste so moche in god," quod Gawein, "that whan ye departe fro me ye shull

who is held by two knights, who pretend to be keeping her by force.

Sir Gawein is wroth, and rides to the knights, and tells them he will kill them.

The damsel cries to him.

The knights leap on foot,

and the damsel enchants them.

They call Gawein a dwarf.

Gawein tells them to get on their horses.

neuer forfete to lady ne damesell in the londe of kynge Arthur." Than thei lepe to theire *horse, and hente theire speres, and seide to sir Gawein that he was but deed, and drough hem to the wey that was moste playne, and with-drough that oon fro that other, and than thei bothe lete renne a-gein sir Gawein, and he a-gein hem; and thei smote bothe vpon his shelde so harde that theire speres braste a-sonder, but thei hym meved not from his sadill, and he smote so that oon that he bar hym to the erthe vpright, and the spere brake in peces, and he rode ouer hym that was fallen, and vn-horsed, so that he brosed hym sore. Than he drough his suerde and rode toward that other, and wolde smyte hym vpon the helme; and than the damesell cried, "I-nough, sir Gawein, ne do no more." "Damesell," seide Gawein, "will ye that it so be;" and she seide, "Ye." "And I will suffre than for youre sake, that god yeve you than good a-venture, and to alle the damesels of the worlde; and wite ye well ne were it for youre prayer thei sholde be slayn, for thei haue don you to grete shame and anoye, and to me seide vilonye, and countirfet duerf haue me called; and yet ther-of thei seide soth, for I am the moste lothly creature of dispite that is in the worlde, and in this foreste it me be-fill viij monethes passed;" and whan the damesell and the knyghtes hym vndirstode thei be-gonne to laugh; and than seide the damesell, "What wolde ye yeve hir that of that wolde warisshen." "Certes," seide Gawein, "yef it myght be that it were warisshed I wolde yeve my-silf firste and formest, and after all that I myght raunsome in all the worlde." "It shall not nede you yeve so moche," seide the damesell, "but ye shull make to me an oth soche as I shall you devise." "Lady," seide Gawein, "I will do all youre volunte." Quod she, "Ye shull to me swere be the oth that ye made to the kynge Arthur, youre vncle, that neuer ye shull faile lady, ne maiden, ne damesell; ne neuer mete lady ne damesell, but ye shull hir salue er she salue you yef ye may." "Lady," quod Gawein, "this I graunte, as I am trewe knyght." "And I take the oth in this maner that yef ye breke youre oth that ye be-come in to the

*[Fol. 245b.] They leap to horse,

and both run on Gawein,

who smites one to the earth.

He draws his sword,

but the damsel calls on him to cease.

Gawein says he would slay the knights but for her prayer.

The damsel asks Gawein what he would give the damsel who cured him.

She says he must swear that he will never fail to salute a lady.

same poynte that ye be now." "Lady," quod he, "to this I assent; with that the quarell be trewe of hir that of helpe me requereth, ffor vntrouthe will I not do in no maner wise, nother for lif ne for deth." "Thus I you graunte," quod the damesell, "ffor I will that ye be soche as ye were be-fore." A-noon brake the layners that he had bounden vp his hosen of stiell, for his membres that were strecched oute and com a-gein, a-noon in his owne semblaunce; and whan he felte that he was come a-gein in to his power, he kneled be-fore the damesell, and seide that he was hir knyght for eueuer more; and the damesell hym thanked, and raught hym vp be the honde. Than toke the damesell leve of sir Gawein and departed, and hir two knyghtes with hir, and comaunded eche other to god; and sir Gawein a-bood there and lengthed his hauberke, and appareiled his shelde and his armes full richely, and lepte vpon the gringalet with his shelde aboute his nekke, and his spere in hande, and rode forth toward Cardoell so fro day to day, till that he com thider at the terme devised; and the same day that sir Ewein and Segramor, and her felowes were comen, and eche of hem hadde seide his a-uenture of that was hem be-fallen in[1]

He assents,

and returns to his own semblance.

He kneels to the damsel, and says he will be her knight for evermore.

He rides to Cardoell, and comes there on the same day as Ewein and Segramor.

[this Quest. And when Sir Gawain was come, then was the joy and mirth complete. And Sir Gawain told them all the things that had happened to him in this Quest, and the barons marvelled at it very greatly. And King Arthur was much grieved about Merlin, but could do nothing more in it, and must needs suffer: so they betook themselves to making the greatest mirth they could for Sir Gawain.

Gawein tells all that has happened to him.

Whilst they were thus rejoicing, there entered into the hall Evadeam, who was twenty-two years old, and so beautiful and gentle that no one handsomer could be found in the two kingdoms. And he held his damsel by the hand, and they came before the king, and saluted him right courteously. And the king returned him his salute; and the knight said to him, "Sire, you know me not; and no wonder, for you never saw me but once, and that was in such guise that no one who saw me now and had seen me then, would know me unless he had known me from childhood." "Certes, handsome friend," answered

Evadeam enters, holding a damsel by the hand.

He addresses the king,

---

[1] The MS. is imperfect and breaks off here, the conclusion is a translation from the French original (see pp. 700–1), the MS. of which is in the British Museum Library.

and reminds him of the dwarf.

King Arthur, "I do not recollect that I ever saw you before, but you are a very handsome knight." "Sire," said Evadeam, "do you remember a damsel who brought you a dwarf that you knighted?" "Yes," said the king, "I may well remember that, for the knight has sent me five captive knights whom he conquered by his prowess."

He is that dwarf,

and recovered his shape after Gawein had saluted him.

The king receives him as a companion of the Round Table.

"Sire," said then Evadeam, "I am the dwarf you knighted, and see here is the damsel who prayed you to do it. And without doubt I sent you those captives, and the four last of them Sir Ywain saw, for he found me fighting them in the valley on Trinity eve; and next day by good hap I rode right at noon in the forest of Broceliande, I and my damsel, and we met my lord Gawain, whom I neither hear nor see here [?] And he saluted us, and we him, and he said, "May God give you joy." And so God did, for at the very moment that the words slipped from his mouth I recovered the shape and look that you see; for then was I a dwarf, ugly and hideous. So I believe verily that his words and his prayer availed me so far that God brought me out of the great shame in which I was; and I thank for it our Lord and him." And then the King asked him who he was, and of what people; and he told him all in order, as you have heard herein before. And when the King, and Sir Gawain, and the others heard this, they were all right glad and right joyous; and the King received him as a companion like those of the Table Round. And the damsel dwelt with the Queen in right great joy and in right great mirth. Now here the story becomes silent about King Arthur and his company, and returns to tell of King Ban of Benoy[c], and King Bohort, his brother, who was King of Gannes, who are both in their own lands.

When Arthur leaves Ban and Bohort, they dwell in great joy.

Ban's wife has a son, surnamed Lancelot.

The sons of Bohort.

Here says the story that when King Arthur had departed from King Ban of Benoyc, and his brother King Bohort of Gannes, that the two brothers dwelt in Benoyc in right great joy and in right great mirth, and with them were their wives, who were right beautiful and gentle. Then it happened, as it pleased our Lord, that King Ban had by his wife a son, who was named at his baptism Gallead, and surnamed Lancelot. This name of Lancelot remained to him all his life, and King Ban and the Queen his wife had right great joy of him, and the Queen loved him so much that she fed him with her own milk. And the wife of King Bohort had a son whom they called Lyonel, who was a right lovely child and well mannered; and in the twelfth month afterwards she had another son whom they called Bohort; and these three children were afterwards of great renown in the kingdom of Logres, and they made themselves known through all lands by their prowess. Soon after Bohort was born—the youngest of the two children of King Bohort—the

King Bohort fell into a great sickness, and lay long in the city of Gannes, for which King Ban, his brother, was very sorrowful and in great distress; for he could not be with him as his will was, on account of a neighbour of his, who bordered on him, and who was very fell and cruel. This was King Claudas of the Desert, who was so grieved and angry (about his Castle which King Arthur had caused to be levelled), that he was nearly going out of his senses; and he did not know on whom to take vengeance, except on King Ban of Benoyc, and on King Bohort, who bordered on him, because they were King Arthur's men. So he warred on them, and wrought so that he had for helper a prince of Rome, who was named Poince Antony, and who came to him right willingly, because he too hated King Arthur and all his, for the love of Luce, the Emperor of Rome, whom they had slain. And in this contest was killed Hoel of Nantes, who had warred greatly on Claudas. And the Romans wrought so that they had all Gaul under their dominion; and they sent the men of Gaul, and the men of the Desert, and Poince Antony with all his Romans, to attack King Ban of Benoyc. And the King defended himself right vigourously, as one who was of great heart and of great prowess, and he fought often with the enemy in the open field, and often lost and often won; and Leonces of Paerne, and Graciens of Trebes, and Bannins, a godson of King Ban, did marvellous deeds of arms, and destroyed and slew many of the people of King Claudas; and Graciens died there, but Phariens died not. And King Ban became so weakened in men [?] that he could not endure against the Romans, but they attacked him so from day to day that they took his castles and his fortresses, and he could never get help from King Bohort, his brother, who was lying sick in bed, whence he never after rose. And this did him great discomfort, for Poince Antony had brought so many people that they took from him his city of Benoy[c] and all his land, so that there was left to him neither castle nor city, except only the castle of Trebes, where Queen Helaine was, and Lancelot her son, who lay still in his cradle. And king Ban had there with him as many people as he could get together, but they were few to endure such attacks. Bannins his godson was there, in whom he trusted much, and with reason, for he was a good and loyal knight. And he had a seneschal, whom he had brought up from childhood, to whom he had entrusted all his land after Gracien's death; and this was he who betrayed him, and by whom he lost the Castle of Trebes, as the Story will tell you hereinafter.

Bohort is very sick at Gannes, and Ban cannot come to him because of Claudas.

Poince Antony helps Claudas.

Hoel is killed.

The Romans get all Gaul under their dominion.

Ban defends himself vigorously,

but he cannot endure against the Romans,

who take from him all his castles, save Trebes.

Bannins is with his godfather Ban.

Ban's Seneschal betrays him.

Explicit the shutting up of Merlin.
May God bring us all to a good end !]

MS. Add. 10292, *fol.* 216, *col.* 3, *l.* 14 *from bottom.*

] en cele queste, Et q*ua*nt mesire G*auuain* fu uenus. si fu la ioie & la feste enterine. Et mesires, G*auwain* lor conta toutes lez coses q*ui* auenues li estoient en cele q*ue*ste, & li baron sen meruell*er*ent mo*u*lt durement. Et li rois artus fu mo*u*lt dolans de merlin, mes pl*us* nen pooit faire, si len estuet souffrir, si ente*n*dire*n*t a‸monseignor G*auwain* fere feste la gregnor q*ue* len puet.

Tantdis quil estoient en cele ioie entra laiens en la sale, euadeam, q*ui* estoit en laage[1] de .xxij. ans. et estoit si biaus & si gens *com* ne trouuast nul plus bel en .ij. roialmes. Et tenoit sa damoisele p*ar* le main, et sen uindrent deuant le roy & le saluere*n*t mo*u*lt cortoisement. Et li rois li re*n*di son salu, et li ch*iualer*s li dist, "Sire, vo*us* ne me *con*nissies mie, & ce nest pas m*er*uelles, q*ua*r onq*ue*s mais ne me ueistes fors vne fois. Et ce fu en tel habit q*ue* nus ne me uerroit ore, & adont meust ueu qui me *con*neust, se ce nestoit denfance." "Certes, bia*us* amis," fait li rois art*us* "il ne me souuie*n*t q*ue* iou onq*ue*s mais vo*us* ueisse, mais mo*u*lt estes biaus ch*iualer*s." "Sire," fet euadeam, "vo*us* souient il dune damoisele q*ui* vn nain vo*us* amena q*ue* vo*us* fesistes ch*iualer*?" "Oil," fet li rois, "il men puet b*ien* souenir, q*ua*r il ma envoiet .v. ch*iualer*s prisons, quil *con*q*u*ist p*ar* sa proece."

"Sire," fet dont euadeam, "iou sui li nains q*ue* vo*us* adoubastes, & uees chi la damoisele q*ui* vous en pria. Et sans faille lez ch*iualer*s vo*us* enuoiai iou. et tout ce uit mesire y*wain*. dez iiij. daerrains a q*ui* il me troua *com*batant en la ualee la ueille de la trinite, & lendemain p*ar* bone destinee cheualchoie droit a heure de miedi en la forest de broceliande entre moi et ma damoisele, et encontrames mon seignor G*auwain*. qui chi noi se oir, si nous salua, & nous lui. et dist q*ue* ioie no*us* donast diex. Et il si fist, q*ua*r tout maintena*n*t que la p*ar*ole fu coulee de la bouche, reuing iou en la forme & en la sambla*n*ce q*ue* vo*us* uees, q*ua*r lors estoie iou nains, lais et hideus. Si croi b*ien* b*ien* [*sic*] que sa p*ar*ole & sa proiere me ualut a ce que diex me geta de la g*ra*nt honte ou iou estoie, si en mercie nostre seignor et luj." Et lors li demanda li rois qui il est, & de

MS. Add. 10292, *fol.* 216*b*, *col.* 2.

q*ue*l gent, et il li conte tout en ordre, si *com*me vo*us* aues oi cha auant. Et q*ua*nt li rois & mesires G*auwain*, & li autre lentendirent, si en fure*n*t tout mo*u*lt lie & mo*u*lt ioiant, si le rechut li rois a co*m*paignon auec ceuls de la table roonde. Et la damoisele demora auec la royne a mo*u*lt g*ra*nt ioie & a mo*u*lt g*ra*nt feste. Si se taist ore li *con*tes del roy artu et de sa *com*paignie, & retorne a p*ar*ler del roy ban de benoy[c], & del roy bohort sen frere, qui estoit rois de gannes, qui sout e*n* lors terres.

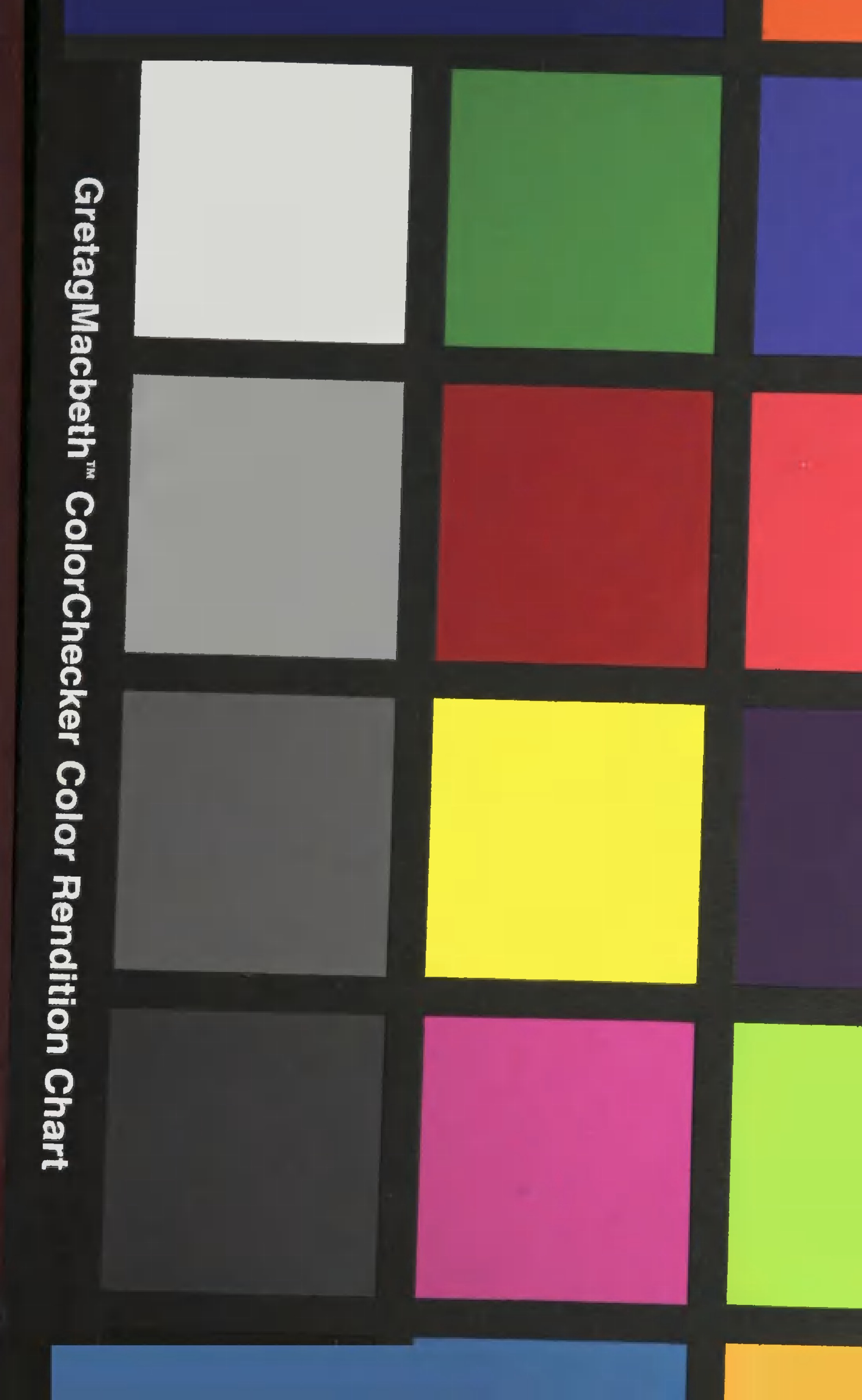
Ce dist li co*n*tes q*ue* q*ua*nt li rois artus se fu p*ar*tis del roy ban de benoyc & de son frere le roi bohort de gannes, q*ue* li doi frere demorere*n*t en benoyc a mo*u*lt g*ra*nt ioie & a mo*u*lt g*ra*nt leesce, & furent aueq*ue*s euls lors molliers q*ui* mo*u*lt estoient beles & gentes. Si auint ensi, *com* il plot a no*st*re seignor, q*ue* li rois bans ot .i. fil de sa fe*m*me q*ui* ot no*n* en baptesme galaad, & en sorno*n* lancelos. Icelui non de lancelot li dura toute sa vie, si en ot li rois ba*n*s & la roine sa fe*m*me mo*u*lt g*ra*nt ioie, si lama ta*n*t la roine q*ue* elle le norri de so*n* lait, & la fe*m*me au roy bohort en ot .j. *con* apeloit lyonel, q*ui* mo*u*lt fu bia*us* enfes de g*ra*nt man*ere*; & el xijsime mois ap*re*s, en ot .j. *con* apelloit bohort, & fure*n*t p*ui*s cil .iij. enfa*n*t de mo*u*lt g*ra*nt renomee el roialme de logres, & p*ar* toutes t*er*res se fire*n*t *con*noist*r*e p*ar* lor p*r*oesces. vn poi de ta*n*s ap*re*s ce q*ue* bohors fu nes, li pl*us* iouenes dez .ij. enfa*n*s au roy bohort, chai li rois bohors en vne g*ra*nt maladie, & iut longeme*n*t e la cite de gannes, si en fu li rois ba*n*s sez freres mo*u*lt dolans & mo*u*lt coroucies, q*ua*r il ne pooit mie estre auec lui a sa uolente, p*our* .j. sien uoisin q*ui* a lui marchissoit, q*ui* mo*u*lt estoit fel & cruels. Che iert li rois claudas de la deserte, q*ui* ta*n*t estoit dola*n*s & corocies de son castel q*ue* li rois art*us* auoit fet abatre, q*ua*poi q*u*il nissoit del se*n*s, si ne*n* sauoit a qui p*r*endre ue*n*iance, fors au roy ban de benoyc, & au roy bohort q*ui* marchissoie*n*t a lui, p*our* ce [col. 3] q*u*il estoient ho*m*me au roi artu, si lez g*ue*rroia & fist, ta*n*t q*u*il ot en aide .i. prince de rome, q*ui* auoit a no*n* poince antoine; & cil y uint mo*u*lt uole*n*tiers, q*ua*r aussi haoit il le roy artu & to*us* les sie*n*s p*our* lamor luce, le*mpere*eor de rome, q*u*il auoie*n*t ocis. Et en cel *content* estoit hoel mors de na*n*tes, q*ui* mo*u*lt auoit claudas g*ue*rroie. Si refire*n*t ta*n*t li romai*n* q*u*il ore*n*t gaulle en lor baillie,

---

[1] Fol. 216 back.

& e*n*uoiere*nt* cil de gaule & cil de la deserte, & poince antoine a tout sez rommains assaillir le roy ban de benoyc, & il se desfe*n*di m*o*ult uigueruseme*nt* *com*me cils q*ui* estoit de g*ra*nt cuer & de g*ra*nt p*ro*esce, si assa*m*bla souue*nt* a euls a plain cha*m*p, si y p*er*di soue*nt* & gaigna, & m*er*uelles y fire*nt* darmes leonces de paerne & g*ra*ciens de trebes, & banins .i. filleus au roy ban, cil destruise*nt* m*o*ult & ocistre*nt* de la ge*nt* le roy claudas ; si y morut g*ra*ciens, mes pharie*ns* ni morut mie ; & li rois bans fu ta*nt* afebloies de sa ge*nt* q*ui*l not as romai*ns* duree, ains le men*er*ent si de ior en ior q*ui*l p*r*istrent *sez* castia*us* & sez forteresces, ne onq*ues* ne pot auoir ayde du roy bohort son frere, q*ui* gisoit malades au lit, & do*nt* il p*uis* ne leua. Et ce li fist g*ra*nt des*con*fort, q*ua*r tant auoit poince antoine g*ra*nt de gent amene, q*ui*l li tolirent sa cite de benoy & toute sa t*er*re, si q*ui*l ne li remest ne castel ne cite, fors seuleme*nt* le castel de trebes ou la royne helaine estoit, & lanc*elos* *son* fil, q*ui* encore gisoit en berch. *Et li rois bans ot illuec auec luj tant* de *gent com* il pot assa*m*bler, mes ce fu poi a tel effors soffrir. Il y fu banins sez fille*us* en qui il se fia m*o*ult, & il auoit droit, q*ua*r il estoit boins ch*iualer*s & loiaus. Et il ot .j. senescal quil auoit norri dez enfance a qui il auoit toute sa t*er*re co*m*mandee ap*res* la mort g*ra*cien : et ce fu cil qui le trai, et par qui il p*er*di le castel de trebes, si *com*me li contes le vo*us* deuisera cha auant.

Explicit lenserreme*nt* de m*er*lin ;
diex no*us* mai*nt* to*us* a boine fin.



GretagMacbeth™ ColorChecker Color Rendition Chart